

# RELIGIOUS JOURNAL

## PHILOSOPHICAL

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLVI.

No. 15

CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1889.

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; Movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well-authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE ORGANIC MARCH OF MAN.

A Discourse by E. M. Wheelock, on "Human Evolution," to the Unitarian Society of Spokane Falls, W. T.

"The word became flesh"—John 1:14.

There is a story widely current that once a little Hebrew, of mean presence but splendid courage, stood on the Hill of Mars in the Hellenic city, and declared to scoffing Greeks that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." It goes without saying that such an utterance was received with scorn by the polished Athenians who could not conceive that their favored race, standing on the pinnacle of culture, were of the same blood as the "outer barbarians." So the sturdy "apostle to the Gentiles" found little favor with the worshippers of the "Unknown God."

Yet in that day the brave avowal of Paul was scarcely more abhorrent to the proud exclusiveness of Grecian thought, than are the teachings of science, to-day, to the belated religionist; for while the dauntless Hebrew simply declared the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God, science to-day teaches the universal touch and clasp of all organic life, saying in vivid words, that in the one loom of a common origin, hath time woven all the forms of life; these forms are the sign-posts and mile-stones along the organic march of man. Star-dust, monad, fish, bird, beast, are all steps in the stairway which reaches from cloud to cloud, and terminates in soul! The worm at our feet is climbing the transfigured mount!

Every animal has been melted in the vital crucible from which man is made. Each he uses is a wayside inn along the upward journey of the soul. His outward shell passed through every vegetable and animal body before it took on the human appearance, as in lower nature an analogous chemistry evolved electric bodies and wings from eggs and worms. When matter became organic, man was a possibility, for his psychic nature was once enshrined in flint and platinum; when the spine appeared he was already in view. To become a self-conscious spirit, the psyche must first pass through every expression of life from land-scape to skyscape; from the glowworm to the star; from the daisy to the sun; from Simia to Seraphs; from dust to Deity! This measureless cycle is all synthesized in man, who attains self-consciousness only after a countless series of evolutions. The stone becomes a plant, the plant a beast, the beast a man, the man a spirit, the spirit a god.

"And the poor grass will plot and plan  
What it will do when it is man."

Mineral, vegetable and animal structures, nay, atmospheres, planets and suns are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man, on different stages of his transit. Creation is the coming and becoming of man. The world is because he is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. The cosmos is minimized in him. Animal forms are the fetal and infant entities of man. Begotten as we by the one life, its children as we, the Will that sent them on to the infinite sea, will take care that they land on the other side—the side of self-consciousness and the ripened evolution of man.

It is the human idea that crystallizes the snowflake, veils the leaf, and paints the flower. These objects once carried our lives—and left them higher than they found them. Through all nature one growing purpose runs—the building up of man. There is nothing in the world but the human, actual or

potential. Says the Kabbala: "If man did not exist, there could be no world." He is the brother of all things even as God is the father. Though the earth incessantly revolves, yet he is always at the top. Each of the various types in the mineral, plant and animal realms, elaborates its mite of the vital principle, and, rising in the stately miracle of life, passes it on to a higher form. In the primal cell is purpose, aim, tendency. No atom can slip from the ligature of law. Prick the skin that is nearest, or the nebula that is farthest, and you draw the life-blood of thought; think in the atom; each molecule has a brain; and the forces of nature are the fingers of God. All thoughts are things, and all things have thoughts. Time and space are the immeasurable continents, and matter the equally measureless content, of creative investiture; thus all things wait on man to serve him in his fates.

He is made of the same stuff as the oyster he eats, or the corn he hoses. All the animals are on the King's highway, only at indefinite distances behind us. We are all interlinked in origin, in life, and in destiny. If man is a philosopher he is also a polyp, and many a horse is wiser than his groom. Often the dog in a man is the best part of him. All creatures and all plants are on the same road. Our kindred stand at every mile-stone, and from the herded beast to Humboldt, from the Saurian to Shakespeare, from the stone to the star, is but a step. The circumference of man is the universe, the centre of the universe is man. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. The dog is a barking man; the tree is a rooted man. He has cloaked himself with each astral fossil stored up in the auric envelope of the earth.

Upon molecular life which is the mineral, growth life which is the vegetable, and instinctive life which is the animal, is founded a life of life which is mind. The face of man thus travels through the universe, and love and intelligence look out from things with an infinite variety, according to their capacities. He cannot travel beyond himself, for the world is still within the compass of his being. The heights of Zion and the abysses of Gehenna are within him, and he is a pipe that runs with every wine. There was neither fiend nor angel in the universe till man appeared. It is he alone who "plays the devil." There is no hell for man, except the hell in man, created by man. The wise man recognizes his own species wherever life is seen; this is true to the very mirre. The advent of man is the universe beckoning to the atom to come up among the gods.

"His eyes dismount the highest star;  
He is in little, all the spheres."

Animals are but plants loosened a little at the roots; while the fibres of man run down to every sweet and bitter thing, from the metal to the gas, from the violet to the vine, his body rolls along with the orb, kneaded together out of their juices and her clay. He is as much harnessed to matter as fish or dog, only with a larger arc. He stands waist-deep in matter as in a swamp. He is glued to nature. He is caught, like the bearded fly, in the viscous fluidity of things. Both his feet branch down into roots that share the universal life, with the toad and the tree. His heart beats in the slender pulsations of the jelly-fish. He has worn in his evolution the whole vesture of life, a vesture woven without seam from top to bottom, stretching from pit to pinnacle, from angle-worm to angel, from sponge to spirit, from protoplasm to prophet!

Step to step, through ages measureless by time, from particle and spicule, from cell and protoplasm, from plant, polyp and quadruped, have we scaled creation's altar stairs. In us are sun and moon, snow and mountain ranges, bud and flower. Many mothers fashion for one child, who yet, in his oneness, comprises myriads. There is nothing but is related to us; tree, sea-shell, or crystal, the running river or the rustling corn—the roots of all things are in man. Whatever is found as form in nature is present by form in man. The lower creation is planted permanently in him. He has distanced whatever is behind him, yet carries it all in him. He incorporates each fruit, root and grain, and is "stuccoed all over with quadrupeds and birds." In his natural degree he is the measure of the material cosmos, for he has grown from the star-fish and the chickweed, and "he has prowled, fanged and four-footed in the woods." Just as the stone feels, its way to the flower, and as the acorn out of Sol's sunbeams fashions the oak, does the animated dust climb at last to a human brain, and the fluent mountains melt into man.

But slowly does the body forget its heredity, as rests the ponderous globe on the free and fluid ether. Spirit impregnates matter; matter embodies spirit. Nature is the revelation of spirit in space; history is the revelation of spirit in time. Spirit sleeps in the stone, grows in the plant, stirs in the animal, wakes in the man, and will work on till the present chaos and old night are taken up in the higher evolution. The mind occupies every corporeal. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure and makes its own environment. The Psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs it is too dim for our faculties to ken, and increase in mind force only takes place with ascent of organism. The pebble climbs to a rose and the rose to a soul. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the world.

Man has the planet for his pedestal. The gases gather to compose his form and the winds hold him in solution. "He knows," said Emerson, "of ox, mastodon and plant, be-

cause he has just come out of them, and part of the egg-shell still adheres. The plowman, the plow and the furrow are all of one stuff."

Such men talk of "losing their souls;" they would do well first to find them. Man is the Wandering Jew in whose ear the flat rings forever, "Move on!" He is the tree Idrasgil, whose roots are in Hela; whose trunk is in the lower natures; whose fruit is passion from the blood of instinct, and whose branches wave in the air-deeps of the world's breath. He is the Midgard serpent in whom ends and beginnings meet and who loops the whole world round. He is the true ark of Noah, in which all the lower natures are housed. He travels with a whole menagerie in his cerebellum, and in him the Creator brings all his dumb creatures under one roof. When the animals came to Adam to be named, each as he drew near brought to Adam a token of himself—a token that he had dropped as he passed that way long ages ago.

The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Every atom avows life—human life—the kingdom of God in leasts. Man has touch with every spherule. The circle of his arms is the girdle of creation. His electric wires have compressed the earth until the elbows of the nations touch, and the winged heels of Mercury come tardy off beside the steeler Ariel of Edison and Bell. He is the Proteus that slips from form to form. All history lies under his hat, and he is the trustee of every past age. Religion is born from him. He makes his Deity in his own image, and from his own heart and brain are shed the bibles of the race, as the leaves are shed from the tree. He is animated oxygen, breathing granite, living clay. He was prefigured in the crystal and predicted in the plant. "Prediction grew into prophecy in the reptile and bird. Prophecy grew into assurance in the ape. Assurance ripens into fulfillment in the man."

"Man doth usurp all space,  
Stares thee, in rock, brook, river, in the face,  
Tis no sea than seest in the sea,  
Tis but a disguised humanity."

Science watches the monad through all its masks, and detects through all the troops of organic forms the Eternal Unity. All feet fit into that foot step and all things have passed that way.

Plato learned in Egypt that nature is all one piece. All her varied wardrobe is cut from the same cloth. The Unity is so unbroken that the merest gnat carries on his back the key to the universe. A drop of maple syrup and a drop of human blood have their origin in the same corpuscle. The fungus and the oak on which it grows, the ameba and the scientist who studies it, are one. The sun has no fuel that the earth cannot duplicate. The slime pushes up into the lily; the dung heap is transformed into the grape-vine; from the refuse of the sink and the sewer come the tint of the pink and the odor of the rose. Filth and fertility are the same word. So we climb the creative ladder from weed to man.

And more or less bulk signifies nothing. The earth is but an astral grain. The atom is as large as the Alps. Infinitesimals are as huge as infinites. The world is wrapped up in the particle. The drop balances the sea. The sand-grain is a masterpiece like the sun. In every cobweb there is room for a planet. Through the egg and the orb stream the same laws, and the blood globules in our veins dance to the same tune as asteroid and star. If the lenses of our eyes were differently adjusted, the whole universe might come within our plane of vision, and the spaces between the planets be no greater than the interval between adjacent grains of sand. The air bubble then becomes the star cluster, and in a glass of water behold the galaxy!

"Tis from the world of little things  
The ever-greating cosmic wings.  
The heaving earth its rounded sphere  
Began between a smile and tear."

From one minute cell another proceeds; from them others, and the result is a lily, an oak, a polecat or a poet. The universe is one; it has no outside, and in its unity all is taken up. The energy that crystallized a grain of sand welded on the same anvil a star. God's Word is written in full on every mustard seed. The law that shapes the star mist into suns, outworks the frost forest on our window panes. A pebble is a microcosm. The moulds of the stars are used in forming the rain-drops, and through each cubic foot of earth shorts the axis of the globe.

"The eye reads omens where it goes,  
And speaks all language the rose;  
And striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Spirit is the great Life on which matter rests, as rests the ponderous globe on the free and fluid ether. Spirit impregnates matter; matter embodies spirit. Nature is the revelation of spirit in space; history is the revelation of spirit in time. Spirit sleeps in the stone, grows in the plant, stirs in the animal, wakes in the man, and will work on till the present chaos and old night are taken up in the higher evolution. The mind occupies every corporeal. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure and makes its own environment. The Psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs it is too dim for our faculties to ken, and increase in mind force only takes place with ascent of organism. The pebble climbs to a rose and the rose to a soul. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the world.

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cause he has just come out of them, and part of the egg-shell still adheres. The plowman, the plow and the furrow are all of one stuff."

It is true, man has traveled on the protoplastic railroad, over all chasms and up all grades, from microbes to poets. Every step he takes is locked with the last and the next. The ends of the earth are brought together to be built into the temple of his body. He passes through the fingers of every herb, and is enriched by each. He drinks the atmosphere with the planet dissolved in it. In the stone or plant is the Psyche first imprisoned that, later on, is to resound through history and push the nations to their goal. In every form alike the Eternal God-seed comes and goes.

The animal is an unconscious creature. He is tied hand and foot to his instincts. He cannot turn round in his track and face himself. But man's self detaches itself to look itself in the face. The animal, while he knows, does not know that he knows. He acts, but does not see that he sees. He acts, but does not react. Man alone has the faculty that looks before and after. He alone has spirituality, and lower forms are but the stammering prophecy of that unmatched perfection. God made man in his own image, and then He made the universe in the image of man! Man is conscious nature; nature is unconscious man. Her effort is to evolve her own God, who is man. To bring her stupid deity to his senses, she crafts and beats him, as the angry fishermen of Naples do the images of their saints in a long spell of stormy weather.

Our systems are charged in every fibre with the eternity behind us, and what was done a million of ages gone, when the crystal dreamed of the flower, is vital in us to-day. In a unite zoophyte and fish, monad and mammal, and we confess it in bone and function. The mouse is our fellow creature. The worms are our poor relations. Nothing walks, or creeps, or grows, which we have not been in turn. The rock is man stratified; the plant, man vegetating; the reptile, man wriggling and squirming, to-morrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a neck-tie or a bonnet. Our Psyche fits on and wears each coat in nature's wardrobe before it assumes the human incarnation. The unconscious effort and aspiration of all lower life is to reach the human organism. Man is thus a universal form from the complex of creation, and the cosmos crosses him by its lines through every nerve. The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything from a seed to a sun, and is a reflection of the Divine Will that the universe should continue. Things that have life are alive whether they be atoms or orbs. Every particle in nature is a life, and there is not a finger-breadth of empty space beneath the dome of the sky.

In this universe the meanest thing does not stand isolated and forlorn. The brutes are kith and kin to those who rule over them. They are the steps of our ascending pathway through nature, and each lower form proffers its torch to light up some obscure chamber in the faculties of man. The universe runs onward from its source. Scales change to feathers, gills to lungs, fins to hands, matter to force, atoms to thought, dust to mind, sap to soul. Humanity, by its principles, extends through the realms of beasts and fishes, herbs and stones, and even through the winds and the fluid worlds. There is no escape anywhere from man; if we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth on the wings of the morning, if we ascend into heaven or make our bed in hades, still he is there. The universe is swallowed up in him, thought is its cradle and its grave. By man all things are spread abroad. He bears in the dog, grows in the tree, murmurs in the passing brook, and his pulse vibrates to the stupendous movement of all the starry scheme.

He is Atlas with the globe on his shoulders. He has the philosopher's stone and transmutes coarse matter into golden forces. He is the king of nature, for he knows himself in the midst of a universe that does not know itself. All through nebulous and planetary life there was one determined upward movement until man was reached. Form after form was flung aside, one creation after another left stranded until the human appeared. From the appearance of the first and faintest organism, man was ideally present on the earth, involved in the anatomical snarl. He is brother to the blossom and the tree, and with the same pigment nature paints the apple's and the maiden's cheek. From one form to another the monad has passed on. It was once encased in stone; then it crept out of its prison into the sunlight as a lichen or moss. From change to change it climbed, until its physical form became that of man.

In these lengthened processes of evolution, the mystic advance of man has drawn into the various lines of the organisms through which he has passed, the whole cosmos by minuteness, till each one holds, mirrored in his structure, constituents and images of Universal All. I, that to-day am man, was yesterday a pine; the day before I sparkled in the crystal or the spar; before that I slept in the world egg of stone; before that again I was a rapid sparkling atom of the day, winged and unsouled, yet hungry for incarnation; for the Psyche desires birth and to dwell in forms, and the soul craves organism. Each form I use is but the inn where I tarry for a night, for the soul is an incurable nomad, dwelling always in tents. All things strive to ascend and ascend by strivings, so last we work out the beast and let the tiger die. Tusks change to teeth and the lion's paw and the jaw of the shark become the tools of culture. Evolution is the steady play of the Eternal Will through all these turn-

ing and belted worlds, and the death of Pan is his re-birth in humanity.

The primal nucleolus holds the soul-seed of man—the offspring of dust and of spirit. In every type the soul-force has a corresponding material structure—to every seed its own body. The forms which he inhabits at any epoch in his organic march are only the record of his spirit's unfoldment up to that date; a death is a birth; a corpse is a seed; a cadaver is a genesis, and every green grave a cradle; "from form to form he maketh haste."

If God is great, He is also little. He dwells in the small man seed by powers of fate, and weaves upon it shape in being's loom. He is dim in the rock, flower and bird; in human flesh He is most himself, and in human eyes we look most closely into the eyes of God. God is not a mind, but the cause of mind; not a spirit, but the cause of spirit. He is felt and known as the only Creative Life, and man as the creature in which that life becomes fully expressed and glorified. Each human innermost is a gemmule of God. The creation is that God the One may become God the Many. Man stands in the doorway of the planet; God can enter nature only through him. The evolution of the man is the slow growth of the divine in us from infancy and non-age to kingship and rule. The road is a long one. He lurks in the lichen and sleeps in the stone. Nature has cunningly wiredrawn him through all their products from flower-bud to planet-bud, from the airy cope to the granite calyx of the globe.

In man the Divine Impersonal becomes personified. The Psyche is the God-element which, divided from God, is yet divine and human. The scale of humanity ranges from atom to archangel; hunger for food is at one pole, and at the other hunger for God. Evolution moving backward does not leave us in the lap of the monkey—it traces us to the Infinite Arms. The long evolving chain stretches not only from protoplasm to man, but from spirit to spirit. The road behind us begins with the Infinite, vanward it ends only with the Infinite again. God creates himself in man; man completes himself in God. Man finds being in God; God attains existence in man. The universe is intelligence infinitely individualized. The creation is a thought discreted from the thinker's mind. It is the separateness of the personal entity or soul from the aggregate of soul in the cosmos. Nature holds the seeds and forms of all life in potency; in this way the primal slime became fish, bird, mammal, man; but all this stream of existence flows from the Divine Life, through every ancestral link, and is God's from end to end. An infinite force from first to last propels the eternal whole. Nature streams perpetually from God; every atom even of her chaos is penetrated by an adequate mind; every granule is impelled and winged. Man has been crystallized, metallized, herbed and incarnate. Space and matter, irrespective of him, are so slimy that thought goes through them as if there were nothing there. Time is not heard unless tickling in ourselves.

## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws end to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

## RESPONSE BY LOUISE M. FULLER.

A desire for the views of all parties on a given subject is a new departure of the times, and certainly a very encouraging one. Your questions have made an interesting study for me, and I send my answers along to be shaken up with all the others, and taken for what they are worth as an individual view of Spiritualism.

1. I have never belonged to a church. I have no doubt missed something thereby, but I have enjoyed the privilege of studying the New Testament without the intervention of creeds, catechisms, and preconceived opinions.

2. If believing in the immortality of the soul, an actual resurrection, and the possibility of communicating with friends who have left this world is being a Spiritualist, then I have always been one.

3. First, my own heart; secondly, the New Testament; third, my own reason, confirmed by that of the wisest philosophers of all ages; fourthly, satisfactory communication with friends in the Spirit-world, beginning in youth and continued through life.

4. The most remarkable incidents of my experience with spiritual phenomena cannot be authenticated. The date of my mother's death, given me alone audibly, some weeks before that event, is one fact that can be authenticated with others of a like nature. We had much talk of the other world during my mother's illness and she always said: "If it is legitimate, I will find some means of communication with you." Through a friend, who is an excellent medium, we afterward conversed of matters known only to ourselves. Her manner of naming the different members of her family was peculiar, and though entirely unknown to the medium or any one else in the circle, was always correct.

She has often appeared to me in dreams and semi-conscious states, as if in the effort to impress me with her presence; some times very successfully; once with her younger sister, who is also very dear to me. As it was not the first time I had seemed to be with them, I questioned which world we were in. "Well," I said, "however it is, we are all together again, and it is all right." As I looked from one to the other they answered: "Yes we are all together, and it is all right." "But," I said, laughing as I sat between and held fast the hand of either, "shall I wake and find it a dream?"

"Yes," they answered, half sadly, yet smiling; "you will wake and find it a dream." Another dream, which was afterwards authenticated, was of meeting, as I thought, in the other world, a gentleman, who introduced himself as a friend of a dear friend of mine in this world. So much was I impressed with the personality and appearance of this gentleman, that I have always thought of him since as an interesting character. Not long since I happened to find among my friend's old doggerel a picture of this gentleman, and on inquiry I found also that the facts related by him were correct. I mention these incidents in my experience, not as anything very remarkable, but as examples of the fact, that at least according to my experience, love is the only reliable means of communication between souls in different worlds. Mediums are only the visible agency of this invisible bond. We say that the wires carry thoughts; we mean that the living, moving force of electricity carries them. Electricity is the means; the wires are but the visible sign of that means. Love is the universal and all-powerful bond between souls, and thence between spiritual worlds.

5. I do not regard Spiritualism as a religion. Considered as a religion, what is the difference between it and other religions, except in the emphasis laid on the doctrine of immortality? This doctrine is common to all religions worthy of the name; but in its practical bearings on life, it seems to be ignored by most of the Christian sects; i.e., if we judge by the superstitions fear and dread of the whole object of death, which is common with Christians everywhere. Hence arises the office or function of Spiritualism as a natural, reasonable and universally necessary protest against the materialism of our times. The evidences of immortality furnished by Spiritualism are such as are in keeping with the times; mainly, sensible, external, materialistic, so that the complaint of want of spirituality is very frequently returned upon Spiritualism with much truth. Spiritualism, like all otherisms, is made up of sincere believers, make believers and hangers-on. In affecting the necessary emphasis of the doctrine of immortality and the fact of communication between this world and the next, there is much danger of overestimating the importance of these things. The doctrine of immortality is not the most essential article of religions belief, yet it frequently seems to be about the only article of belief in Spiritualism. Many Spiritualists seem to have let go of all other sources of enlightenment except the advices from the other world, and do not stop to question these as severely as they sometimes do Scripture statements. There certainly is danger here that the primal and all-important doctrine of the direct dependence of the soul on the Most High, should be lost sight of, and the mind become a prey to the incursions of thought and feeling from without, i.e., be ruled by other minds, rather than the divine will, through the individual exercise of reason, conscience and common sense. Here also comes in the prior importance of another doctrine of universal religious belief, the freedom of the will, which is so easily impinged even by all higher powers, except only the Almighty. It is so much easier to have somebody think for us, even in regard to earthly affairs, that oracles have always been a resort of the lazy and idle minded, and a temptation even to the well intentioned. But still worse than the result of mental work and responsibility avoided, is the possible result of the infestation of evil spirits, which may lead to insanity. However, I think it probable that as many poor souls have been saved from insanity by the hope and comfort of communication with their loved ones in the other world, as have lost their reason by means of the dangers of Spiritualism. I see no objection to considering Spiritualism a religion, provided the essential articles of religious belief keep their

respective places in the minds of Spiritualists.

6. I do not know certainly the greatest need of Spiritualism; but one great need of every specialty is to know itself, and thence other things, and thus its true place and relative importance among the various interests of life. The mediumistic sense is the rallying point of Spiritualism, and it is especially necessary that this should be wholesome and vigorous. It takes the whole physical circulation to insure vitality in each part, and if we wish to make the most of a special function we must appreciate its dependence on the whole organism of human interests. It seems to me that if mediums would take more sympathetic and intelligent interest in society and all the ordinary affairs of life, it would give them greater power and higher purpose for their work.

The more we run along with the rest of the world, no matter what our specialty, the better it will be for the specialty. I know the causes of estrangement do not lie with mediums alone, but there is nothing that does away with ignorant and unfriendly suspicion of friendly acquaintance and community of interests.

Spiritualism is not the only occult realm. Religion, philosophy, science and art, each has its occult realm, its special senses, special understandings and special revelations, which run far ahead of the common ken.

Edison deals with some of the less known and more mysterious forces of nature, the scientific occult. Idealism is one of the abstract or transcendent realms of philosophy, while genius with its surpassing revelations, is ever the unapproachable and inexplicable of art. Each of these four great orders of intelligence, the religious, philosophic, scientific and artistic, has borne its share of misunderstanding and persecution. The time will come when each will honor and glorify the others in their mutual glorification of the Highest, and all orders of intelligence unite in upholding their powers of special revelation.

In St. John's vision of the "throne set in heaven," these four great affections of truth are represented by the "four beasts around the throne." "And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within." The wings symbolize the powers of abstraction, which give place to the "eyes within," the peculiar insight and special senses of each affection of truth.

That mediums and Spiritualists should take more stock in the revelations of each of these other great orders of intelligence, and their revelations, both ordinary and special, and thence be, perhaps, less anxious about the outcome of their own, is a suggestion I make in the interest of Spiritualism. However, advise as a very dangerous thing, unless, like a boomerang, it may be used where it came from.

7. Just what is meant here by "psychic laws" I am a little puzzled to understand. In a spiritualistic sense I suppose it means the laws governing the special powers of the soul. The main body of psychic law is concerned with matters which are open to the common understanding. The soul has its special senses, as clairvoyance and clairaudience; but the sum of soul consciousness is feeling and thinking. Everybody feels and everybody thinks, and the special senses are after all very much like a human extension of the five we have already, heavenward or upward, instead of downward and earthward like those of the animals. Feeling and thinking constitute the base of human consciousness. We have here the essential elements of all psychic force. If this common ground were well understood it would be easy to go on; but here is a world in itself, a world which is hurried over to get at the things beyond, the marvelous and mysterious. To know your own thought and that of another is to know something of spiritual form, and here is where we must all begin in soul knowledge, in the study of human nature and the elements of spiritual form. Special powers come afterward, and must be approached from the ground of general principles; just as, if we would understand the more mysterious phenomena of a natural force as electricity, we must be very familiar with the general principles or laws that govern the whole field of electric phenomena. It is one thing to know psychic law, psychological works, and another thing to know souls. Men are more apt at the former; women at the latter. There are some who care to study psychology, who care very little for practical soul knowledge; such, for instance, as to know the thoughts of a friend in its characteristic distinction from the thoughts of others; to appreciate his feelings and understand the quality of his disposition or will. These outline the spiritual form and constitute character, and are the ground of all soul knowledge here and beyond, now and forever. Quality of disposition is something that is ever identical with itself, and is as easily recognizable by those who have their eyes open to such things as the faith which gives it human expression.

I do not see how I should have known my mother through a medium except that I knew her habits of thought, her disposition and her manner of expression. I see people who take no stock whatever in personality, character, or any kind of intelligence, who know you only by your name and dress, and care for nothing more, who yet run from one medium to another in the vain search of satisfaction from some friend or relative in the other world. How they expect to know them it is hard to tell, if they cared no more for their thoughts and feelings while here than they do for those of the friend left behind. Such generally report no satisfaction, after having shown no more respect for the personality of a medium than for the strings of a mail bag.

Selfishness is its own heavy seal on the senses of the soul. Two lady friends who had passed to the other life, said through a medium that they both felt they had no more than belonged to them in their earth life. It was easy for those who knew them spiritually to understand what they meant, since they were self sacrificing to a fault. Neither of the husbands of these ladies, though not bad men, could understand what was meant, though their wives had literally worn themselves out in the service of their families. This is merely an instance of want of soul knowledge, and nothing whatever against husband, or men in general. These people, however, did not know their wives from anybody else, when there was nothing but soul to identify them by. What such people want of mediums is not spiritual communications, but fortune telling. To have those on the other side help on with some earthly expectation.

The development of special spiritual functions waits on the universal development of spirit, in intelligent affection, in thoughtful consideration of others, in human feeling and good will everywhere. The limbs grow no faster than the body, and the senses no faster than the mind; the occult powers of the soul no faster than the soul, and the strength of a mediumistic person no faster than the sincere demands of an intelligent circle; and I suppose we might say, the char-

acter of Spiritualism no faster than the universal interest in the spiritual world.

The bond of union, therefore, between souls and soul worlds is intelligent love, and any one who thinks to reach those beyond by means of idle curiosity, philosophic acumen or "scientific investigation," is as unreasonable as one who should undertake to explain the solar system without recognizing the force of magnetic polarity.

I have here merely suggested something of the great importance of a knowledge of spiritual form or character. I should like, if I had the time, to go on and show how much help this knowledge is in the conduct of life, in the family, in society, and in government, for character is the base of all human institutions, both here and hereafter, stands by us now in our relations with those in this life, and help us to keep hold of those gone on before, and will not forsake us when we ourselves reach the other shore. He who said, "I know whence I come and whither I go," knew also what is in men.

## PHILo WILSON'S FATE.

Coincidence or Premonition? Remarkable Vision by a Mother—Separated by Thousands of Miles from her Son, She is a Witness of His Violent Death.

In 1849 a young man named Philo Wilson, the son of a well-known foundry man in Racine, was infected by the California gold fever, which at that period, as everybody knows, had become epidemic all over the civilized world. He was one of several children, and although but nineteen years old had the ambition of a man of greater age. He was strong, well built, erect, with perfect health, and the possessor of limitless courage and elastic spirits. Enclosed by the narrow opportunities and promises of the town, he resolved to go to the gold regions.

He was the favorite of his mother, whose maternal nature was cruelly lacerated when he tore himself from her embrace and, a mere headless boy, started alone on a journey then dangerous and uncertain.

He went to Vera Cruz, and, with a desire to see the country, he crossed Mexico from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, on the Pacific coast. At this point he sold his steamer ticket to California at a largely advanced price, took passage on a sailing vessel and after a long and stormy voyage was landed at San Diego, much weakened by the character of the sea trip and the shortage of provisions, through which all were brought to the verge of starvation.

Purchasing a horse and an outfit he started on a journey inland toward the mountain region.

His impairment of strength from the sea voyage was not relieved by his overland travels, so that when he reached the San Joaquin River he was nearly dead from a fever. There was a ferry at the point where he reached the river kept by a man named Auldsberry, who, moved by the emaciation and feebleness of the boyish stranger, invited him to stay until he had recovered his strength. This was in the early autumn of 1850, or more than a year since he had left Racine.

## II.

On the date of Oct. 5, 1850, Philo wrote a letter from the ferry at Joaquin River to his parents at Racine, portions of which are subjoined:

"I am in what may be called a curious place, in a curious business, and among a curious people; but to my mind, in a place and business more congenial than anything I have ever before known.

"I have now under my control about three hundred Indians, who do my bidding, and what is better and more satisfactory to me, they will have nothing to do with any other Americans. I think, in the course of a year, I shall go back to my friends and my dear parents satisfied with California, its appearances and appurtenances.

"I am now digging gold with my subjects, and have already taken out a considerable quantity."

He then gives the particulars of his illness at the ferry, the kindness of Auldsberry, the complete restoration of his health, his great hopes, the love he entertains for his parents and his assurance that he will soon be with them, the possessor of a competence. He then relates in detail his connection with the Indians.

"When I recovered my health I went hunting, and on one of the trips made the acquaintance of the chief of a tribe of Indians, whom I found to be very sensible and agreeable—for an Indian. I will give you a description of him, as you may hear more from him hereafter. His name is Necephilo. He is taller than the average Indian, has large, powerful limbs, broad shoulders and a very pleasant and prepossessing countenance. His forehead is high, his features are regular, his age is about thirty-five, and he is the only man I ever knew that I could feel an affection for.

"I look on him almost as a brother; he is one Indian among a thousand who can appreciate the feelings of a white man. He is one whom I should call in their language, 'Macho, Witchip'—One of the Best.' The ransacker of the Indians was but a short distance from the tent where I lived, and they all soon became very fond of me, especially the chief. We hunt together, they with their bows and arrows and I with my rifle, which makes them more fond of me.

"The chief proposed that if I would give some clothing for his men they would all dig gold for me.... My men have already dug for me about three thousand dollars.... The chief tells me his men are not friendly to the whites, and that he never before and never again would get his men together to work for a white man."

The long letter concludes with a glowing summary of the delights of the climate, the grandeur and beauty of the mountain scenery, and the abundance of game. His last sentences are expressive of intense love of his parents and the assurance that they will all speedily be reunited.

Happy youth! Only twenty years of age, the owner of a gold mine, the monarch of a paradise, the friend and director of a powerful chieftain and his warriors. What boy would not envy his condition and freely give years of his life to occupy the same enrapturing situation! Antelope in the ravine, elk on the plains, bear in the forest, wild ducks and geese in the air and in the river, and a saurian climate—what else could be desired to make the happiness of Philo Wilson more complete?

What writer for the amusement of youth ever created anything so bright as this picture of a young man, in perfect health, the substantial emperor of a region of illimitable game, a climate which stimulated the pulses like purest champagne; a tribe of ferocious Indians who love, fear and obey him, and gold mines of inexhaustible richness. Even Rider Haggard, in his wildest dreams, never produced a combination so wonderful as that in which young, red-cheeked, bright

eyed Philo Wilson was.

## III.

It was on Christmas Day of the same year as the date of the above letter. The parents of Philo had moved from Racine to Janesville to escape the severity of the lake winds. They were temporarily staying and boarding in the family of a friend.

Mrs. Wilson, the mother of Philo, was a woman of more than average intelligence and the owner of a strength of mind of unusual dimensions. She was passionately fond of her children, even tempered and of a religious tendency. She was a Christian in the higher sense of the word—conscientious, truthful, a firm believer in the doctrines of her church, and not in the smallest particular given to superstition. She was remarkable for plain common sense and thoroughly practical practical views of life.

Just as dawn was mingling its gray tints with the somber shadows of night Mrs. Wilson, who was lying beside her husband in bed, awoke and gazed sleepily and unconsciously at the ceiling. Then a wild expression filled her eyes, and with a scream that was heard in every portion of the large house she sprang up in the bed and out on the floor, convulsively grasping her pillow as if it were a deadly body.

"My God, what is it?" ejaculated the husband, roused from a deep slumber by the shriek of his wife.

She was standing near the bed in an attitude as if frozen. She had dropped the pillow. Her eyes were fixed on some object in the far distance, and he saw in the dim light that they were staring and distended as if with an awful terror. Both her rigid arms were extended straight in front of her in the direction of her gaze.

"What is it? What do you see? Are you dreaming?" he said, as he took hold of her arms and pulled her toward him.

Suddenly the stiffened form weakened, collapsed, and sank in a dead swoon to the floor. Restoratives were applied, and after a long time she came hysterically sobbing back to consciousness. Her eyes unclosed and took in the anxious faces about her, and then shut for a moment, while swift shudders convulsed her frame.

"What is it, wife? What ails you?" asked the husband.

"Philo is dead, dead, dead! I saw him on the snow; there was blood on his breast, and I heard him scream, 'I am killed!'"

"It was a horrid dream! See! We are all here. It's only a vision, a nightmare. There's nothing the matter with Philo."

It was many hours before Mrs. Wilson could lighten in the least the heavy burden of her grief.

"I'm better now," she would say with an effort at cheerfulness, and the next instant would break into spasms of weeping.

Toward noon some inmate returned from the postoffice, bringing in the mail a letter with the California postmark.

"Hurrrah!" shouted Mr. Wilson, as he glanced at the postmark and the handwriting. "It's a letter from Philo! He's all right! I told you so! I'll read it." He tore off the envelope and read the four closely written pages. It was the letter written by Philo Oct. 5 at the ferry on Joaquin River. There was universal rejoicing over its arrival, and its opportune appearance seemed almost a providential offset to the shock of the dream.

The Christmas dinner was all the more hilarious and jolly from the contrast between the dread vision of the morning and the contradiction. Even Mrs. Wilson appeared to become herself to the company in general, although it was noticed that now and then, in happiest moments, a sudden sadness would darken her eyes, and a sob would be choked back with a quick effort.

Among those present at this memorable Christmas dinner, in addition to the parents, were two sons, John J. L. Farley, and H. K. Whitton, then a law student, and later a partner of Joseph Sleeper, a well-known lawyer of this city. Farley Wilson is dead. The remaining brother, John J. L., is now a resident of Chicago.

## IV.

It was the same Christmas day in the mines in the foothills, on one of the tributaries of the San Joaquin River. There was a tent on a height sufficient to escape the high water of the stream where the gold washings were carried on. For the reason, perhaps, that it was Christmas, no work was in progress.

A young man, with light hair and some down just covering his face, with a complexion naturally of a blonde hue, now tanned to the color of a saddle, sat on a bench in front of the tent and gazed, it may be presumed, with a look of sadness down the long ravine that revealed the snow-clad peaks of distant mountains. About him were pines through whose spear-like leaves a light wind passed and awakened a low and melancholy tone like the breathing of a sigh. The environment was in harmony with the sighing of the pines; dead vegetation, cheerful rocks, ruptured surfaces and a soil lifeless and yellow.

It was Philo who sat in front of the tent and looked with fixed eye down the valley. It was evident it was not the scenery which occupied his attention; his glance passed over the white peaks, beyond the ranges of mountains, the alkali plains, the transmssouri prairies, and on to a broad lake, on whose banks lay his home. He had seen but one white man whom he had before known, since he had been mining in the wilderness.

He was, for the time, homesick. An irrepressible melancholy took possession of his soul; he longed for the clasp of a friendly hand and the warmth of a kindly voice and eye. He was but a mere boy, he was motherless, and over him rushed an emotional torrent of home rec

worlde. When such lives of devotion speak from the throne of spiritual authority and experience it behoves us to listen, and only repudiate what is clearly against science, and accept only as fast and as far as the revelation can be made clear to us. We know that as we habitually cultivate any faculty it becomes more active and accurate, while disuse dulls and renders unreliable. Let us then take care that in our eagerness to be counted scientific and rational, we do not so stupefy our spiritual faculties as to be unable to accept the deepest truths that voice themselves to our inmost reason. The warmth of spiritual emotion, the Theosophy of the heart, is indispensable to the highest culture and the clearest reasonings. We want more devotion and less cant; more science and less sciolism; more truth and less trash; more love and less lust; more fact and less fiction; more Spiritualism and less sensational mystery, and a broad toleration and co-operation of spirit to enthuse all hearts with aspirations that draw the heavens down to us and make their truths and treasures our own.

### Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

#### TEACH THE CHILDREN THE REASONS FOR SUFFRAGE.

"Is Education forms the common mind, Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Pope's lines are as true to-day as when first written. Indeed, we are more sure of their truth now than then, for every generation's experience deepens our knowledge of all real truth. Frances Willard's temperance work, recognizes the benefit of beginning all reform work with the education of the child, so that the good seed sown will "grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength," though she says that this plan of temperance education did not occur to her mind until after she had labored for years among those to whom intemperance had become a habit, and found how nearly hopeless was the task of reclaiming these permanently, however strongly convinced they were as to their need of reform. The Catholic Church has long understood the power which it gains over the minds of its devotees by educating them from infancy in its tenets. This knowledge, won from experience, is the secret of the present determined movement in favor of parochial schools by the Catholics in this country. The American-born children of devout Catholics, who attend only the public schools of a free and unsectarian government, are very liable to have their religious faith undermined by the very freedom given to thought in such schools. The heads of the church quite well understand that only infrequently will the man's reason be able to eliminate the child's unquestioning faith after it has become by being trained in certain lines of growth, part of his very being. It is a knowledge of the tenacity with which people hold to the opinions and ideas early inculcated, which also induces the recent offers of prizes to the pupils of the public schools, for the best essays on American history, by those who feel that American nationality needs strengthening; I have been glad to note that these prizes given for essays on subjects directly pertaining to politics have been offered to pupils of both sexes, and that in several instances girls have won the prizes. Though at this date we believe that woman suffrage will not be still further delayed until a new generation springs up, yet it is well to be wisely "fore-armed" for all emergencies, and the time and energy spent in teaching the children of to-day, both boys and girls, the grave responsibilities involved in citizenship, and the consequent right of women, as well as men, to the ballot, will not be wasted or thrown away; the task will enlarge the teacher's knowledge, and will strengthen the nation by providing future citizens of both sexes who on entering upon their heirship will be prepared to fulfil their high duties in a spirit of conscientious earnestness.

This work should be entered upon vigorously by woman suffragists everywhere, and in every possible direction. By the direct home teaching of their boys and girls by mothers who believe in suffrage for their sex; by explanations from elder sisters to the younger members of the family; by suggestions by teachers of topics for school compositions such as will lead to the discussion of political duties; and by prizes offered for the best short essays for or against suffrage, written by young people.

Already a movement in this direction has been made in various quarters. In a western town a wealthy woman suffragist offers small money prizes for the best essays written by public school pupils of either sex, on the political rights of woman. Essays written by these unformed but forming minds against woman suffrage should be as much encouraged as those in favor, for by discussion only can the truth appear, and the interest excited by the pros and cons of this question will awaken interested attention to the duties of government and citizenship, and will help those who take part therein, when of age, to vote understandingly as responsible citizens rather than partisan tools of the political "machine." Apropos of this subject, I find in the "Listener's" column of a Boston *Transcript* of recent date, the following: "It was only a few evenings ago that he [the Listener] listened to a pretty argument between a most attractive mother and her son on this very question, in which the affirmative side—the suffrage side—was taken, and most brilliantly too, by the mother, and the negative side by the son, who is a sophomore at Harvard, and who was no doubt inspired in his opposition by a conviction, gathered with immature intelligence, from the surface indications of life, that it is the 'proper thing' to regard women as inferior to men and to sneer at woman suffrage. The mother exposed the weakness of the young man's position with perfect mercilessness and perfect good humor at the same time. The youth stuck to his view, though confounded in his argument; but the Listener is inclined to think that when the circle of his knowledge has broadened a little, those incisive observations of the mother will come back to unsettle his opinions."

As indicative of the interest already awakened on the subject among school children, I subjoin a composition on the subject by a school girl of fourteen, who never has been talked to on woman suffrage by any one directly. I give it as written:

SHOULD WOMEN BE ALLOWED TO VOTE?

In considering this question, a great deal of nonsense as well as sense is said concerning "Woman's sphere?" To begin with, what is meant by "woman's sphere?" Does it comprise merely the duties of the household, such as washing, ironing, sweeping, etc., and the art of keeping in a pleasant humor through all this? Certainly, this is the sphere of some women, but others have a broader work to do. Every woman may be said to have a

sphere of her own, and nearly all differ in some degree. "Woman's sphere," therefore, may be considered as the work which lies within the power of each woman to do.

In regard to the question of woman's rights, many people consider it entirely out of place for a woman to wish to maintain her rights. A woman, they reason, should be modest and sweet; according to what business has she at the polls with men of all classes? Ah, yes, woman's rights are all very well for coarse, vulgar women, but for women of refinement—what nonsense!

Again, some question, Is she fitted intellectually for the work?

Has not woman successfully accomplished whatever she has yet attempted? To be sure, she may not, in some instances, be able to accomplish as much as a man, because she is not as strong, but she is equal to him as far as her strength may go.

Now, if women were to mingle with all classes of men at the polls, would she become degraded herself, or would she elevate the men with whom she came in contact? In any public place do not men instinctively speak in a lowered tone and with softened language in the presence of women of any refinement? Then why should it be otherwise at the polls? It seems to me that women of refinement would not be easily degraded; but on the other hand, the men would be benefited by their company.

Another exceedingly silly argument against the right of women voting is, that while the wife and mother was at the polls, the children would be racing about the neighborhood, hungry little vagabonds, with no mother to care for them. Now, what woman would ever leave her children in such a state as this? It is nonsense to waste time and breath on so senseless an argument.

In many of our cities, towns, and even villages, women own large estates, and ought not such women to have a voice in the election of town officers? But no, men (that is, some men) say, it is all very well for women to vote for the school committee, but farther than that it must not go, on the same principle that we give a child a cracker, in order to pacify it, while we indulge in cream cake.

Nevertheless, the cause of woman's rights is slowly but surely progressing, and in the century to come it will probably be acknowledged by all leaders of society that women should be allowed to vote.

#### More Mahatmic Force.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If your mail resembles mine in quantity and quality of theosophical correspondence since "Mabel Collins'" disavowal of inspiration from Madame Blavatsky's Hindu "controls," it must be curious reading for one who is as used as you are to reflect upon the lights and shades of human nature. At this revelation through the JOURNAL some people are pleased; others sorry; others angry; some applaud; some condemn; many are curious; and most of them want to argue about it. My mail has a sort of shivery, gooseflesh quality, as if a panic in mahatmic stock were imminent, and there is a tendency of the hair of the faithful to stand on end.

What will happen to the original and only genuine straightaway Blavatskians, who now present so picturesque a microscopic group, when the rest of the facts in the case are wrested into the garish light of day by profane editors, I do not know. But it is always safe to wait and see. Just now I gather from my correspondents two curious items.

First, a good many persons are surprised that I seem to have only now found out that "Light on the Path" was not dictated by our friend Koot Hoomi or any other Eastern adept. Such has always known all about its source, and my discovery is discounted as a theosophical chasm. Let me say to all such, that I do not always tell all I know, and that I might have continued silent on the authorship of "Light on the Path," had I not had reasons for publishing Mrs. Cooke's letter just then and there—reasons I reserve for the present.

Secondly, and very curiously, some of my correspondents advance theory that would have the charm of novelty to one less versed than myself in that capacity of the human mind to resist knowledge which results in what the Catholics call "invincible ignorance." This theory is, that Madame Blavatsky knew the source of Mrs. Cooke's inspiration better than the author of "Light on the Path" knew it herself; and therefore the former ingenious lady was quite right in begging the latter ingenuous lady to do as she did.

It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and one that I should not like to mar by any injurious interference. The more we learn of the methods of Mahatmic manipulation of our wild and woolly Western wickedness, the more we admire Oriental wisdom and innocence. Commending your soul to the care of the Dhyan-Chohans, and recommending you to read Bret Harte's deathless poem,

I remain, with respect,  
Washington, D. C. F. T. S.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

ESSAYS, RELIGIOUS, SOCIAL, POLITICAL. By David Atwood Wesson, with a Biographical Sketch by O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. 1889. Pp. 390. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Wesson was a scholar, a critic and a philosophical thinker of much acuteness and ability. He was not a popular writer. He was not a voluminous author. The best part of his intellectual life was spent in ill health and reclusion, and lack of strength limited his writing, while loss of contact with the world for several years had a somewhat narrowing influence on his mind and gave a penitive hue to some of his theories.

He had a deeply religious nature combined with a philosophical turn of mind, and artistic tastes. Whatever he did he did thoroughly and well. His articles contributed to different magazines were always finished productions. With Mr. Wesson's expression was an art, and to which he attached great importance. In this respect he was indeed fastidious. He wrote on religious, social and political subjects, if not with originality of thought, at least in a manner that was his own, and which imparted unusual interest to his discussions.

Mr. Wesson is regarded by some as the greatest thinker of all the New England transcendentalists. When Mr. Frothingham wrote his History of Transcendentalism in New England, he referred to D. A. Wesson, John Weiss and T. W. Higginson as the only living representatives of that intellectual movement. Mr. Higginson is the only one of the three who remains, and his tastes and work are more literary than philosophical.

Mr. Wesson was a friend and admirer of Theodore Parker, and for a while occupied the desk of the Parker Memorial Fraternity. He was a frequent contributor to the *Radical* and to the *Index*. With him the soul of man was the centre of all belief. He says:

"My conceptions of man's being begin always with an absolute soul of man. This I hold to be infinite in depth, contained in God, heir to the utmost resource of his being. That is the starting point—pure spiritual unity; or, in other words, pure personal identity."

Again he says: "To my mind Nature is all redol-

ent of God, and the hear, of man is all instinct with God."

Spiritual pantheism is, perhaps, the phrase which most truly describes Mr. Wesson's religious belief. With Orthodox Christianity he had no sympathy, and he was soon estranged severally in his strictures upon the popular religious beliefs.

Hitherto there has been no collection of Mr. Wesson's essays, which appeared in the *Christian Examiner*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The North American Review*, the *Radical* and the *Index*. Those reprinted in this volume are: "Nature the Prophecy of Man," "Authority," "Unity," "Social Texture," "Conditions of Social Productiveness," "The Puritan Commonwealth," "The New Type of Oppression," and "The Genius of Woman."

The sketch of the author by Mr. Frothingham is that of a friend, but it strikes the reader as being impartial and just. It contains fragments of an autobiography of Mr. Wesson, which are the least interesting part of the book. There is, in fact, nothing in the life of Mr. Wesson of general interest to readers beyond the thought and the character of the man, which are sufficiently revealed in his writings. But to those who know the author personally all these details will, of course, be of interest.

SOCIAL PROGRESS. AN ESSAY BY DANIEL Greenleaf Thompson, author of "A System of Psychology," "The Problem of Evil," "The Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind," etc. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; New York: 15 East 16th Street. 1889. pp. 161.

This work, "respectfully inscribed to my fellow-members of the Nineteenth Century (of which Mr. Thompson is the President) the Commonwealth and the Reform Clubs, of the City of New York in association with whom the thoughts contained therein have been suggested," is one of the smaller volumes of a series in which the author is presenting a comprehensive system of thought. His first work, "A System of Psychology," gained for him a reputation among European as well as American thinkers as a profound and learned philosophical writer. This work is beyond any doubt, the ablest as well as the most comprehensive treatise on psychology that has been produced in this country; and we know of none by any foreign writer which treats certain aspects of the subject with so much analytic power. As Nature in reviewing the work said: "In dealing with many special questions he (Mr. Thompson) goes beyond the later English psychologists, just as they themselves have gone beyond Locke."

Mr. Thompson brings to bear the same qualities of mind, so conspicuous in his first work, in the treatment in this latest volume, of such subjects as "The Conditions of Social Progress," "Liberty and Law," "The Psychological Foundation of Individual Liberty," "Equality in Rights," "Equality in Power," "Fraternity," "The Utility of Change," "The Formation of Opinions," "Radicalism and Conservatism in Action," etc., etc.

In the concluding chapter Mr. Thompson says: "I can find no reason for discouragement, but on the contrary, every reason for hopefulness as to the failure of social life, though its perplexing problems are by no means all solved." Such hopeful words from so profound a thinker are bracing in contrast to the jaded which are often heard to-day.

It is to be regretted that by a blunder of the printer the preface is incomplete, especially since the purpose of this preface is to show the relations of the volume to former works and its place in the author's scheme of systematic thought.

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In the concluding chapter Mr. Thompson says: "I can find no reason for discouragement, but on the contrary, every reason for hopefulness as to the failure of social life, though its perplexing problems are by no means all solved." Such hopeful words from so profound a thinker are bracing in contrast to the jaded which are often heard to-day.

The author dedicates her work, "First to my spiritual guides to whom I am wholly indebted for whatsoever merit it may contain, while its faults are owing to the inability of my brain more perfectly to reflect their thoughts; second, to those who from the first believed in me so implicitly that, with unfailing trust, they followed me from the time when I took the first lone journey out into the darksome valley of uncertainty until they saw me rise on the hill-top of success."

Mrs. Lillie has given a sketch of her life and the unfolding of her中美洲 will be read with interest. While it is in no way startling or sensational, and is told in a modest, unostentatious way, it will impress any one who reads it as being a truthful and conscientious narrative of the trying experiences of one of our mediums, who never hesitated to implicitly follow the leadings of her spirit friends, doing her work faithfully and unselfishly.

The larger part of the book is made up of Mrs. Lillie's inspirational poems, many of them possessing real merit. Mrs. Lillie says of them: "I feel that the best of the poetical works given by my guides through my instrumentalities, have been lost. I have felt that I would give much if it was only in my power to reproduce them. The few found in this collection are only the stray ones, caught now and then by some reporter present when they were recited; and they are printed here as they were received, as I found on attempting in some instances to review them, that such revision only marred the beauty of the sentiment. Therefore I give them as they are."

"Reflections from the light above  
Which round my pathway shine."

Some were received by automatic writing, and some by clairaudience. She is not a poet by nature, and accepts this as a gift from her spirit friends, but says: "Always on receiving these poetical impressions I have a sense of something much grander than my brain and lips can convey, and yet such even as they are I cherish them as rays of light from the spirit side of life." Mrs. Lillie's friends will be pleased to read this book.

PROFESSION OF FAITH OF A SAVOYARD Vicar. Translated from the French of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Citizen of Geneva. Also A Search For Truth by Olive Schreiner. New York: Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton St. 1889. pp. 124.

This profession of faith of the eloquent and rationalistic vicar of Savoy is remarkable for its unsectarian spirit, its candor and its broad and liberal religious views. The thought, of course, is that of Rousseau, who, like Voltaire and Paine, was a firm believer in an intelligent power revealed in nature and in human consciousness. The authority of inspiration, and the miracles and prophecies of theology are criticized in this famous work in a manner that has hardly been surpassed, and rarely equaled. The tolerant spirit of the author is shown by these words which are put into the mouth of the vicar:

"Had I any Protestants in my neighborhood, or in my parish, I would make no distinction between them and my own flock in everything that regarded acts of Christian charity. I would endeavor to make them all love and regard each other as brethren—tolerating all religions, while peacefully enjoying their own." This was the spirit of Rousseau, and with his faults made up for his acts. As Carlyle in his "Heroes and Hero Worship" says of him: "He could not be coaxed into a garret, laughed at as a madman, left to starve like a wild beast in a cage, he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire."

"A Search for Truth" is a beautiful allegory taken from "The Story of an African Farm." Of the profession of faith, Rousseau himself said: "You will find that this exposition treats of nothing more than natural religion. It is very strange that we should stand in need of any other."

#### New Books Received.

The Foreign Biblical Library. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, U. S. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777, with an Outline Sketch of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents.

A Manual of Introduction to the New Testament. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Vol. II. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 12mo, 868 pp. Cloth, \$2.00 per volume.

Leading physicians eminent divines—every one who tries it, endorses *Samaritan Nervine*. All druggists.

The Practical Illustrated Measurer. By Wm Davay. The sixth edition is now out and is meeting with a hearty welcome. Price, 75 cents. How to Magnetize, by James Victor Wilson, needs only a mention as it is a most popular work on this subject. Price, 25 cents. Cadwell's How to Measurer is another popular work and should be read by all investigators of this subtle power. All the above for sale here.

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**Relgio Philosophical Journal**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LASALLE ST. CHICAGO

BY JOHN C. BUNDY.

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Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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CHICAGO, ILL, Saturday, June 1, 1889.

**The Old and New.**

From all the signs, and they are many, the world is passing into a crisis. The Church, and by the Church is meant the organized Orthodox, is planting itself on the Bible as the infallible Word of God and on the infidences therewith crystallized in the form of orthodox Christian doctrine. Ultimately these will all fuse under the dogma of the Catholic Church. Those who are not prepared for the logical outcome of their evolution will drift towards the freer speculations of rationalism. Reason and not faith is the latter's claim to acceptance. Holistic priesthood—from the Pope to the Pope—this, and hence they foster the vagaries of those recently converted. The Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly, sitting in New York, . C. Roberts, D. D., LL. D. Dr. Roberts upon the ignorance or credulity of his hearers when he says:

"...on can the earth dispense with the light of the sun as the race can dispense with the Word. The enemy most dreaded by the Biblical critics. Nothing worth having can be won by it. The New Testament has got the fiery furnace of revision without fire. The Old Testament will stand well. We must oppose the process which would set aside whole books because they are of the supernatural. We cannot afford to let the King of Zion will take possession of the earth. When that time comes let us be on the side of the Lord."

When it is remembered that "Biblical criticism," outside of the interested revisers of the New Testament, has demonstrated that there is no historical evidence for one hundred and fifty years of the Christian era going to prove that there was ever such a person as Jesus Christ, and that the earliest copy of the New Testament dates four hundred years after the commencement of this era, and that we have no copy of the original text from which our revision is a transcript; recalling these facts reasonable people begin to inquire on what, then, does historical Christianity rest? There is but one answer—tradition. This is the ground occupied by the Catholic Church; and it is the ground which the Protestant Church should occupy or cease its criticism of honest men who tell the truth. We have some respect for the Catholic Church because it is logical; none whatever for such men as this reverend expounder of falsehood, for he knows, or ought to know, that his Bible—the New Testament portion of it at any rate—is the record of a myth and, like all myths, without historical verity to sustain its exoteric claims. Strip the record of its coarse covering of materiality and sensuousness and translate its grand esoteric truths into the reality which underlies its verbiage and we have a glorious manifestation of the Eternal Love and Wisdom—adapted to all the states and conditions of humanity. Spiritualism, in its higher aspects, will alone save the world from "Rationalism" and "Catholicism." "Protestantism," as expounded by Dr. Roberts, has no sound reason for its existence by giving it the new spirit which is now imminent in man—clothing all old thought in the new garb of a new interpretation. To this the world is coming. Such men as Dr. Roberts and the Pope may enter their protest, but the world will move on as in Galileo's day.

Friends of the JOURNAL should bear it in mind continually and never lose an opportunity for presenting its claims and making it known to those who desire to pursue psychics and to explore the spiritual field in a rational, scientific manner. Every subscriber has it in his or her power to strengthen our hands; and the aggregate of this effort, if only persistent and effective, will be stupendous.

**Need of New Inspirations.**

That Christianity is suffering both from collapse and decline no reasonable observer can doubt. The former is due to the skeptical tendency of the age, the latter to materialism. There is a distinction between the two. One may be skeptical regarding the miraculous claims of Christianity yet be possessed of a deeply religious nature. When both predominate then is the religion of a nation at its lowest ebb.

But the inner life of a people never perishes. It is rooted deep in the vital life of humanity. There may be skepticism concerning creeds and dogmas, but the materialistic doubts which operate like the disintegrating forces of winter are not so universal as the superficial observer conceives. The old stalk denuded of its blossoms and fruit still strikes its roots deep in the soil of the ages and already new shoots are putting forth in token of a fresher verdure and a more splendid harvest than the world has ever witnessed.

The signs of the times are weekly commented upon in that staunchly conservative paper, The New York Tribune, in a series of notes under the title, "In the Church Porch."

Very lately the author, after commenting upon the spirit of individualism and the spirit of conservatism, the two ruling ideas in the world of thought and the world of action, deplores the fact that there is little of that human solidarity which, in the olden days, made possible great nations and great religions. "Selfishness," he continues, "has taken the place of self denial and egotism has supplanted brotherhood. Religion cannot flourish in such an atmosphere. The finer graces of spirituality that made the lives of saints so beautiful, fade and wither away when exposed to its miasmatic influence."

These assertions, it will be remembered, are made by no radical or even liberal newspaper. They are specimens of the usual Sunday notes in a widely read journal. Its editor, who has just sailed as Minister to France, is a member of that Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue, New York, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. John Hall, the church buildings, land and parsonage of which cost in round numbers, something like one million of dollars. On its roll are inscribed the names of the foremost leading millionaires of the city. The massive and beautiful edifice in which they worship is a materialized dream of quiet and classical beauty. In sonorous English the dignified pastor rolls out those ponderous Calvanistic sermons concerning death, hell and judgment to come which suits the taste of those who hold certified orders upon the heavenly mansions. Yet observe what our note maker continues to say in the Tribune: "It is useless to disguise the fact that it (Christianity) is engaged in a deadly struggle with forces that would destroy all spirituality; and these forces have gained many temporary advantages. That 'other worldliness' which Christ taught finds no adequate expression in modern church organizations.... Parochialism, the lust of entertainment and the adoration of committees, obscure the lives, dull the colors and dwarf the dimensions of the real church of Christ."

This is strong language but this is stronger still. The writer continues:

"Speaking broadly, the Christianity of this age does not rise to the height of its own teachings. It abides along in respectable propriety, upheld partly by the remembrance of its earthly triumph, and partly by the strength derived from its complex organization. In many ways it has conformed to the low material standards that content the world around it; and from the desire to please men it has held in reserve some of the lofty, though perhaps impracticable teachings which were alike the inspiration and the glory of the Christianity of Christ."

Can any outside the pale of the church utter stronger criticisms than these?

This is all the more deplorable, because the modern world can not be converted by routine preaching or routine practice. It can only be conquered by the all-compelling power of unconventional earnestness and enthusiasm. Frivolous as the world is—and perhaps in no age has it ever been more frivolous—and yet follow men who have convictions and live upon them. Hence the success of many of the so-called religious "cranks" of the day, who with great earnestness call upon men to believe some half-truth, or gross superstition.

So much for the failure of the Christian ministry to rise to the level of their opportunities and for the need of a new influx of divine light and life. The same writer in commenting upon society at large deplores the fact that "an ominously large number of people in the community have virtually forgotten the meaning of the word duty in their eager quest for their rights. Their moral sense has become blunted. The desire to do right because it is right has become an almost rudimentary impulse; it has become atrophied through long disuse. Expediency and self-interest are the two great motive principles of their lives."

A noble minority of church members eagerly welcome any inspiration which, irrespective of churchly authority, quickens and uplifts the spiritual nature.

**Vicious Journalism.**

Is it not high time for the proprietors of the leading dailies of this city to veto the chronic prostitution of their columns, carried on by a class of cheap and irresponsible reporters? The owners and leading editorial writers are respectable men, and why allow their papers to be filled with the diseased products of vitiated imaginations, and all the moral filth of a great city, which is published not because it is news but because it is nasty, is beyond comprehension. The beastly Carter divorce case was spread out day after day for weeks, each journalistic "shoe maker" striving to outdo his rivals in sensational decorations and salacious suggestions, with no more idea of true journalism and no more care for it than a Hottentot.

The big "blanket sheets," having been cut off from further supplies of Carter muck by

the close of the case, are forthwith filled with the morbid materializations of reportorial cerebration inspired by the finding of the body of the murdered Dr. Cronin. Sickenings pictures of the nude and rotten remains are plentifully supplied, some of them too disgusting to be described in words in decent paper. The names of innocent men are seized upon by these ghouls of the press, and insinuations of guilt or knowledge recklessly made in connection with the dastardly crime; insinuations having not even the color of truth and calculated to do great injury to the feelings of excellent people. Again, with an hour or two on hand these reportorial ravagers haunt theatres, lecture and concert rooms, not for the purpose of giving a truthful and entertaining account of the play, lecture or music, as the case may be, but to pick up some suggestion to serve as a foundation for a column of midnight rot, to be served up to decent people with their coffee and rolls a few hours later. These criticisms upon the daily press of Chicago apply with equal force to that of New York, Boston and all the larger cities.

All this is not journalism, and the proprietors and editorial writers know it, or should know it. Respectable people are obliged to tolerate this viciousness because in the same papers may be found the important news of the world together with able editorials on current events from writers of experience and ability, news and editorial opinions most valuable, indeed, indispensable. The JOURNAL is a stalwart stickler for the freedom of the press; this goes without saying, but it sharply discriminates between liberty and license, and always considers the motive inspiring publication of matter and whether publication is calculated to do more good than harm. The press of America yields the destinies of the nation: let it rise to the full dignity of its position; let it conserve the purity of the home, the morals of community and the highest interests of a virtuous and order-loving people if it would retain its sway!

A Descendant of Lord Baltimore Was Next.

In mentioning in last week's paper the transition to a higher life of our respected co-worker, Mr. L. B. Wilson of the *Banner of Light* we concluded with the question: "Who will be the next?" The question is already answered and sooner than anticipated. Our long-time friend, correspondent and subscriber, George Henry Calvert, journalist, author and consistent Spiritualist, passed on from his home at Newport, R. I., on Friday, May 24th, at the ripe age of eighty-six years. Mr. Calvert was a native of Maryland and great grandson of Lord Baltimore. On his mother's side he was a lineal descendant of the painter Rubens. He was also related to Martha Washington. In 1823, when twenty years old, Mr. Calvert was graduated at Harvard and afterwards studied at Gottingen, Germany. Returning home he edited the *Baltimore American* for several years and afterwards published his "Illustrations of Phrenology," the first American treatise on the subject. He translated from Goethe and Schiller, wrote poems, essays, sketches of travel, and was at all times a diligent student and literary laborer.

In 1843 Mr. Calvert established his home in Newport, and ten years later had the honor of being Newport's first Mayor. He inherited wealth from his parents, and like the late Allen Thorndike Rice, did literary work for the love of it. At his delightful home in Newport he dispensed a refined and generous hospitality. He was a representative gentleman, of the old school, yet wholly accessible to the ideas of the day. He was one of the pioneers in calling attention to and discussing hydropathy, and interested himself in all current problems of his time. He was a contributor to the *North American Review* and other well-known publications. Mr. Calvert and Historian Bancroft had been warm friends for years, frequently exchanging visits when the two were in their homes at Newport. Mr. Bancroft arrived in Newport from Washington the day before Mr. Calvert's death, but not in time to be greeted by his old-time friend.

The appreciation of a considerable number of cultured and representative people has been of inestimable worth to us in the arduous labors incident to our profession and the peculiarly trying field we have essayed to cover. Among this number the encouragement and support of no one has been more highly prized than that of Mr. Calvert. Every one with any experience in the field of reform journalism, whether of politics, religion, ethics, science or sociology, can realize to some extent how much more rapidly comes the expansion of opportunities and responsibilities than of financial support; how in our unique field, increased influence of the JOURNAL brings added burdens far beyond the facilities of the office to carry, without undue strain upon the editor and proprietor whose work as a journalist is of necessity only a small part of his enforced duties. He must be a missionary without pay, a bureau of information, an adviser-in-general upon hundreds of matters that cannot be treated of in the paper; and he must cover a wide field which properly belongs to those accessories and auxiliaries of a well-organized and well-equipped sect or party, but which Spiritualism has not. He must cover this ground at his own expense, whether able and so disposed or not. At least this is our experience and the only possible course consistent with our mental constitution and temperament. This condition of affairs was realized by Mr. Calvert. His attention having been called to the needs of our work by some published remarks, on Feb. 7th, 1888, he enclosed us his

check for \$50 as a perpetual subscription to the JOURNAL, entitling him and his heirs to the paper during its publication, and wrote as follows:

MR. CALVERT TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

MY DEAR SIR.—Considering the unspeakable importance of the revelations of Modern Spiritualism in the progress and emancipation of humanity, and considering the ability with which under your editorship the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has presented and expounded the facts and principles of Spiritualism, it seems to me it is reasonable that you should meet with generous co-operation. I therefore enclose draft for \$50 as a perpetual subscription, and with thanks and best wishes remain,

Very truly yours,  
Newport, R. I. G. H. CALVERT.

**Pleading for a Change.**

It appears from the Washington Post that the Rev. Scott F. Hershey, the retiring moderator of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, delivered a sermon which was somewhat of a sensation to his hearers. Its tenor was an appeal for the modernization of Presbyterianism, and it was a strong blow at the ultra-conservatism which is popularly believed to govern in that church. "We are living in an age," said he, "which on future ages will tell with prodigious impression. The English poet could write fifty years ago that fifty years in Europe were better than a cycle in Cathay; but we have fallen upon times when a single generation is pregnant with such possibilities and tendencies as came not to any generation of the past. Human thought never was so keen, aggressive, presumptuous. The social order never seemed in the caldron of such ferment. Human life was never so intense, restless, evolutionary. Communication and intercommunication are matters of seconds instead of months. We are no more conditioned mostly by local ideas, customs, and habits of classes and sections, but are imbibing the ideas and as simulating the habits and rubbing into our social order the customs of all peoples and countries. With all its solid masonry of evangelism, the Presbyterian church in America lacks something. Between the pastor and the people flows the chilly current of a dignified reserve, which is especially evil in its effect upon young people. Our church needs take on what some one has called the 'enthusiasm of humanity,' founded on God's fatherhood, and so free in its popular fraternity as to override all hampering forms and sickly traditions. We cling to an old and worn-out custom of mere outward method."

Dr. Hershey then gave what he called some alarming facts. "There are twelve hundred pulpits vacant, and but for the accessions from other denominations the gain above actual losses last year would have been but two."

It is stated that Mrs. Emma Althouse of Utica, N. Y., whose continued trance during the past two years has attracted so much attention, has taken a change for the better and there is a chance that she may entirely recover. For the last month her condition has gradually improved, until now she can partake of some nourishment; her breathing is more natural and her trance periods are less frequent and shorter. Two months ago she was given up for dead; and her vitality became so low, subsequent to her rallying on that occasion, that all of her relatives became convinced that she could not live. Mrs. Althouse partakes of small quantities of nourishment is able to move hands, and seems much stronger, but she is wholly powerless to sit up in bed, where she has lain during the two years of her illness. Lately she has had no medical attendance, and strangers have been more rigidly excluded from the house than before. Her last trance lasted only a week, and she has had several short naps of three or four days. In one of them she plainly saw the scenes attending the inauguration of President Harrison, but her strength was not sufficient to fully describe them. She also knew about other events which had transpired, and which were not mentioned in the sick room. The longest trance Mrs. Althouse has had lasted thirty-five days. Another continued thirty-three days, but the average until lately was between fifteen and twenty days.

In a recent article in *The Carrier Dove* J. J. Morse says: "Among the ranks of more contemporary spiritual writers few are entitled to higher place than Hudson Tuttle. Utterly free from involved vacuity, always thought-provoking, never tedious, his books are most valuable to all thinking Spiritualists. The announcement of his forthcoming volume, 'Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychical Science,' is a welcome promise of good things to come. Hudson Tuttle never writes unless he has something to say. And when he writes all who read him are the better for having done so. Our best writers today are, without doubt, Hudson Tuttle, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, and Prof. Kiddle,—since A. E. Newton, recently ascended, has been thus retired from our active authors on the mortal side. Mr. Tuttle's recent pamphlet, 'The Tiger Step,' is admirable. We want writers who have backbone enough to call a spade a spade. Milk and water sentimentalism may be an evidence of cerebral solution, but of other value it has none.... This time it is 'Scientific Religion,' by Lawrence Oliphant, who has lately crossed the border. It is a curious book mystical and semi-theological with a suspicion of Thomas Lake Harrisism

about it. It has a preface by Mrs. Oliphant—who was Miss Rosamond Dale Owen, a granddaughter of good Robert Owen, the socialist and philanthropist. She badly disgruntled English Spiritualists some five years ago by using their platforms to expound the Divinity of Jesus, after a fashion peculiar to herself. Her husband's book is another contribution to the mystical aspects of religious aspiration, but its tendency is scarcely healthy or helpful."

There seems to be a bound from the prevalent acceptance of the Darwinian theory of evolution as applied to morals. Two of the ablest scholars in England have taken up the subject at once, each from a different point of view, to show that the time has come for a re-examination of the Darwinian philosophy, as it is accepted by a large proportion of the scientific world. Prof. St. George Mivart, himself one of the most distinguished investigators of this generation, who criticised Darwin's theory on its first appearance and made an argument against it which Darwin himself confessed had great weight, has contributed to *The Forum* for May, his second essay to prove that the theory fails as a scientific theory purely where man comes in and that moral deductions made from it are of no weight whatever. He brings forward much interesting evidence to show the unphilosophical character of Darwin's mind. Prof. Mivart's first essay, which he called "Darwin's Brilliant Fallacy," appeared in *The Forum* for March. The other scholar who leads the attack on the Darwinian theory of moral development, is Mr. W. S. Lilly, the great authority on ethics; and his argument is from the point of view of a master of moral philosophy. It is noteworthy that as the writings of Herbert Spencer and Prof. Huxley, and to a certain extent of Darwin himself, received their earliest recognition in America, so these important criticisms of their philosophy, which are attracting a great deal of attention in England, appeared first in *The Forum*, an American periodical.

An International Congress of Woman's work and institutions will be held in Paris, July 12th, this year, under the presidency of M. Jules Simon. Mme. Isabelle Boyerat, Mme. de Vernueil, Mme. Kochlin Schwartz, Vice-president; Mme. Emilie de Morsier, Mme. Marie Martin, Beardsley Avocat, Secretaries. The committee on organization is composed of women belonging to all creeds and social classes; and men of high intellectual attainments are encouraging the undertaking. The congress will be divided into sections: 1st, Philanthropy, Morality; 2nd, Pedagogic; 3rd, Art, Science, Literature; 4th, Civil Legislation. The programmes are being prepared and will be sent broadcast. It is a significant fact that this will be the first time a Government officially patronizes a movement in favor of women. The Catholic aristocracy seems willing to join with Protestants, Jews and Freethinkers, and a great success is contemplated. All communications must be addressed to the Secretary of the Congress, 21 Passage Saulnier, Rue Lafayette, Paris.

The St. Paul Spiritual Alliance adopts as its basic principle "love of truth and hatred of error, with justice to every human soul." It protests against every attempt to compel mankind to worship God in any particular or prescribed manner; and demands perfect freedom in the search for evidence of life beyond the grave. It claims the right of search for this knowledge in ancient records or in the phenomena, philosophy and science of modern Spiritualism, which challenges the deepest, the closest and the most humane thought, and teaches that purity of life and honesty of purpose are means for improving the condition of humanity, and deals with the children of men in accordance with their conditions, capacities and responsibilities, denying to no individual the possibility of entering into a state of happiness beyond the grave.

The seventh annual camp meeting of the Michigan Spiritualists will be held at Hasselt Park, commencing Thursday, July 25th, and closing Monday, August 26th, including five Sundays. The following is the list of speakers: July 28th, G. H. Brooks and J. Frank Baxter; July 30th, and August 1st, J. Frank Baxter; Aug. 4th, 6th and 8th, Frank C. Alerton; Aug. 11th and 15th, J. Clegg Wright; Aug. 18th and 20th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Aug. 21st, Meeting of Mediums' Protective Association, Dr. A. W. Edson, president, G. H. Brooks, secretary; Aug. 22nd, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Aug. 23rd, Memorial Day; Aug. 25th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

Mrs. H. L. Stone, of Kalamazoo, Mich., widely known as an educator, traveller and journalist, has been spending a couple of weeks in this city as the guest of Celia Parker Woolley. On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. Woolley gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Stone. The occasion was one of delight and profit to the brilliant company. Mrs. Stone, although considerably over seventy, is a most interesting conversationalist, and on this evening she

## GENERAL ITEMS.

The unknown friend who mailed us valuable advices from Dover, England, is hereby notified of safe delivery, and also thanked most heartily. If he (or she) will unveil their anonymity, we can say more by letter.

The professional services of J. Madison Allen, inspirational-trance speaker, may be secured for the summer and autumn months by addressing him at once at 225 Moss Ave., Peoria, Ill. He has been busily occupied for some months in Kirksville and Hannibal, Mo. and Quincy, Ill., but will now accept calls from more distant points, east or west.

Dr. Joseph Wilbur, formerly widely known in Chicago and the west, as a successful magnetic healer, passed to spirit-life last week from Burlington, Wisconsin, at the age of seventy-nine years. It was our good fortune to know Dr. W. well and to know of much excellent work done by him. His memory will be cherished by thousands whom he has helped in one way and another.

A city subscriber writes: "A very interesting little séance was held May 8th, at the residence of Mrs. Buckley, 1843 Michigan Avenue. Mrs. Hamilton, the medium, was not introduced to the persons present until after the close of the séance. All testified to having received excellent tests of the presence of their spirit friends. Messages were written, and names signed which were recognized fully by those for whom they were intended."

Mr. J. J. Morse will commence his final month's regular lecture work, in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., corner Bedford avenue and Fulton street, on Sunday next, continuing through the month of June. During July he will visit Jacksonville, Fla., and in August his time is taken up for camp work. Himself and family sail for Great Britain the last week in August.

John D. Rockefeller has just given \$600,000 to the American Baptist Educational Society to establish an institution of learning in Chicago. It is proposed to increase the amount by further subscriptions to \$1,000,000. Mr. C. Hinckley of Chicago gives \$50,000. There is as much wealth, and as many wealthy men, among Spiritualists as the Baptists can claim; when shall we be able to chronicle such munificent gifts in the interests of Spiritualism?

We desire to call special attention to the letter of Richard Hodgson LL. D., published in another column. A number of Boston gentlemen, favorable to Spiritualism, under whose eyes he has worked since coming to America, speak of him in the highest terms and consider him especially qualified for his position as Secretary of a spiritual research society. Assistance in the lines indicated by Dr. Hodgson will unquestionably hasten the orderly and systematic arrangement of the facts so essential to psychical science.

## Through the "Gates of Gold."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The recently published letter of "Mabel Collins" (Mrs. Cooke) has attracted, for a very good reason, so much attention and favorable comment, that the following will doubtless be read with interest. It is the full text, written to me by Mrs. Cooke shortly after the appearance of the "Gates of Gold," of what Mrs. Cooke and myself both refer to in our joint recent publication in the JOURNAL. I did not then give it, because I could not conveniently lay my hands on it. But since the matter has assumed such magnitude I feel the need of being exact on every point. Having looked over my files and found the letter, I give it word for word. It is in Mrs. Cooke's handwriting, undated and unsigned:

"72 CLARENCE ROAD, NOTTING HILL, W. LONDON.

"The writer of the 'Gates of Gold' is Mabel Collins, who had it as well as 'Light on the Path' and the 'Idyll of the White Lotus' dictated to her by one of the adepts of the group which through Madame Blavatsky first communicated with the Western world. The name of this inspirer cannot be given, as the personal names of the Masters have already been sufficiently desecrated."

This is exactly word for word, what Mrs. Cooke now says she wrongly wrote to me because Madame Blavatsky "begged and implored" her do so, and which she also wrote at her dictation. It certainly has the genuine Blavatskian ring about it.

Yours truly,  
Washington, D. C. ELLIOTT COUES.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Minister Lincoln presented his credentials to the Queen at Windsor.—The protocol of the Samoan Conference is nearly ready for the signatures of the delegates.—French indignation caused King Humbert to alter his intention of visiting Strasbourg in company with Emperor William.—Sir Charles Dilke is slowly making his way back to political life.—In a race between yachts the Valkyrie was again a winner.—The receipts from United States fishermen under the modus vivendi have so far this season been \$6,000.—The Boulangerists have resolved to contest all the elections in France.—Detective Coughlin, of the Chicago police, was arrested as a party to the murder of Cronin.—The Scranton City Bank was closed because of a defalcation by the cashier.—The cashier and the assistant teller of the Merchants' National Bank in New Haven were arrested.—It was reported in Washington that General Lew Wallace and Colonel Beverly Tucker were appointed Commissioners to Hayti.—A combination of ten Ohio River coal shippers proposed to buy out the small operators for \$12,000,000. Four men were arrested in Arizona for the robbery of Paymaster Wham.—A new town election has been ordered in Guthrie, Okla.—The President took a trip on Postmaster-General Wanamaker's yacht down the Potomac River.—Gen. James B. Weaver, the Greenback ex-Congressman from Iowa, has opened a law office in Oklahoma.—Buffalo Bill and his horse appear to go far in Paris toward replacing the departed Boulanger and his black charger.—L. Q. C. Lamar Jr., a son of Justice Lamar and a department clerk under Cleveland, has turned up as a drummer for a Rochester boot and shoe house.

## A Psychic Researcher's Appeal.

*The Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research Desires the Co-operation of the Readers of the Journal. He makes Important Suggestions which should be Strictly Observed.*

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

About a year and a half ago a peculiar account appeared in a Pennsylvania paper, purporting to be the narration by a well known politician of an experience of his own. Some time afterwards the following paragraph appeared in the paper:

"HOW THE SUPERNATURAL HAPPENS."

"We were short of copy one week two or three months ago, when out of our ghostly imagination we constructed a story about a prominent citizen of this town seeing the spiritual image of his brother lying in the snow before him on the Reynoldsville road, at the very moment his corporeal body was succumbing to a Dakota blizzard. Of course it was purely imaginary, as such stories always are. But behold the Pittsburgh Dispatch of the 25th ultimo comes out with a special telegram from Punxsutawney giving the whole substance of this wild story substantially as related by us, only expanding it into a half a column and adding many thrilling details. Now that story will be read and believed by thousands, and the cause of ignorance and superstition advanced accordingly."

Stories of one kind or another relating to psychical matters, especially, perhaps, to alleged "hauntings," are continually appearing in papers published throughout the States. So far as my own experience has gone, there is little foundation for these reporters' accounts, though in a few even of these cases the outcome of my correspondence has been a well attested psychical experience. It is obvious, however, that when editors, not to speak of correspondents, make such confessions as that involved in the paragraph which I have quoted above, the general reader is not likely to be much impressed by unverified accounts of psychical experiences.

It is unnecessary for me to comment here upon the ignorance displayed in the quoted paragraph. Those who have been at the pains to familiarize themselves with the enormous mass of "occult" literature, from early legends up to the most skeptical parts of proceedings of Societies for Psychical Research, can not doubt the existence of supernormal phenomena; that is to say, phenomena which exhibit "the action of laws higher, in a psychical aspect, than are discerned in action in everyday life." (Proceedings of S. P. R., Part VIII, page 30.)

I desire now to make an appeal to your numerous readers for more strenuous efforts on their part to contribute such experiences of their own as are likely to be of the greatest evidential value to persons who, both from their mental habits, and the inadequacy of their acquaintance with the subject, may not yet have been convinced of the actual occurrence of these supernormal phenomena, and I shall point out briefly some different classes of phenomena in the careful recording of which your readers might do great service.

There are first of all such spontaneous experiences as have been grouped under the head of Telepathy in the well known "Phantasm of the Living," published by the English S. P. R. An instance is "The Strange Story of a Milwaukee Man," quoted on page 6 of the JOURNAL of May 11th. According to the account Mr. H. Anderson dreamed of the sinking of the steamship Danmark, and the news was afterwards received of the loss of the steamer. We are told that "there are half a dozen witnesses of reliability to prove that young Anderson reported his strangely true dream before any intelligence of the Danmark's fate was received." I have written to Mr. Anderson for the purpose of obtaining additional corroboration of his experience, but have not yet received any reply.

Now I wish to urge upon the readers of the JOURNAL the extreme importance, in the event of any such experience to themselves, of making an immediate record of it before any knowledge of its verification, and of obtaining the signatures of several reliable persons to the account, also before verification if possible. The account of its verification should also be carefully recorded, and the corroborative signatures of friends obtained; and this should be done even though the experience may happen to be of an apparently trivial character. It might be an impression of an illness of a friend, or the "monition" of an otherwise unexpected visit, or an apparition at the time of death, etc., etc. What we most need at the present in this branch of our investigation is a well authenticated set of recent cases of this general type. All the testimony to each case should be, if possible, published at the same time.

Another class of experiences which appear to be not at all uncommon, but of which very few careful records are made, consists in the so-called automatic writing. Careful accounts of these would be very valuable, and I would urge the special attention of your contributors to the careful and immediate record of experiences where the communications furnished by the automatic writer showed knowledge which was not in the possession of any of the persons present, all of whom should sign the record. It can not be too strongly impressed upon witnesses that a written record should be made, and signed, and dated at the time.

The same suggestion applies just as forcibly to the test communications of trance mediums.

Another important service might be rendered to the cause of psychical research if your readers could be induced to make experiments in thought transference, such as those which have been recorded in the Proceedings of the English and American Societies. I shall be glad to send circulars to any persons who are interested, describing some easy methods of experimentation, and of keeping the record. RICHARD HODGSON.

Boston, Mass. Seer. A. S. P. R.

## Spiritualism and the Pulpit.

Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, in a series of discourses on Holy Scripture, has devoted one to the subject of Christian Spiritualism. For an address with such a title it cannot be regarded as satisfying. It cannot be characterized in the language employed by Dr. Parker to describe the pulpit oratory of the late Rev. Henry Melville, as "foaming, tumultuous, on-rushing, climacteric, sweltering, tremendous"; nor does it, we think, fulfil all the conditions of the form of oratory favored by the speaker of being "easy, conversational, domestic, instructive, colloquial—without vulgarity." It is severe upon the Church—as contradistinguished, we presume, from the "Temple"—and lays a heavy hand on "irresponsible chatters," and "fools and fanatics" who believe only in such phenomena as can be explained by the disorder of the stomach

—imperfectly instructed persons, no doubt; but on Spiritualism in its varied relations to Christianity Dr. Parker throws no serious light, and has, in so far as evidence is afforded by his discourse, thought very little. He tells one or two stories of which the following is the most interesting:

## A SUDDEN PREJUDICE.

"Why did that lady take such a sudden prejudice against her medical man?" He had been accustomed to come to the house and had been on cordial terms with the family, yet suddenly the lady was conscious of an unaccountable revulsion. Asked why she felt so, she replied, "The moment he took hold of my hand this morning, I heard a pistol go off, and I felt as if he were a dangerous man." Of course this was fanaticism, folly, optical illusion, any kind of polysyllabic that excluded God. For a long time the matter was kept secret; at length the doctor was told of the revulsion of his patient, and he said, "That is very remarkable; that morning I was called in to attend a suicide; a young man had shot himself through the month; when I went into the room I took up the pistol, held it in my hand for some time examining it, and I went immediately from that house to the house of my lady patient."

Dr. Parker's account of his experience with

## PLANCHETTE

may be quoted. We can imagine the young Templars who heard it "going in" for this new description of entertainment. We will hope that the instruction which they may draw from it will be valuable, and their experiences not like those of the two ladies who had to confess that they had been compelled to give up the acquaintance of Planchette in consequence of the indecorous character of its language. "Planchette," explains Dr. Parker to his flock "for the sake of the little ones" is

"A little rough triangular instrument with a pencil put through one point; the little toy runs on wheels and will spell for you words from the alphabet which you write at the top of the page; you simply put on your hands, have a thought, or put a question, and expect some answer. Of course if you are fools enough to delude yourselves and push the little toy up to A N D, there is no penal law against your making such consummate asses of yourselves; even that you can do; but if you are earnest and commit yourselves to spiritual or magnetic or nervous action, and see the results, you have a right to conclusions wrought out by honest inquiry. My friends were busy with this little lady when I went home, and I said: 'Well, if it will answer me a mental question I will believe in your little wooden toy: I have asked a question, now let Planchette answer me.' The little machine ran about and my friends said in a spirit of almost self-ridicule, 'It has written —,' and then they mentioned a name; as it is the name of a living man I will not now quote it. I said: 'That is the most mysterious thing I have ever known; the question which I mentally asked was, 'Who is the architect of the City Temple?' We were then building this place or about to build it, and the little toy wrote the name of a man who had that very day submitted plans for this edifice."—London Light.

## AUTHORITY IN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The position of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, demanding a positive basis for science and philosophy, commends it to all well-balanced and well-educated minds. It is only within the present century that the jurisdiction of science and philosophy have been extended over the realms of theology and psychic speculation. Prior to this there can be but little in the sphere of psychic and supernormal science worthy of being quoted as authority for the instruction of the present generation. It is to a great extent the same in all science and philosophy, and yet two correspondents of the JOURNAL, presenting themselves as medical scientists, gravely offer as authority for our instruction, the opinions of Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, Pythagoras, Plato, the Neo-Platonists, Origen, Synesius, Homerus and Hilarus, the Kabala, the ancient Aryans, and modern Bruno!

What folly or superstition cannot boast of a similar array of names? If ancient names give value to old opinions, those who think so should hasten to join the Roman Catholic Church, which has a nobler array of authorities than any other form of superstition. Modern scientists say to the superstitions thus heralded, "Old opinions! old opinions! Rage and tatters! Get ye gone!"

Would not these gentlemen consider it supremely ridiculous in any one to quote the opinions of Galen, Avicenna or Hippocrates against the modern authority of Bernard, Brown-Sequard, Sir Thos. Watson or Sir James Paget; or to quote the opinions of Aristotle and Pliny against Tyndall, Huxley, and Owen?

There is not in physiology, pathology, chemistry, physics, any work of the past century which has any real value to the modern scientist, for all such are superseded by later and truer works. Our scientific knowledge, mainly created in the last three centuries, has consigned to the antiquarian or to the lumber room the systematic works of earlier date. Much more emphatically is this true of the higher psychic sciences, which have assumed a definite form in the last hundred years, in the writings of Buchanan, Wallace, Crockett, Denton, Hare, Howitt, Owen, Sargent, and many others.

The champions of antiquity deny the value of the labors of those to whom we are so much indebted, but where in the whole range of literature, prior to the eighteenth century, can we find anything like the clear statement, the practical proofs, and the lucid philosophy of the writers I have just named? They especially deny that we have any satisfactory spiritual philosophy, and ignore the profound discoveries of Prof. Buchanan, with which they are probably unacquainted. Prof. Cones says that mankind owe him a large debt of gratitude for Psychometry, but Psychometry is only a small portion of his scientific labor extending over half a century.

As I had the pleasure of attending his able and profound lectures in the Medical College, of which he was the Dean at Cincinnati, thirty-nine years ago, and reading his successive works, I can inform those who have not had that pleasure, that by revealing the functions of the brain, and thus by experiment establishing for the first time in human history a complete anthropology, Prof. Buchanan has achieved a far greater work for philosophy than any of his predecessors, an opinion which will not be controverted by any student of his old work, the "System of Anthropology," who has subjected the doctrines to the test of experiment, or by any one who has been personally instructed in this subject by Dr. Buchanan. Every committee of investigation has pronounced his discoveries true, and grand. His instruction carries absolute conviction to every hearer, but as he is not one of those who care much for contemporary fame, he does not engage in popular propaganda, since he has before

him the engrossing task of quietly consummating the greatest work ever undertaken by any philosopher or scientist, the complete exposition of the soul, brain and body of man; the greatest mystery of science; a problem which no investigator before Buchanan has ever attempted to solve.

His "Therapeutic Sarcogony," to be issued this year in enlarged edition, is at once a solution of the great problem, and its application to practical use, a revolution in medicine, the consequences of which will develop and increase with the progress of the science.

His anthropology gives the basic philosophy of Spiritualism, connecting it with all the facts of anatomy and physiology. It is superbly absurd to quote against such revelations of positive science, the old opinions of authors who knew nothing of the brain, little or nothing of anatomy and pathology, and nothing of modern physiology, and the marvelous psychic experiments of the present century. As well might we quote the opinions of Ptolemy upon a question of American geography. A single copy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL contains more for the enlightenment of mankind than all the nebulous philosophy (?) and superstition of India. Dr. Buchanan has always appeared indifferent to contemporary fame or popularity, and does not now engage in popular propaganda, while engaged in the greatest task ever undertaken by any philosopher, the presentation in a systematic form of the great sciences which owe their birth to his labors, a task for which the remaining years of his life may be inadequate, for while his huge piles of manuscript are being revised, his active mind is continually making additions. America has never, in the opinion of Prof. Denton, produced so bold and original a thinker, and if he has stopped long enough from his task to brush aside the phantasms of ancient priestly speculation, environed of old with myth and fiction, and revived-to-day with similar marvelous and incredible legends, we owe him thanks for doing it in a manner so thorough that it has not been and can not be answered.

I venture to prophecy that when his works shall have been fully published, very few will think of looking to antiquity for a scientific and satisfactory Theosophy.

GROSVENOR SWAN, M. D.

## Gassed to Spirit-Life.

Maud Lewis. In her 11th year, of spinal fever, at Ceylon, O. She was too sweet and gentle for the burdens of earth. Her friends were greatly grieved at her loss, and her devoted friends who mourn her loss with a sincere sympathy met with Mr. Hudson Tuttle to give the funeral discourse, fraught with consolation as the spiritual philosophy only can give to a large attendance of relatives and sympathizing friends.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

"Tell your Aunt Maria, baby's got the cramp," "N. K. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger cures cramp."

Dr. D. P. Kayner can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultation and lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

Mr. E. O. McCormick, the genial Passenger Agent of the Monon Route, has accepted the position of General Passenger Agent of the C. H. & D. and will move his family to Cincinnati, Ohio. We wish him success in his new field.

Homes. In Tennessee cheap; land to exchange. Williams, Pease & Baxter, Nashville, Tenn.

An endorsement of the Favorite Co-Operative Association whose advertisement appears in our columns. Favorite Co-Operative Association, 45, 47, 49 Randolph St., Chicago.

Gentlemen: The goods I ordered came promptly and are very satisfactory. I am well pleased.

Yours truly, B. H. SMITH.

In speaking of the poetical works of the late Benjamin F. Taylor, LL. D. John G. Whittier said: "I do not know of any one who so well reproduces the home scenes of long ago." Dr. Taylor was, indeed, essentially an American poet, and in his poems he sings to American hearts, of American homes, American scenes, and American heroes, and his song has been conceded worthy of its theme. His prose works have attained to great popularity, and his descriptions of battle scenes, as witnessed by him in the capacity of a war correspondent, brush aside the years that have passed, and again the surge of blue-coated infantry is rolling up the ridges of Tennessee. A complete list of Taylor's books appears in our advertising columns this week. They make a noble legacy to the world of literature.

## WANTED!

Ministers and religious ladies and gentlemen can obtain pleasant and paying employment, no book canvassing, by addressing E. Silas Jewell, Chicago.

Wanted to treat all Horse Diseases. Copies sent free on receipt of 50 cents.

## W. H. HAYS MFG. CO.

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VALUABLE INFORMATION TO HORSE OWNERS

Worth \$2. You Can Buy for 50c.

Tell us to treat all Horse Diseases. Copies sent free on receipt of 50 cents.

**Voice from the People.**  
AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
**AN UNDERTONE.**

INSCRIBED TO ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

Keen, lance-like souls that pierce the veil  
And let unuttered glories through,  
In strains too nobly poised to fail.  
My spirit soars and sings with you  
The needful cleansing fires of pain  
That on eternal altars glow;  
The cry of roses heat with rain;  
The trill of housebirds hedged with snow.

I feel the downward sweep of flame  
That consecrates your highest thought,  
The trenchant stroke, the scorn of name  
And label for the truth unbought,  
But since the brave most loving are  
To feel the hurt when strife is done,  
I joy to greet you from afar  
And hang your banners in the sun.

Dear heart! 'tis good to rest with you  
Along the watchfires of the line,  
In gentleness our strength renew,  
Then rising, conquer by this sign;  
To glide into your quietude—

This suits my ministry to-day  
Better than shock of onset rude  
Or insolence of border fray.

Awhile the tide may onward flow  
Till guiding signals sound recall;  
How well we wrought we nee i not know,  
Our illes 're against the wall  
Like sp'ng sentinels in lin',  
The west wind's thrill is of the sea,  
To-day is ours—surcease divine  
Between what's done, and days to be.

God's organ speaks—Rise from its tone  
Fall colored splendor bold and clear  
With tenor trumpet finely blown  
Let deep sea basses answer, "Here!"  
But blunting, treading like the vine  
To earth, to heave 'em, o'e's and o'er,  
Let alto's flowing curve be mine  
The lost chord's beauty to restore.

To sing the soul's long summer time  
While white blooms drift above our dead,  
To hear life's morning bells achime  
And go to labor comforted.  
Am I thus inclining each to each,  
Many as one in e'er accord,  
In alphabet of angels' speech  
Re-teach the lessons of the Lord.

—Annie Herbert Parker, author of "When the Mists have Roiled Away,"  
Sunny Brae, Cal.

Dreams and Visions.

Impending perils may cast a shadow persistently ignored in a waking state, while the mind is by the influence of a self-deluding optimism—the wish that is father to the belief in the significance of the threatening danger. But in sleep the voice of the monitor can be shamed by such a conviction, and in abounding often takes the form of distinct visions, repeated with vividness and frequency which at last cannot fail to influence the actions of the individual, in spite of all waking sophisms. I remember the instance of an American family that had settled in the northern uplands of Cameron County, Texas; but before the end of a year removed to the vicinity of a larger settlement and sold their half completed home for reasons that remained a mystery to their upland neighbors. "We had selected that building-site after a good deal of prospecting," the first proprietor of that house told me a few years later, "and at first seemed a puzzle to me that nobody had pre-empted it long ago. It was a broad hill with a fine prospect east and south; we had an abundance of timber, fine ranges, two good springs, and a ledge of soft limestone within a thousand yards of the house, where you could shape our building-stones with a common saw. I never could hope to find better neighbors; they actually got up a picnic to celebrate our arrival, so glad they were to have English-speaking folks within visiting distance. We had every prospect of getting an improved road and a post office, and three months after our first entry I would not have sold that homestead for ten times my direct expenses. But about half a year after, that ranch seemed a haunted place and I didn't feel at rest day or night though people that knew me are not likely to call me superstitious. I never was afraid of darkness even when I was a boy and a swarm of ghosts would not scare me worth a cent. But one night, about a week after I had got home from a trip to Brownsville Landing, I dreamt our house was tackled by a gang of Green bushwhackers Mexican bandits, and that they shot down my little boy with a gun and then loaded their horses with everything they could move. Two nights after I had exactly that same dream over again and I could see every stick and stone in our yard, when I tried to make a break for our next neighbor and I was shot down just as I rushed through the gate. I noticed the very horses, and saddles of that gang and could have recognized every one of them if I had met them in daylight, and I now do believe that I did see them somehow or other on that trip to the Landing. The idea began to haunt me when that dream had come back for the third time, though I never said a word; but one morning my wife seemed uneasy till all our farm-hands had started to work, and then asked me to come out in the garden for a minute. "Do you think there are any robbers in this neighborhood?" she asked me when we were quite alone. "Why, did you see or hear anything suspicious?" I asked her back. "No, but I had such a strange dream last night," she said, with a sort of a shudder, "I dreamt a gang of Mexicans came to our house and made me run for my life, and just before I got through the door I saw them knock down little Tommy with a club." " Didn't I help you?" I laughed. "I don't know," she said, "I saw you collar one of them, and I kept calling for you in English to save yourself, but just as you dashed through the gate I heard the crack of a shotgun and then I fainted." I made no reply, but that minute I felt that we couldn't stay any longer, and two weeks after I ran up my mind to move to Indiana. There were no Mexicans in our neighborhood, but the hill-farm, and no southern robbery had been reported anywhere near Cass City, but I felt that I had to look for a new home if I expected to get an hour's peace, and it often seemed to me that I was doing a sin if I let my little boy out of sight for ten minutes. So we made up an excuse about schools and post office and managed to sell our pretty place for a few hundred. The neighbors thought I must be half crazy, but I couldn't help it; and just ten weeks after we were gone we got the news that Pancho Parres massacre. The whole neighborhood had been sacked and outraged, and as I know my boy, I am now morally certain that he would have stood his ground and got himself killed, if he had seen any brute lay his hands on her mother."

The very homesickness of that account impressed me with a conviction of its absolute truth, and on the whole I consider it the most characteristic instance of what Artemidoros would have called "theoretical dreams." —Felix L. Oswald, M. D., in the Open Court.

The Only True Exponent.

An old student of Swedenborg, a man who has helped to make the world richer in many ways, in writing a friend, speaks incidentally of the JOURNAL. The friend thinking the whole letter of interest sends it to us. Here is the paragraph about the JOURNAL:

"For all genuine reform from centre to circumference and from circumference to centre, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is the only true exponent, and should be amply supported by all who call themselves Spiritualists."

Wm. Waters, whose articles have often appeared in the JOURNAL, writes: "Mrs. Waters and myself have just been reading 'Studies in Psychic Science' by Hudson Tuttle. We are both highly pleased with the book. It is really excellent. No Spiritualist will ever regret having purchased it. It will be a good campaign book for generations to come."

The Significance of Dreams.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the fall of 1870 I had a dream, the fulfillment of which within a few weeks brought back the dream to my mind, impressing it forever on my memory. My mother was living with her second husband, about four miles from the town where I resided. My step-father was a farmer, his farm joining that of a brother next younger upon the south. He was not in robust health, being troubled most of the time with a cough. However, we did not anticipate any immediate danger. The morning after my dream, which was in November of the above-mentioned year, I related it to my family. I had seen my step-father dead and laid out upon his bed, and in the room where he always slept; and I remarked upon the extreme blue and pinched look of his face, that had appeared so vivid in my nightly vision. I was only laughed at, my friends saying, "Dreams always go by contraries; a sure sign your dream will not be fulfilled."

But the last week in December following I was hastily summoned to aid my mother in the care of my step-father, who was very sick. I was with him most of the time during the week, at the end of which he passed to the realms beyond; a sudden cold, resulting in pneumonia, took him away from our love and care, never once getting a little rest before the funeral, never once having a moment of repose during his sickness. Upon the morning of the funeral I went into his room to take a last look before his body was placed within the coffin preparatory to being carried to the church. Then I beheld the counterpart of my dream. He was laid out upon the bed where he had died, the clothing and mattress having been removed. The look upon the face was the same as pinched and blue and worn with the terrible suffering of the week; so calm and peaceful in its last sleep. Instinctively my heart cried out, "My dream! My dream!"

The following April his brother, spoken of above, was taken ill. I knew of his sickness, yet he was not in my mind in the least. But in the town where I resided I had an uncle who was supposed to be lying at the point of death. A council of physicians had decided that he could not recover. At this time I dreamed of seeing our spare chamber stripped of all furniture. In the center of the room stood two coffins of equal size. In the one upon the left as I entered the room lay my step-father, as I had seen him months before when taking leave of his mortal body. The other coffin was open but entirely empty. I also related this dream to my friends, and what was more natural than to think it an omen of my uncle's death? Within a few days this uncle began to manifest signs of danger, and die alive to-day. Within a week my step-father joined his brother upon the other side. A friend remarked to me at this time, "That I had better stop and dream again, I would have them all dead and buried." I seemed to follow this advice for I had no similar dream, although near and dear friends have gone from me side to side upon the eternal shores. Why I was warned of the death of these two men and not of the death of my mother and children I know not.

I will relate in connection with this an incident of spirit return through the mediumship of Harvey Mott. My husband had gone to communicate through him with our daughter, who had recently died. At one of these sittings there suddenly appeared the face and form of my step-father, whom my husband always called Uncle Ben, until our marriage, after which he called him father as I did; but this sudden apparition so startled that his mind ran back to the old time, and he cried out: "Why, how are you, Uncle Ben?" He replied, "How do you, Charlie? Bless God! We do live again!"

Then he asked: "Charlie, who is that young man here with you?" My husband replied: "Why, father, that is J. Myrtle's husband." His answer was: "O yes; I know. That was very sad about Myrtle." She had been a great favorite with her grandfather.

At another séance my mother came. My husband recognized her instantly, although she was not in his mind. She spoke with him some minutes, inquired after me, telling my given name, and an unusual one. She then repeated the Lord's Prayer, ending with "Lord bless my dear children." This was a peculiar test for me. I had known her many times when a child, and also in after years, and this was the way she always finished her prayer. My husband knew nothing of this, consequently it could not have been mind reading.

The communications received through this medium from my children have been mostly given to the public. Everything received was remarkable to us then, because the medium was an entire stranger, and we lived a long distance from him. My step-father had never been in this country. My mother had died in another State, a thousand miles away. We have never yet been able to detect the least chance for fraud in any shape with what we received; yet there have been some things about these communications that have puzzled me. My eldest daughter, only three weeks after death, would talk with her father and her husband minutes at a time giving test after test and appearing as plain and natural as in life. My daughter Nettie, who passed away five years before at the age of twelve years, came at every sitting, but seemed weak and unable either to communicate or appear plainly. Her whisper at times was so indistinct that her father could not understand her words. Once, when he thought it was her, but was not sure, he asked, "Who is it?" She said, "Nettie, Nettie," seeming so anxious to make herself known. She was a sensitive and bashful but very loving child, and I have wondered if this made a difference. Some say she took on the conditions of her death and suffered in coming in contact with earthly life. She had died with a fever the last time, however, that my husband was able to save a stolid with Mott, she came stronger and asked to see a white rabbit that had been in a box and taught her to name my younger children. But neither of the girls seemed to know what it was. He had left it in the hall. Myrtle came and wanted to see that little animal with pink eyes, and wanted it called hers, while Nettie told J. that she wanted to see that little white dog. J. got the rabbit and held it up while they looked and seemed greatly amused farther away.

Another thing that puzzles me is that Myrtle at one of the sittings, spoke of a pet maltese kitten which had died two weeks after she died. She said it was dead and with her. The puzzle was not in the fact of her telling of its death, for she told many more wonderful things than that, but in the thought of the continuation of animal life, which was not in accordance with my views of spirit life. I well know that some claim as a fact that life continues after death; others just as strongly assert the opposite. The kitten spoken of seemed endowed with almost human intelligence. Could some animals be possessed with a higher degree of spirit and pass on to the next life, while others, of a lower order of spirits, are at death, as Hudson Tuttle says in his "Studies of Psychical Science?" dissolved and disappear, just as a cloud does in a summer sky?"

My reason accepts the above writer's ideas upon the subject; but here is the question of the kitten. If it was not a fact, why did Myrtle speak of it? We were thoroughly convinced of her identity and of the truth of all else that she told. Why should she have made one false statement?

301 East 7th St., Newton, Kan.

Light on the Path.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"With your permission, I can throw still more light on 'Light on the Path' than Dr. Cone's publication of 'Mabel Collins' letter affords. I am surprised that he has only just learned the origin of that wonderful book. A year and a half ago somewhere about Jan. 1888—I met Sylvester Baxter of the Boston Globe, (who was passing through Chicago on his way to join Frank Cushing, of Zuni fame) who told me that he was a correspondent of Mabel Collins (Mrs. Mabel Cook), and that she wrote him that 'Light on the Path' was obtained precisely as she states—by writing the writing clairvoyantly written on the astral background, or 'wings' if you prefer the term. She also stated to him how "Gates of Gold" was obtained.

"Light on the Path" may not be proof to Mabel Collins of the existence of a Master or Masters, but it assuredly carries within it the evidence of its great source—which is only another mode of saying "Mahatma."

I am unacquainted with any Theosophists who have a different understanding of the origin of the book than the one above given.

It may be possible that H. P. B. knew the source of the writings and that "M. C." did not.

M. L. BRAINARD,  
Cor. Secy., C. B. T. S.

In Great Britain last year 919 persons were killed and 3,928 injured on the railroads.

BISHOP'S DEATH.

The Cause of the Mind Reader's Early Decease.

Jonathan Hunt, of the Soldiers' Home, Sandusky, Ohio, writes as follows to the Cleveland Leader and Herald:

His death was not entirely unexpected to me; three days before his demise, while talking upon the subject of fortune telling and mind reading, I ventured to say that he would not live long.

I have a theory to offer in regard to his death rather suggestive than dramatic, and invite the attention of scientists to its supposed matter.

Dr. Underhill, of Cleveland, was the first man

to introduce mesmerism to the public in Ohio. He published *The Annals of Magnetism*, a monthly devoted to this subject, in 1841. The periodical lived about three years.

The doctor was successful in his experiments and earned his reward, which was the scoff and sneer of all except sober, candid, thinking people. One of the best of his subjects was the ten-year-old daughter of Charles Dickinson, of Monroeville, O. She was called a clairvoyant. I was present once when she read with her eyes carefully blindfolded, so that I could not see her, the messages from the other side, which have awakened within their souls a desire to know more of this glorious religion, science and philosophy.

In April Mrs. Helen Brigham, of New York City, came to us. She is one of the best lecturers now before the public.

Our next speaker was Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, of Westfield, N. Y. She was with us last winter, and we were glad to welcome her again to our rostrum. Her tests are wonderful.

We now have with us Gileas B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich. He is an old veteran, in the cause, having

reached the ripe maturity of three score years and ten, and yet he seems young and vigorous. He is the embodiment of a refined, cultivated and noble manhood.

Now a few words with the many correspondents

who have written to me in regard to our church organization. First, we call ourselves a church because of the meaning of that word: "A body or collection of people who accept of, and believe in,

and subscribe to, the teachings of Jesus." We believe that he was the purest and most perfect man, and the best medium that ever lived.

"How about the Bible?" asks another. "Do you accept of that?" I answer, "Yes; we accept of it in the sense of light and reason." Like Jesus it has been crucified "between two thieves." In many instances it has been wrongly translated, and generally abused and misunderstood by two contending factions. One extreme has followed the other. The word has been kept in a triangle by these two conflicting parties in regard to the authentication of the Bible, both being as blindly spiritualistic as bats. We believe that the spiritually minded Spiritualist is able to explain in the light of reason many things in the Bible which cannot be explained by the materialistic on hand, or the orthodox minister on the other. To us it is a glorious book. We do not, however, believe it is all there is of inspiration, for we believe that the windows of heaven have always been open, and ever will be; neither do we believe that the Bible is infallible, for some of those who wrote it were not perfect. Paul entertained some very erroneous views in regard to women, and their rights and privileges. Then somebody has, since the book was written, made Jesus say: "A man must honor his father and mother," etc., in order to be his disciple. We do not believe that Jesus ever used the word "hate," or its equivalent, in that connection. What the world needs to-day is the fulfillment of his doctrine, teachings and principles.

Enclosed I send the JOURNAL a copy of our constitution and by-laws\* for publication. It is not a creed. It is simply a declaration of what are our objects, aims and purposes.

W. M. M. MARTIN,  
Elmira, N. Y.

\* Persons desirous of studying this constitution

can address Mr. Martin, as our space will not permit publication, neither would the precedent of so doing be well; if done in one instance it must be done in all.—ED. JOURNAL.

The First Spiritualist Church of Elmira, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We have passed another era in the history of the First Spiritualist Church of Elmira, N. Y. We have been weighed in the balance, and not found wanting.

To our Spiritualist brothers and sisters, who seem to be unwilling that we should enjoy the privilege of calling ourselves a church, I say, "For the sake of the life, acts, creeds and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, I would say, 'Far be it for them to be established to walk more in the full noonday light of the past and the present, and thereby see more clearly how closely interwoven is all the past spiritual phenomena with that of the present. Truth is enduring; it is eternal; it has lived through all the past, and will live for all ages to come.'

This church has held its Sunday evening meetings regularly since its organization. In February we were once more blessed with the opportunity of listening to Lyman C. Howe's familiar voice. His inspired words lifted us above the lower material plane. Our only regret was that he could not remain with us longer.

During the month of March we witnessed some excellent public tests given by Mrs. J. E. Allen, a clairvoyant and trance speaker of Elmira. She is a veteran in the cause. Hundreds of people have received through her messages from the other side, which have awakened within their souls a desire to know more of this glorious religion, science and philosophy.

In April Mrs. Helen Brigham, of New York City, came to us. She is one of the best lecturers now before the public.

Mr. Samuel D. Curtis and Miss Sally Murphy were married the other day in Guilford, O., as the local paper says, "after a tedious courtship of fifteen years, which was won with Christian fortitude and patience."

It has been found that the best thing to disperse a mob is cold water. Get out an engine and put on a full stream and your mob is no sooner wet down than it scatters to dry up.

It has been found in experiments at Leipzig that skin grafted from a white to a colored person becomes gradually black, and that black skin grafted upon a white person in time turns white.

A bear came to the premises of Charles Vogler, of Moltke, Presque County, Mich., recently and ringed off a calf and a sheep, while Mrs. Vogler looked on in considerable astonishment.

A horse at Ansonia, Conn., got a pebble in his nose while drinking from a shallow brook, and now, whenever he crosses it, laps water there like a dog, though elsewhere he drinks in the usual fashion.

Always deduct about forty years from the age of a veteran, claiming to be one hundred and twenty years old. Medical science has no record of a person in this country living beyond one hundred and two years.

&lt;p

Sir J. Gorst said in Parliament the other day, to illustrate the truth that "one man's meat is another man's poison," that he was once severely cross-examined by a party of New Zealand clients who had a strong view on the decided English habit of eating what they called "decayed cheese." He might have further elucidated the proverb with a long list of eatables in which we delight, but which certain savages cannot even mention without a feeling of repulsion. A while ago Dr. Finch saw hens scratching around in New Guinea villages, and learned that the domestic fowl is good for nothing except feathers. The natives could hardly conceive that human beings would eat such a creature, and the bare idea of lunching on eggs was enough to make a respectable Pagan ill. Chicken feathers, however, particularly if white, heighten the charms of the fair sex when tastefully disposed in their abundant frizzles, and so, after all, these gentle birds were not made wholly to vain.

Emma Jones writes from Washington concerning the historian Bancroft: "The sensational story alleging that this venerable man is under restraint from his relatives and steward is unkindly untrue. As a near neighbor of Mr. Bancroft and familiar with the habits and methods of his daily life I personally know whereof I affirm. He is the cherished pet of his family and friends, and his preferences are consulted in the minutest details of daily life. If we measure his present vigor by that of four years back there is a perceptible decline, but his digestion is excellent, his sleep like that of a child, and his home relations are made as absolutely congenial as is possible to nearly four-score years and ten."

A woman in New York has invented an ingenious and unique bath for infants. It is made of pure rubber on strong cloth, and it is folded over a pretty frame of bamboo, which can be enlarged as the child grows older. At the bottom is a hard rubber faucet for the water outlet. One end is furnished with convenient pockets for toilet articles and the other end with a clothes and towel bracket. When folded up the bath is about four inches thick and thirty-six inches long, and can be used as a valise for carrying the baby's clothes.

Mrs. Margaret Arnold, living on a farm about seven miles east of Washington Court House, Ohio, is nearly one hundred and twelve years old, and is still quite sprightly. Her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Hilliard, one hundred and fifteen years old, lives in Lynn County, Iowa; another sister, Mrs. John Baily, of Dakota, is one hundred and nine years old, and their only living brother, William Kiser, one hundred and four, resides on the old homestead, near Richmond, Va.

An unusual accident occurred at the picnic at Pete's Mill, Warren County, Georgia. A couple of well-known young people held entire possession of a buggy and engaged in conversation. A wandering swarm of bees, in search of a hive, were unable to resist the opportunity to gather in the sweets, and made a sudden descent upon the buggy. Couple and bees were terribly mixed for a while, but a negro soon had the bees hived and the original status was restored.

John Healy, at Columbus, Ohio, going in swimming with some companions, dived into twenty feet of water and never came to the surface. When his body was recovered it was found entangled in the meshes of a lot of loose wire, into which he had plunged and which had held him down.

"My daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—G. King, Killingly, Conn.

Europe is all very well, but don't you think it is only fair as an American to know your own country thoroughly? Try the "American Alps" in the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado this summer. There's nothing like them in Switzerland.

"People I've Smiled With, or Recollections of a Merry Little Life" is the happy title of Marshall P. Wilder's forthcoming book which Messrs. Cassell & Company will publish within a few weeks. Everybody knows Marshall Wilder, and everybody likes him and admires the plucky fight he has made against physical odds.

#### Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I should be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Illustrated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana, by Siddhartha Saky Muni. The original doctrines of "The Light of Asia" and the explanations of the nature of life in the Physical and Spiritual worlds. This work was recently published and the preface informs the reader was originally written in India but being so intimately connected with the present religious idealism of America and Europe an edition in English was the result. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50 cents. For sale here.

Moran, the great artist, despaired when he saw the Great Shoshone Falls—it was so far beyond his pencil's cunning. So there are wonderful dreams of beauty in the tempestuous loveliness of the grand "American Alps" in Colorado, which are at once the aspiration and the despair of painter and poet. Splendid beyond comparison is the superb scenery along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado.

What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B. Richmond, an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. Many will no doubt want this as they now have the Seybert Report and the Review of the Seybert Report. Price 75 cents. For sale here.

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The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ is the significant title of a most valuable work by Dr. Anna B. Kingsford and Edward Maitland. It is a fitting and lasting monument to the memory of Dr. Kingsford, so lately passed to a higher life. The work is adapted to all creeds, as the Theosophists claim it as theirs; the Christian scientists admit their reading is not complete without it, as they find many truths in its pages, and Spiritualists and Liberalists have discovered much that is convincing and corroborating in the facts and statements. Price, \$2.00; postage, fifteen cents extra. This edition is a facsimile of the one which costs \$4.00. For sale at this office.

Hadj Hassen Ghooly Khan, the Persian Minister at Washington, was recently refused admittance to the residence of a prominent Government official, the servant mistaking him for a peddler.

Sergt. Gideon L. Peare, who lives in East Wilton, Me., is believed to be the only surviving United States soldier of the Black Hawk war.

Secretary Blaine has chosen Mr. Lewis Dent, a nephew of Mrs. Gen. Grant, as his private secretary.

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## NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

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(Continued from First Page.)  
nary experience of mineral, vegetable and animal existence to give him the alphabet of self-consciousness, and to render him at last *solidaire* with God. The word became flesh that finally the flesh might become the Word.

"Thought is the spirit's bread:  
By thought the mind is fed.  
The holy, wise and good.  
From thought derive their food.  
Thought makes the spirit strong,  
Nerves it against the wrong,  
Turns it ward the key  
That opens eternity.  
Thought liveth in the light;  
Thought breathes in love's delight,  
Thought blossoms in the trees:  
Thought throbs in tidal seas.  
Thought grows complete in man:  
The thinker and the plan,  
The spirit and the shrine,  
The hand and work combine,  
And God, who built the whole,  
Works in the growing soul."

#### The Power of the Magnetizer Over His Subject.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

To illustrate the power of a magnetizer over his subject, I will relate the following: During the war with Mexico I was stationed at La Paz Baja, Cal., under the command of the late Gen. Burton, then Lt. Colonel. On one of our campaigns in the interior I observed a serpent magnetizing birds. When I returned to La Paz I commenced magnetizing Mexicans of both sexes; one Mexican, Juanito, was the best subject or medium I have ever seen—perfectly clairvoyant. I gave séances (1847) at the house of the Mexican Governor, Don Francisco Palacios. I also lectured and exhibited my medium at the Catholic Chapel, and many were the strange wonders he revealed; among other things he told of the battles and skirmishes then transpiring in Mexico hundreds of miles distant; he also told our Colonel where the Mexican Gen. Pineda had interred some brass cannons, some sixty miles distant, to keep them from falling into our hands. L. Chas. B. Scott was sent by Col. Burton and obtained these guns, and he told the writer he had found the broken carriages and the guns just as Juanito, when magnetized, had described them.

One day, about the commencement of 1848, I received an order from the Adjutant to be within three hours aboard of a schooner and accompany the Colonel to Mazatlan, Sinaloa. It being a time of active hostilities, and thinking I might never return, I sought my subject, Juanito, to learn something of my family then living in Canada. Such was my control of him that at my will he would come to me. On one occasion while controlling him I sent him to my family in Canada, and he was greatly surprised at seeing white ground, white trees, roofs of houses white, etc. When I told this child of the tropics, who had never seen snow, it was amusing to hear his expressions of delight. At that time he told of a sister who had died since I left home, and that my father was carrying his arm in a sling. Nearly two years thereafter I got letters verifying the death of my sister, and stating that my father had broken his arm by falling on the ice, and during the winter had carried it in a sling. So remarkably clairvoyant was he at this time, and finding that distance was no obstacle to him, I resolved to send him to the moon. "Juanito," I said, "I want you to go to the moon."

"It is long road Señor," he responded. I commanded him to go. From the moment his spirit set out on that flight, he grew by degrees deadly pale. I said, "Are you there?" In a scarcely audible voice he responded, "No, Señor." Desiring to solve a great problem I allowed a few more minutes to pass, when I repeated my question, "Are you there yet?" I then could only perceive by the moving of his lips that he had not yet arrived. Still hesitating to recall him, I was suddenly startled by the voices of those looking on, exclaiming, "He is dead!" Dead he was to all appearance; his pulse had ceased to beat, and his body was cold except the region of the heart. For moment I was afraid that, in the interest of science, I had gone too far and caused his death. Then recovering my equanimity, I said to myself, "By the power of my will this man was put into this condition, and by the power of my will he must be restored." Then I passed out by the backdoor into the open air, and as I fanned my brow with passes, I invoked heavenly aid. I could feel as I passed my hand, that it came in contact with something tangible, yet as invisible as the strong wind when it presses upon the head. Feeling my head relieved, I returned to the house where a mournful family surrounded the apparent corpse. My reason told me that I must dispel the ghostly cloud or sphere that hung like a pall upon those present. I mastered all my feelings and apprehension. I even invoked a smile from some, and a laugh from others, by telling them a witty joke; but when I stood before the man and commenced the reversing of the passes, I prayed earnestly for help to restore him to life. What labor so exhausting! Great drops of perspiration rolled from my brow and body! I can realize that under certain great emotional conditions man can sweat blood like the Savior. I thus continued laboring for some minutes when I saw with delight the blood recommencing its circulation, and in a few moments later I had him on his feet. "How do you feel now, Juanito?" I asked.

"A little confused about the eyes and head," he replied.

A few more passes relieved him.

When the war was over I settled in San Francisco. I made money fast. Although young I was elected a member of the first town council, and later on a legislator. I found political life disgusting, and money making could not satisfy my hungering for something better. Thus I remembered Juanito, and thought it would be a good thing to have him come to San Francisco. Then came the question: "How can I get him?" I concluded that I could bring him to California by willing him to come there, though his home was twelve hundred miles south. I sent forth my will to him, directing him to leave all home, family, kindred and property, and come to California; yea, I went further—I commanded him! After doing this, I forgot all about him.

Again I entered into the rush and whirl of business. Years rolled on; then came the great rebellion. I went to Mexico, and a year later returned as interpreter and confidential agent of a Mexican Commission for obtaining a loan and getting resources to help Mexico in her war with France. While in San Francisco I had appointed a young half-Mexican, George Pas, private and confidential secretary to the Commission. Before leaving San Francisco for New York, we were invited to spend the evening at the house of his mother, where we found numerous guests of different nationalities; but no sooner was I introduced than a young Mexican woman recognized me; she was the daughter of Juanito. "Oh! Señor," she exclaimed, "send me to

heaven," and surprising all present by repeating the wonderful things that I had made her father do. At length I had to tell them of her father and his wonderful gift, and then at their repeated solicitations I magnetized her and several others present, and had a spiritual musical séance. Now I come to the gist and meaning of these reminiscences. The next day I met the mother, the widow of Juanito, and upon my questioning her about the death of her husband, she told me that several years after our army had left La Paz, he surprised his family by telling them he must go to California to see his American friend, Don Alfredo, the only name by which I had been known among them. All opposition to his leaving, made by his family or friends, was unavailing; go he would, and he did. He heard that I had gone to Monterey, after leaving Mexico, as it was there my regiment was discharged at the close of the war. Arriving there he inquired for the young American, Don Alfredo. He evidently did not know my surname. He was told that after I had left the army I had gone to Moquelune. Thither he went, and upon arriving there, he was told that years before I had come and gone, but no one knew where. Then not knowing what to do, he continued his search, and died in the mountains of California while trying to find the one who had called him to California, and who had forgotten all about him.

I don't know how guilty I am for having done all this. I can only plead in extenuation my youth, ignorance, and want of experience, for then I did not realize that magnetism, hypnotism, etc., belong to the same family, being different phases of Spiritualism. I will close my article with a warning against the abuse of Spiritualism, but to all those who look upon it as a gift from heaven to break up and shatter the agnosticism, infidelity and atheism of this age, and who view it as the harbinger of better times, the fulfillment of prophecy and the entering of the long awaited millennium—to them I say: "Go on in the spirit of love and truth with your investigations. Your horizon is unbounded; the spirit friends of our solar system and those from thousands of other planets in our universe are waiting to communicate with you, for the time to do so is near at hand."

ATHENE.

Washington, Arizona.

#### ILLUMINATED BUDDHISM.\*

J. J. MORSE.

Anything that can give the student light upon the real nature of Buddhism is most welcome in these times; and if, in addition, it tends to throw light upon the soul-deadening doctrines of Hindoo theology, and the equally undesirable domination of Hindoo spirits, it is all the more useful to day, when misguided enthusiasts, under the direction of unprincipled adventurers, are endeavoring to fasten the chains of mental and spiritual slavery upon the growing life of Europe and America. These present-day hierophants (?) may claim they are striving to do ns good by bringing the wealth of Buddhistic teaching to our doors, and they may attract a passing attention by vigorously banging the tom-tom of Theosophy; but the assumption that the present can only be taught by the past is just a trifl astounding, to say the least.

Spiritual philosophy has hitherto always been more or less encumbered by mystical and transcendental interpretations, to the detriment of all real advance in its own important realm. However suitable was the atmosphere to sustain the mystagogue in the past, surely in this age he can scarcely expect to flourish; yet he strives to emerge "from a theory" and "become a condition" in our affairs to day. The Hindoo egg has hatched out by the Theosophic bantam, but whether "fine feathers will make a fine bird" is still undecided. So far the feathers are fine, the fess undeniably, and the crowing persistent. Will the bird live? Surely all the "fuss, feathers and cackle" mean something? Let us hope so.

The latest, or nearly, contribution to our store of information concerning things "Theosophical," comes from the Spiritual Scientific Publishing Co., of Kansas City, Mo., bearing title as at the head of this article. The sub-title is as follows: "Or The True Nirvana. The Original Doctrine of the Light of Asia, and Explanations of the Nature of Life in the Physical and Spiritual Worlds, by Siddhartha Saky Muni, or Gautama the Buddha, Transmitted by the Law of Occult Science," a title page full topheavy for a larger volume than the hundred odd pages making this one.

If the book is small, its contents are weighty, whether coming from Saky Muni or not. It is full of clear-cut ideas, well expressed, and rationally illustrative of those much vexing problems of Nirvana, metempsychosis, avatarship, and Buddhahood, and also upon the genesis and future of the human spirit. The keynote to the origin of transmigration is struck in the statement made in the book that Hindoo philosophers, instead of dealing with the origin or derivation of the human spirit, took up their consideration of the problem from the point of its existence now (here) and assumed that as death did not destroy it, life could not have commenced it! It is alleged that as India was invaded by the Aryan race, its conquerors, to maintain their supremacy, introduced the conditions of caste, and the ideas of rigid caste lines were carried over into the doctrine of immortality, with the resultant of species of lower class immortality consisting of the inferior castes being continually reborn on earth! The priesthood, inspired by certain classes of spirits, helped to still further rivet this crude doctrine upon the Hindoo mind, and in time the material domination of the "mild Hindoo" was supplemented by a priestly and spiritual incubus that has held the race in bonds almost beyond the power of breaking. The book asserts Gautama has now accepted the lead of Western thought, is an evolutionist of the progressive sort, and denies *in toto* the crude ideas of reincarnation that have held the minds of his countrymen in bondage for so long. He urges that men be taught that when they quit their mortal bodies and lives they have quit them finally, so far as ever returning to physically live in them again is concerned.

His presentation of Nirvana is clear and forcible. He says: "When the spirit has attained to the power of perfect control of all that belongs to the lower grade of sensation, it then approaches the condition I denominate Nirvana." And the impression is clearly and distinctly conveyed that when we reach that sweet calm and holy placidity of mind and soul wherein we are masters of ourselves, and in unison with the soul of peace, then have we reached Nirvana. It is also shown that the law is that the authors

\* Illuminated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana. By Siddhartha Saky Muni. Kansas City, Mo.: Spiritual Scientific Publishing Co., Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

of all misdirection, fact or thought, of their fellows, are they up whom ultimately devolves the task of helping in the undoing of the wrongs they have caused.

The little work can be most cordially recommended, as the best antidote extant to the reincarnation puerilities emanating from Paris or Madras, from "Kardee" or Blavatsky, and from it can be plainly perceived the deadly spiritual perils we are in from the attempts made during the past fifteen odd years, to open the gates, by the key of Theosophy, for the entrance into our lives of the hordes of ancient hosts whose delusions, sophistry and craft would put the West under the diabolical spiritual slavery they formerly succeeded in imposing upon the Hindoos. Of all the deadening, delusive evil-full doctrines that have ever obstructed the progress of spiritual philosophy the mongrel Hindoosm of "Theosophy," with its attachments of reincarnation and mahatmaism, are about the worst. This book, "Illuminated Buddhism," should be read by all interested in the Asian doctrines it deals with, for, apart from its claimed origin, it is a work that will enlighten many who are glamored, and doubtless preserve many from becoming entrapped.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### Lines from A Lookout.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Don't think for a moment that we have ceased to be "of the earthy," even if we do live in the clouds now and then, and find ourselves attaining unexpected unfoldment on the summit of a mountain. Karma may hold still greater change in store for us than the transition from staid, puritanic New England, to the great, undeveloped South. This is the age of thought, agitation, progression and triumphant effort. Steam and telegraphy are servants to do our bidding. We sit on our high perch and the mail and press keep us in full communion with the four quarters of the globe, while the portals of the Beyond are always open to our seeking.

In view of the camp meeting to be held here this summer, I venture to intrude my pen, that I may give your large circle of readers a little sketch of the ground owned by the Lookout Mountain Association of Spiritualists. The Natural Bridge Springs Hotel, now under the management of Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, is a substantial old mansion with a broad "gallery" surrounding the entire lower story, affording shade and shelter from southern heat. A covered "gallery" extends across the front of the second story, and commands a delightful vista of wooded heights and verdant hollows. In accordance with the custom of the country, the large dining-room and kitchen are detached from the main buildings. Many changes have been made in the hotel the past month for the further convenience of guests. Five cottages containing large, airy rooms, nicely furnished, stand near the hotel. During the camp meeting season, ten portable cottages are set up, and present quite camp-like appearance. A beautiful lawn stretches in front of the hotel, on the left of which lies a fine croquet ground in splendid trim. Great trees adorn this lawn, their sweeping branches making delicious shade on a warm day when one sits on the comfortable seats built around their sturdy trunks. A gravelled path wide enough for a carriage to pass over easily, winds around the lawn and extends to "the steamboat," a long building containing numerous rooms opening out of one exceedingly long passage. The pavilion is an octagonal structure containing tiers of seats reaching a height corresponding to the first balcony in a theatre. All the meetings are held under this roof, and many mediums have given public seances within its walls.

The Natural Bridge, according to good information, is fifteen feet high and sixty feet long." A spring of the purest water arises under the bridge to the left. The virtues of this water are now widely known. People afflicted with liver or kidney affections, come here to drink freely from this spring and are greatly benefited. Before the dry weather approaches, a water-fall of at times great volume, tumbles down from a fissure in the rocks above, and falls into a natural basin under the bridge to the left. There is a Chalybeate spring, and in fact several springs valuable in medicinal properties. The "old man of the mountain," is a huge rock strongly resembling an aged human face. It rests on the summit of a cliff, and can be seen by standing on the knoll to the right of the hotel. Telephone Rock, Lion's Mouth, Whale Rock and Uncle Sam's Letter Box, are some of the interesting formations here.

The Incline and Narrow Gauge R. R. is a wonderful enterprise. One leaves the city of Chattanooga in a mule car, and steps out at St. Elmo, the incline station, after a ride of three miles. A long, comfortably arranged cable-car is in waiting, the front side entirely open, the other supplied with windows for the benefit of those desirous of enjoying the scenery on the airy voyage. The conductor walks along the narrow side platform to collect fares, and we proceed up the dizzy height with a steady swiftness simply astounding. We soon find ourselves at the Lookout Point Hotel where the Narrow Gauge begins. This hotel commands a superb view of Chattanooga and the ontying country with long ranges of mountains. Stepping on board the train, we begin our trip around the towering wall of rock while we look down, down, down upon terrible steeples, and pass over a road seemingly built on air. But we reach Sunset Park alive and well, although awed by the experience of the journey, and take our way to Natural Bridge Springs hotel not far distant. The Broad Gauge R. R. has a station in Chattanooga on Newby Street, and takes its passengers to the mountain over a most interesting route. It stops at various points, and does a large business.

I know your space is too valuable to encroach upon it; so I will not pause longer over the features of this resort. A few lines in regard to our approaching meeting may be timely. On July 1st, 1889, our opening day comes. The meeting will continue through July and August. Among the speakers and mediums engaged are: Mrs. A. M. Gladwin, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Cissna, slate-writing medium, Mrs. A. E. Kirby, trance and test medium. Three of the best musicians Cincinnati contains, will furnish our music. There will be additions to our programme, so I will send further details later on.

Natural Bridge Springs Hotel is now open, and families are arriving with their little ones. Any information in regard to camp meeting rates, etc., will be furnished by addressing Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Lookout Mt., Tenn.

We shall take pleasure in placing the Religio-Philosophical Journal before the public here, and aid its valuable circulation. We appreciate its contents, and have read the "Outing" with great interest. By the way, we are reading Hudson Tuttle's "Psychic Science," and find it deeply interesting. He wields an able pen; an unbribed thinker.

GEORGE DAVENPORT FULLER.

#### LONDON LETTER.

#### Theosophites and Blavatskites.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As a close watcher of the relations here between the Spiritualists and the Theosophites, I am led to offer you a few remarks on the singular attitude of the latter. It has long been my desire, and I have directed my efforts, however feeble, to bring about a better understanding between the two parties; and this seems to be farther off than ever, now that the party of "Universal Brotherhood" has split into two. Both call themselves Theosophites; but one party is what would be denominated in American politics "mugwumps," and the other is the outright Blavatskites. I wish that all seekers for spiritual truth could be harmonious here as they seem to be in the United States. But the disaffected Theosophites here pronounce the madame to be *impossible*, in consequence of her personal peculiarities, and her unconventional standard of speaking the truth. Many have thought that the unexplained withdrawal of Mabel Collins from *Lucifer*, and the silence of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, are significant. I freely confess my own doubts and fears that the hour will not strike so long as Blavatsky can dominate with her massive personality. Were it not for that we could cast aside the rubbish with which she has overlaid some truth, and join the Spiritualists in constructing a system which may include many if not all shades of opinion.

There is reason to think that the leaders of the Spiritualists, like the Rev. W. Stanton-Moses, are ready to join hands with the better class of Theosophites; but the mass of Spiritualists still regard Theosophies as being entirely committed to Madame Blavatsky's peculiar notions, and cannot forget how she has always scoffed and scorned their phenomena and their beliefs. But they are fast growing out of the crudities and inaptitudes which marked the more than quarter of a century during which their phenomena were mostly in the hands of the unlearned and the foolish and the knavish. But it is not less unfortunate that Theosophy should have been godmothered by so indiscreet a person, till the historical myths of Buddhism and the irreconcilable whimsies of her prolific imagination have concreted into a kind of dogma as peculiar as that of the immaculate conception—at least it has no father, but only this lady for a mother. The more thoughtful of the Theosophites say that this mythical erection will have to be razed. Here the Blavatskites present the curious spectacle of a mutual admiration society, which is always changing as the less docile ones are eliminated for refusing to stay under the lash, and the tired and disgusted ones drop off. This is not a state of things that can be long perpetuated; and the circle of those who are pledged to support the Madame's views and obey her orders continually contracts with each new piece of damaging evidence that appears, like the dropping of over-ripe fruit from the bunch.

What is needed most here is harmony and organization, and an administrative head who can direct things with a wise firmness and broad policy. When Col. Olcott was here some months ago it was hoped that after her quarrel with him had been healed by the kind intervention of "K. H." (who reappeared in the nick of time after long silence, like that which followed the "Kiddie incident"), things would go more smoothly. But the friendly protocol which they jointly signed under the direction of "Koot Hoomi" was soon followed by a private circular calling upon the faithful for renewed pledges of devotion to the Founders' persons, and the formation of such as would take the pledge to protest against.

F. T. S. Adelphi, London, May 13th, 1889.

#### HIS CONVICTION AND SENTENCE.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle's Opinion of Rowley's Attitude and of Mrs. Kowley's Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., May 21, 1889.

Mr. W. S. Rowley: Your reply through your wife to my letter meets the issue presented to you in a manner wholly unexpected and surprising to me. I had hoped until now that you would come forward and vindicate your claims beyond all doubt, which, I believe, need no cover, hedging, or pretense, like those of the *fakir* and *charlatan*. At least I expected you would stand up, and not screen yourself behind the wife who is braver than you.

As I offered just such an investigation as you publicly claimed you desired, and pledged myself to make with the absolute fairness the subject demanded, holding in view the subtle conditions requisite for all psychic experiments, and with the partiality arising from a desire to have your claims proven true, not only for your own sake, but because, if true nothing relating to earth and heaven is of more consequence, and as you have refused the issue, I can come to but one conclusion, in which those who have cared to look into this matter will, I presume, generally agree. It is safe to say you will never give a genuine test scéance to the "professors from all the Eastern colleges," nor to any committee not packed in your interest.

I regret the spirit with which you have met my proposition, because it is your conviction and sentence. I am ever fraternally yours.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

#### Makes the Weak Strong.

The season when that tired feeling is experienced by almost every one, is here once more, and again many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, and imparts new strength and vigor to the whole body.

There is comfort for the man with a premature gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it may never fail to color an even brown or black as it may be desired.

Those who have read of the bloodhound only in sensational stories of the days of American slavery will learn the

# RELIGIO JOURNAL

## PHILOSOPHICAL

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLVI.

No. 16

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well-authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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### CHRIST'S CHRISTIANITY.

How it Differs from the Modern Conventional Type.

Too Many Professed Followers of the Galilean Corroded by Worldliness of Heart, Imprisoned in Narrowness of Intellect, and Disgraced by a Defective Humanity—The Need of Personal Consecration, Doctrinal Liberality, and True Democracy—Imitating Christ.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in *The Forum* for May: There is no doubt about it, we are pitifully muddled about the whole Christian idea. The religion of Jesus has devastated itself with practical blunders enough to have destroyed a less robust faith or one of lower origin. We may paraphrase the celebrated cry of Mme. Roland: "O Christianity! Christianity! How many crimes are committed in thy name!" The central figure of human history, the Galilean, has founded a faith upon which lie distinctly urges that the survival of the soul depends. Yet, after two thousand years of Christian culture, our practical results are not unlike the Russian peasant's view of the Trinity—"The Savior, Mother of God and St. Nicholas." Considered as the disciples of a religion representing the awful claim of Christianity, we are surprisingly disintegrated by those vagaries and weaknesses which defeat unity and organization. We are corroded by worldliness of heart. We are imprisoned in narrowness of intellect. We are disgraced by a defective humanity.

NEED OF PERSONAL CONSECRATION.

The essential principles of Jesus Christ seem to be reduced to three. The first of these is the imperious demand for a personal consecration to right, so select, so severe, so lofty, and so sustained that it is to be comprehended only through achievement. Far beyond our brightest fact we see it shining in a dazzling mist, as one sees the outline of the Celestial City in that old engraving setting forth the course of Bunyan's Pilgrim—the one supreme ideal of the earth. Who was Christ? A carpenter become a rabbi—what we should call a "self-made," itinerant preacher. What has He done? Guided the conscience and created the hope of the world. How did He do it? By personal holiness nothing less than awful. To study this highly sensitized nature even as an intellectual exercise, for an hour, is to breathe rarefied air. We descend from it panting, as one does from a great poem or a mountain. What would be the effect of a thorough moral assimilation of this delicate atmosphere? What refinement of the sensibility! What nutrition of the soul! What sacred fire to the brain! What spiritual courtliness to the conduct!

What do Christian believers undertake? Simply the imitation of the most intense life the world has known. An acute absorption in the process would seem to be logically necessary. Most of us go about it as we go to a matinee where the programme is too familiar. What does the Founder of our religion demand? Absolutely the surrender of personal preference to His theory of life. Yet the last thing which we seem likely to do is to agree upon His theory. Whatever else it is not, it is at least beyond dispute a theory of breathless self-sacrifice. One of the greatest pagans of our day has said: "What I look to is the time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and irresistible as that which I feel to grasp some one if I am falling." In such a concep-

tion of life, call it by what name we will, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The Christian doctrine is in many cases most vividly expressed by an outsider, perhaps because he takes a fresher view of it. A sensible religious writer has put it in this way:

"The Christian law is the law of love. Whoever puts the rules of art above the law of love is a pagan. He who habitually seeks to gratify his own taste rather than to do good to all men as he has opportunity is not a Christian but a pagan."

### CHRISTIANS TOO WORLDLY.

Now, whatever else he was or was not, and whatever he meant or did not mean, Jesus Christ was essentially an unworldly man. The question is not, Are we all to become evangelists, and pool our property, and allow ourselves to be thrashed by bullies? Shall Beacon Street adopt the table manners of Capernaum? Shall the tallith of Palestine be made the fashion in the New England climate? The question is, What would the Founder of our faith do in our situation? Have we got at the sense of it? Have we applied Christianity? Have we made a science of the divine art whose principle He impersonated? Have we the genius of self-sacrifice? Have we the passion of unworldliness?

There is a fruit market in Boston which has existed for thirty years upon the whims of the rich. Hamburg grapes at \$2 a pound are regularly in stock. In the winter strawberries and asparagus sell easily at \$3 a box or a bunch. When the first Florida berries come, thirteen in a cup, at \$4 a cup, parties are supplied. One hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of fruit to a single order causes the dealer no surprise.

A Chinese vase of sang de boeuf finds a purchaser comfortably at \$5,000. The famous peachblow vase was sold for \$14,000. A mantel-piece costing \$5,000 is no startling feature in our homes. The catalogue price of Ivan-Romanoff, the Siberian wolf-hound, in the last New York dog show, was \$10,000. A horse sold the other day for \$50,000, and a distinguished philanthropist pronounced him "cheap at that." There is a single stone slab valued at \$40,000 laid in front of a well-known private dwelling in New York. It is no uncommon thing to give \$50,000 for a racing yacht; the average cost of repairs or improvements on such a boat while in dock between regattas would maintain an economical family for a year. One thousand dollars a week for the support of a cruising-boat is a familiar figure. Ten thousand dollars for a woman's dress is not an unknown price. The jewelry of our ladies has reached such value that they dare not wear their gems; such pricelessness is sewn into invisible seams that female fashion on a summer tour is a temptation to a train-wrecker. It is a well-known fact that many families have abandoned the use of their silver, which finds a lodging in a safe deposit vault, while the dinner-table is decorated, and the burglar defied, with plated ware. It is perfectly understood that paste rests upon fair bosoms, while the diamond glitters at the banker's. Some years since it was found that the expenditure for the maintenance of the royal stables exceeded the entire sum set apart for public education in Great Britain.

### THE TIME TO SERVE GOD.

The Bishop of Manchester once read to his congregation the following passage, saying that he had received it from a young lady who wished him to know what time there was in her life for Christian work:

"We breakfast about 10. Breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters and pick up the latest news in the papers. After that we have to go and answer our letters, and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation or to reply to such. Then there have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for lunch and at 2 o'clock we lunch. At 3 my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a 5 o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park and then we go home to dinner; and after dinner we go to the theatre or the opera; and then when we get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do."

"It's not the rents I look to," said the undertaker-landlord of a wretched tenement block in London, to Octavia Hill; "it's the deaths I get out of the houses." Some years ago fashionable New York did penance by a spurt of charity in the then famous case of James Howard, an industrious, sober, honest American, who threw a stone into a plumber's window and stole a few brass faucets to buy bread for children who were starving and for a wife dying of consumption. For a few days the unsavory street where he lived glittered with liveried carriages, whose occupants amused themselves by playing My Lady Bountiful to that astonished family, and then rolled away to the next new scene in the private theatricals of gay life.

In a New England town, the other day, a newsboy, hardly higher than the platform, was run over by a horse-car and fatally hurt. What did this self-supporting baby when writhing in the last agonies of a terrible death? He called piteously for his mother. To shriek upon her breast? That she might clasp him while the surgeon worked? To give her his day's earnings? "I've saved 'em, mother," he cried. "I've saved 'em all. Here they are." When his little clinched, dirty hand fell rigid it was found to contain four cents. We go longing for peace; we find a

The city of Detroit may yet remember the case of "Gertie," which touched the press of the country at the time. A passer through Clinton Street one day observed a little Irish boy hiding in a door-way and crying. A sympathetic inquiry brought to light one of the most exquisite stories ever recorded of the sick poor. In a wretched cellar a little girl of 10 lay ill. The window-panes were broken (it was March, by the way) and variously stuffed. For one pane the supply of tenement upholstery had given out. The wind and the boys looked in easily. Just

within range of curious eyes the cot of the sick child was stretched. The gamins of Clinton Street discovered her plight. One little fellow dropped an orange through the broken glass; a plaintive voice thanked the unseen giver gratefully. This touching mercy became the fashion in that poor neighborhood. Every day saw the cubs of the street cuddling like cossets outside that window. Wisps of evergreen, swept out of florists' doors, broken flowers thrown away, offerings of fruit, with the decayed part cut out—every delicacy for the sick that the resources of Clinton Street admitted of, went through that broken pane. One little fellow begged a bunch of frozen Malaga grapes from the dealer, to whom he offered his ragged cap in payment. One day the boys said, "Our Gertrude is dead," and the Christian street boys became the mourners behind the hearse of the starved and frozen child.

Now, can any of us dare to say that a state of civilization in which such things are not only possible, but in which such extremes of human ease and misery are tolerated as the necessary conditions of society, represents the Christianity of Christ? Says Isaac Taylor:

"To insure its large purpose of good-will to man the law of Christ spreads out its claims far beyond the circle of mere pity or natural kindness, and in absolute and peremptory terms demands for the use of the poor, the ignorant, the wretched—and demands from every one who names the name of Christ—the whole residue of talents, wealth, time that may remain after primary claims have been satisfied."

I do not forget that we are thought to be the most charitable people on the face of the earth. I do not forget the vast machinery of our public relief and the reputable organization of our church benevolence, nor the dew of our private mercies; but, taking us at our highest, and our attempts to live the unworldly life at their strongest, and the entire pitiful result at its best, I wonder that the Lord of the Christian religion does not whip us out of our bric-a-brac lives, and the whole temple of humanity that we have degraded, with the fine lash of his holy scorn.

### CHRIST'S SUPERB LIBERALITY.

Next to the personal consecration of Christ we come upon the fundamental principle of his superb liberality. It would be incredible, if we were not so familiar a fact as to give a trite thought that the followers of this generous heart-leader should have squarely turned their backs upon this precept and performance in this regard. Bigotry may be called the ecclesiastical vice, as worldliness is the personal one of the Christian cultus. Shelley and Leigh Hunt, talking together once, in their light, literary way, made this memorable concession to Christianity: "What might not this religion do, if it relied on charity, not on creed?" The worst of it is that the progress of time, which, after all, does something for most of us in most respects, does not seem to have advanced us radically in this. The Inquisition changes its basis, that is all. A child inquired with terror, on first hearing of the Andover controversy, "Are they heretics, mamma? Will they be burned?" For the rack and the molten Virgin we have the ordination service and the examination before the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The torture by insomnia has only taken on a finer phase. A good man who is not sure that the Bible insists upon belief in everlasting damnation as a condition of reliable character is pronounced unfit to teach to cannibals the element of Christian courtesy. There is no doubt that young men of the finer education and most original disposition of thought are warned out of our pulpits to-day by the theological torture-chamber through which a virile conscience must pass before the authority of his church is laid upon the longing to preach the gospel of love to men. Robert Ingersoll is the direct descendant of the Westminster Confession. "Brethren," cried Cromwell to the framers of that moral rack, "I beseech you in the bowels of the Lord, believe it possible that you may be mistaken!"

In a Southern town known to the writer seven churches of different sects exist. Not one is able to support a pastor. Itinerants of different denominations visit this interesting and typical place by turns. One Sunday you have Hobson's choice of your Methodist; the next you must play Lutheran; and so on. The whole village turns out, and prays accordingly. The days of worship are known as Baptist Sunday, or Orthodox Sunday, or Universalist Sunday, or whatever it may be. "But when," asked a visitor to this extraordinary people, "when is the Lord's Day?" A stranger happening in at Dean Stanley's service came away once saying: "I went to learn the way to Heaven; I was told the way to Palestine." The case is similar with us in this wise. Many and dreary are the times that we go to the religion of our day to learn the way to Heaven and we are taught the way to a creed. We go panting with spiritual thirst and aching with spiritual hunger; we are fed with theological stones. We go longing for peace; we find a

sword. We go in search of a Divine Master; we get the Evangelical Council. We seek the holy and the humble instruction that trains a soul for the sacred diploma of the religious teacher; we find a lawsuit. We seek the cross of Christ; we find the Supreme Court.

It is a well known fact that ardent workers in the temperance movement find the grogshoppe and the churches their chief obstacles. You soon learn to count the liquor dealer and the communicant almost equally out of rank with you in your solitary battle. You must bring your drunkard to the vestry or he may as well go drink. You must save your "reformed man" in the denomination or you may collect your library and piano for the club-room—as likely you will—from the impenitent world. I was once present at a touching scene where the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the presence of a crowd of fallen men struggling for a new life. These four fellows could not have borne so much as the odor of the sacred wine; it would have set their bodies and souls on fire. Pure water filled the nickel-plated tankard of the communion service.

The bread and the water of life were blessed before the wistful gaze of these revolting castaways. The clergyman officiating, an old man who had dedicated his age to the temperance work, and a dozen poor, plain, obscure, unloved church-members in the communicants' seats were the only representatives of the Church of Christ present at a scene which was a matter of intense public interest in the city, and of severe ecclesiastical blame to the temperance people.

### A PROTEST AGAINST ECCLESIASTICISM.

It is amazing that we should even have to remind ourselves that with all this dead-line of religious respectability the Founder of our faith had no more to do than he had with the moral example of Herod. Christ was the come-outter of his day. He was the Protestant; he was the Liberal; he was the victim of spiritual independence. He was the faith that rises

Just to scorn the consequence, And just to do the thing.

His teaching was one thrilling protest against ecclesiasticism. His life was one pathetic plea for religious freedom. Love thy God and thy neighbor and follow me; his command and our duty are in those few and simple words. He cut down doctrinism and dogmatism as a mower cuts down thistles. In his insistence on practical holiness there was no room for chaff about creeds. He gave himself to God and to miserable men. This fervent young rabbi had no time to formulate a "Shorter Catechism."

Fancy, for the nonce, our Lord appointed chairman of the examining committee of a heresy-hunting church to-day. One imagines the eloquent silence with which He would sit out the accepted tests of fitness for membership in His visible church. What does the candidate believe concerning the total depravity of all mankind? Is he aware that he committed the sin of Adam? What are his views upon the eternal damnation of the finally impenitent? Has he faith in the sanctity of immersion? Does he accept the sacrament of infant sprinkling? Test his knowledge of the Trinity. Try his theory of the nature and office of the Holy Ghost. Is he sound upon the doctrine of election? Does he totter upon justification by faith?

Now conceive it to be the turn of the mute presiding officer to put questions to the candidate. One may imagine that the test questions for religious character would now take a surprising turn. Have you a pure heart? Do you love the Lord your God with the whole of it? Explain to us your relation with your neighbors. Are you beloved in your home? Can you control your temper? Do you talk scandal? Are you familiar with the condition of the poor? What are your methods of relieving it? Can you happily give disagreeable service to the sick? How do you bear physical suffering when it falls to your own lot? How many drunkards have you tried to reform? What outcasts have you sought to save? What mourners have you comforted? On what social theory do you invite guests to your house? What proportion of your income do you give to the needs of others? What do you understand by prayer to God? What is your idea of a Christ-like life?

### THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The third vital characteristic of the Christianity of Christ plainly consists in his uncompromising and unwavering democracy. It is not possible to put too great an emphasis upon this fixed and terribly neglected truth. We say in glib familiar phrase that the basis of Christianity is the brotherhood of humanity—what has been usefully called the "enthusing of humanity." Not one in twenty of us realizes that this means an ideal of daily life as far above our own as the centre of the solar system is above the level of the sea. Which of us gives the recognition of imitation to the astonishing example of Jesus in this regard? Christ was the educated and sanctified Socialist. He was the consistent democrat. He was the consecrated agitator. Social rank simply did not exist for him. Caste he scorned. A fisherman was his most intimate friend. He accepted the hospitality of an ostracized man. He conversed fearlessly and naturally with abandoned women. He did not refuse to penitent outcasts the preciousness of His personal friendship. He was never known to shrink from foul disease. Vulgar natures He treated with the patience of high refinement. The "common people" loved Him. He denounced the fashionable shamans of His times with the nonchal-

ance of an Emperor and the intelligence of an artisan. He scathes the petty pretensions of the leaders of society with that indifference to criticism characteristic of high birth and that sympathy with what we call the "lower classes" incident to a personal experience of poverty. His social theories held the relentlessness of love. There is no polite way of evading them. There is no well-bred opportunity of ignoring them. The Christianity of Christ must meet them point blank. They are its essential test. They are its first and final demand. Maththus has reminded us that the histories of mankind which we possess are, in general, only histories of the higher classes. Authentic Christianity must be history of the masses. Socially considered a Christian must be, in sense, interestingly varied from the old theological one, "born again." He has new kin, he makes new neighbors, he incurs new social obligations, he readjusts his position in human society, or he might as well go call himself a Druid.

### FASHION IN THE PEWS.

The fashionable church has received its full share of derision from critics who may not be worthy of a back seat in it; but that does not affect the fact that it deserves all it gets. The recent popular attack upon the pew rental system may not be made altogether from a devout point of view; none the less it will do good. Sexton Williams has let fly a fiery-winged truth; and the girl reporter who found herself welcomed by only five New York churches, although employed in the service of the newspapers rather than of the Lord, has put her shabbily gloved finger upon the spot where the tuberculosis of our religious system sets in. It is the undecorated fact that if Jesus Christ were to enter almost any of our influential churches to-day He would be shown into the back gallery; and He could not obtain admission to our parlors without a letter of introduction from some person in our "set." "You will find," says a nice observer, "that so far as people are reached by religious belief it is the social recognition which has won them."

In a luxurious home, whose invitations are not declined, whose hospitality is familiar to many distinguished men and women of our land, there may be found, any day, mingled with the most gifted guests, plain, poor, obscure people, quite unknown in "society." I once saw at a breakfast at this house the foremost poet in the country seated next a massage rubber, a poor girl training herself for the practice of medicine, and in need of two things—a good breakfast and a glimpse into the cultivated world. She had both, in the Lord's name, in that Christian home. Yet the spirit of that ideal hospitality is so rare that we tell of it as we do of heroic deeds. The Christianity of Christ would make it so common that we should notice it only as we do the sunrise.

### A CHRIST-LIKE EXAMPLE.

There does not exist outside of the New Testament such a conception of the Christian spirit as the great Frenchman (not distinguished for ecclesiastical views of God, but exiled for his practical love of man) gave us in the greatest work of fiction since Shakespeare. Who forgets the Bishop in "Les Misérables," immortal because he acted like Christ? His palace converted into a hospital, his income expended for the suffering, out of the luxuries of his highly civilized past, the "spiritual man of the world" (as Margaret Fuller would put it) had saved an elegant toilet case, six silver plates, and silver candlesticks. "Knock there," said the citizen to the ex-galley-slave whom no other roof would shelter.

The Bishop touched his hand gently, and said:

"You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction."

In all un-inspired literature what is finer than the scene between the Bishop and Valjean when the gendarmes bring the arrested guest and silver back to this threshold of superhuman hospitality.

"Ah, there you are!" said Monseigneur, "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring you 200 francs. Why did you not take them along with your plate?" Left alone with the astounded thief the Christian idealist grew stern and solemn:

## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws end to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

## RESPONSE BY FARMER LEE.

Regarding your series of seven questions, to the first I would answer: My parents belonged to the Methodist church until I reached the age of twelve years. Camp meetings and revivals were at that time the rage and the "woods were as full" of religion among the white people as they are now full of the same emotional frenzy among the blacks. But a change came over the spirit of the religious dream of that particular locality. Some men appeared preaching the Campbellite or "Christian" doctrine, and claiming that religion was not altogether a matter of feeling, but that something must be done to secure salvation. Among the essential things to be done was a complete water immersion in baptism. At this point "the tug of war" began, and bitter it was, too, for each party was "Greek" and each felt equally sure that his God was with him in the fight, and as a silent, onlooking boy I saw that this was so, for did not each one prove his cause, the true one by quoting the "written word" of his God? Finally my parents were convinced that the Campbellite church was the true one and joined it. Methodist preachers came, in the meantime, to our house to remonstrate with them, and to reclaim them back to the original and only true faith of Methodism. But they were convinced that Methodism was not to be relied upon for salvation. However, the arguments of the two parties in question had not been nearly so convincing to them as to me, for it settled forever all doubts in my mind as to the unreasonableness and injustice of the orthodox "scheme of salvation," and I have ever since regarded the so-called Christian church, both Protestant and Catholic as an organized effort to starve the intellect and cultivate the weaker emotions of mankind in order that the church's favorites may live off the people. Whether or not there has been such a design we see such an effect. Hence I never became a member of any church and have never for a moment doubted that outside was better, because freer than inside of the house, of the malicious and tyrannical god of whom they tell us.

From the age and time I have mentioned, I drifted upon the current of reason toward Spiritualism until its philosophy was established firmly in my mind, although I supposed from what I read and heard of them that Spiritualists were all cranks until after many years I came in contact with them and found them just such cranks as myself with the difference, perhaps, that most of them reached conviction through phenomena, while I, seeing no phenomena, reading little of its literature, had reached the same position through intuition and thought. This brings me to answer the second question by stating that I have considered myself a Spiritualist for thirty years. I have to reply to the third question with the statement that for me your phrase, "convinced of the continuity of life beyond the grave," is too positive. Whilst I find innumerable evidences everywhere buoying up my pleasing hope of individual immortality, it is hard to find absolute proof of another world, blundering blindly as we do through this one, incapable of understanding the things over which we trip and fall. If we go no further than the appearance of phenomena, accepting what we seem to see, we may be convinced. But if we turn upon phenomena the light of speculation we shall see that we may have been deceived generally. Hence it seems to me that thinking Spiritualists will generally find themselves more or less agnostic.

The intuitive hope of immortality in my mind gradually assumed the shape of a belief from the lessons of immaterial evolution—not Darwinism—which shows a concatenation of designs or plans which work toward some grand purpose, the nearest approach to which it has as yet made being the human mind or soul. This mind or soul having barely reached a capacity for full work at the limit of earth life, it is but reasonable to conclude that it simply drops the physical form because it has become ready for labor as an independent spirit, and that it hence begins life untrammeled. Thus is established probability of future life, and every evidence that can be adduced in support of the theory of immortality must be admitted as evidence equally strong in favor of our theory of intercommunion between the two worlds. Establish immortality as a fact and intercommunion follows as a necessary sequence. To prove this we need only to experiment mesmerically with the living subject. We may so influence the mind of our subject as to compel it to move his muscles just as we would move our own. We may impress him with a belief that water is an intoxicating drink and with it make him so drunk that he cannot walk across the floor.

Now this power of one mind over another is acquired without physical contact or help; it is purely and simply mental force; and if a living person can thus exert such a controlling force independent of physical aid, why should not a disembodied mind in like manner operate to control living persons as mediums for speaking and writing, and further to impress innumerable persons in thousands of ways to speak and act words and conduct not their own? How much of this world's crime may be the materialization of the denizens of that other, who shall ever tell? No doubt it is the lesser part of the horror of capital punishment which we witness on the scaffold; the greater part is in the revengeful return of the violence we have done.

To question fifth I must reply that I do not consider Spiritualism a religion but the philosophy of life in which all religions must end just as fast as they approach it. A people needs and makes for itself a religion whose elaborateness is commensurate with its own vanity and ignorance. As such a people advance in intelligence it simplifies its religious ceremonies. When all shall have reached a state of intelligence, a habit of thought compatible with a full understanding of the underlying laws of being—the philosophy of life—there will remain neither devils to shun nor gods to appease by the sacrifice of blood nor of manhood; worship so long and so universally held as a sacred privilege, will in the light of a well understood Spiritualism become one of the hideous Juggernauts of the past. Men

will bestow their love upon each other instead of a supposed personage half good and half evil. In its final evolution the instinct of reverence will lay hold upon those eternal laws of justice which define the rights of each from the wrongs of all others; and which laws, if understood and faithfully observed, would at this moment make our country what all the world's religions would never make it: a happy and morally beautiful land. A home of plenteous comfort for all who are capable of maintaining such home; a charitable support and schooling for all incapables. In its mildest form religion is the creature and the solace of those who are ignorant of the natural law. When exaggerated at the "love-feast" or in the revival meeting it becomes an emotional insanity, dangerous to the well-being of society as would be a like insanity arising from any other undue excitement. Hence we find upon careful examination that the active proselytizing Christianity of the world is a craze. To this statement of an important fact I would call the attention of medical men and thinkers generally. Nevertheless there should be Spiritualists who, feeling the need of a religion, shall look upon our philosophy as such we should with them feel thankful that they have at last found a temple which is not also a prison.

## RESPONSE BY D. EDSON SMITH.

1. My parents are Baptists. My father has been a Baptist clergyman for over fifty years I was once a member of that church.

2. I have been a Spiritualist about ten years.

3. I was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism through reading such books as "Starting Facts in Modern Spiritualism" and in holding séances in my own family.

4. One of the most remarkable incidents in my experience was the intelligent answering of questions by a tipping stand in my own room, with a good light, and no one in physical form present besides my sister and myself. Neither of us touched the stand. When we were through, at our request, the stand moved to its usual place at the side of the room.

5. I do not regard Spiritualism as a religion any more than I do many other scientific facts that have no special tendency to make people better or worse. But when I take the ethical writings belonging to Spiritualism, I look upon it as a religion; because these writings or teachings tend to influence people's lives for the better; and they tend directly to lift them on to a higher moral and spiritual plane, and directly increase the goodness and happiness of mankind.

6. I consider that the greatest need of the Spiritualist movement to-day is a more efficient press in connection with a suitable publishing house; and a more thorough, systematic and scientific method of investigating the claims of all public mediums, classifying the phenomena, and putting it before the world in a more efficient manner.

7. It must be apparent to every one that the more complete the knowledge one may have of the laws relating to any subject, the better will he be able to treat all things connected with that subject. As psychic laws govern all our conduct of life, and all our relations to the family, to society and to government, it may be said that a knowledge of psychic laws tends to help one in the conduct of this life, in one's relations to the family, to society, and to government, in every possible way. I can conceive of no way in which such knowledge would not aid us in these directions. The great question is, What are those laws?

## Laura Bridgman.

Laura Bridgman, the famous blind and deaf mute, died at the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston last Friday after a short sickness. For more than fifty years she has been a living example of what could be done in the way of instructing those thus deprived of their physical senses.

She was born at Hanover, N. H., Dec. 21, 1829. When she was 2 years old severe illness deprived her of sight and hearing, and consequently of speech. Her sense of smell was also destroyed, and that of taste much impaired. She was taken to Boston when she was 8 years old and placed in the Perkins Institution for the Blind. The late Samuel G. Howe, who was then Superintendent of the school, took a great interest in the child and undertook the difficult task of instructing her.

He began his work by giving her the word "knife" printed in raised letters on a slip of paper. Then she was given the knife, so that she could feel the label on it, and the sign indicating likeness, which was made by placing side by side the fore fingers of each hand, was conveyed to her. By repeating this process with other articles she was led to understand that the words represented the objects to which they were affixed, and she showed great pleasure in mastering her first lesson. Then the operation was reversed, and the labels having been given her she would search for the article and designate it by this means.

She acquired the alphabet in less than three days, and within a few months she had command of a hundred common nouns and had some facility in the use of verbs and adjectives. She began writing in the course of the second year, and she was slower in this, yet she showed much skill in it. She at the same time became an expert in talking with her fingers, and only persons accustomed to this language could follow their rapid motions with eye. She had attained even more remarkable facility in understanding the finger motions of others whose hands she grasped in animated conversation. In walking through passage way with her hands spread before her she knew every one she met and gave them a passing sign of recognition, and she embraced affectionately her favorites and expressed the varied language of the emotions by the lips as well as by the fingers.

The processes of addition and subtraction in small numbers had also become familiar to her, and she could count and conceive objects up to 100 in numbers. She knew the days of the week, and divided the day by the beginning and end of school, by the recesses, and by the arrival of meal times. Her accuracy in measuring time was such that she could distinguish between a half note and a whole note in music, striking notes in single measure on the piano forte quite correctly.

January 29, 1842, Laura was visited by Charles Dickens, who was so much interested in her that he remained several hours. A remarkable faculty was her ability to read character, and this she did literally with her fingers' end. She was thoughtful of her friends and liked to aid the poor. At the time of the famine in Ireland she bought, with money which she had earned by her work, a barrel of flour, which was sent to the sufferers. She was baptized and joined the church in 1852. The facts of her life have been referred to by theologians, philosophers, and medical men all over the world; and her physical and mental condition aroused the greatest interest until the hour of her death

## IRVING BISHOP'S FEATS.

## A Three Months' Trip with the Late Mind Reader.

*Incidents of a Journey Through Mexico and Cuba—Bishop's Wonderful Powers—He Had No Sympathy with Spiritualists—His Tricks Invariably Performed Without the Aid of Confederates—The Duchess Was Convinced—Some Amusing Anecdotes.*

Irving Bishop and myself, writes Harrison Millard in the New York *Herald*, started from San Francisco September 1st last for the "halls of the Montezumas." Within a few days of our arrival we arranged for a private séance with President Diaz and some of his intimate friends. The President impressed me as a genial, straightforward man of strong common sense, who shows in his features he is a full-blooded Mexican or Indian. He speaks only Spanish, and I was surprised that his wife, who is only about 24, spoke no French. She pronounces English well, and resembles our pretty American women more than any Mexican lady I saw there. It is said Mme. Diaz in her girlhood was much attached to—I won't say whom—of Mexico, and I was amused while watching her pretty face to see the look of anxious alarm that came over it when Mr. Bishop said that among his various experiments he could give the names of any dear ones thought of by the company present.

## A VISIT FROM A SPIRITUALIST.

During our stay the leading Spiritualist of the country called and desired permission to bring one of his mediums for a conference with Mr. Bishop. Mr. Bishop said he did not object to passing an evening that way, although, as he had seen thousands of mediums without being convinced they were not all frauds he did not take much interest in it. The gentleman said on leaving, "I have three or four mediums, and I hardly know which one to bring, but I will submit the question to a circle to-night, and bring which ever one they may select." He did not keep his appointment, which I much regretted, but he told me a few days afterward "he duly submitted the question to the circle, and the reply was that it would be a waste of time, as Mr. Bishop was himself one of the strongest mediums in the world, but that he was obsessed by a powerful spirit who was opposed to the dissemination of the belief in spiritualism, and Mr. Bishop had been warned by this spirit that if he ever failed to denounce Spiritualism whenever he had the opportunity his power would be taken away entirely." I must give Mr. Bishop the credit of most faithful compliance with this command, for he invariably commenced his entertainments by stating his disbelief in all supernatural agencies and announcing that he himself could do any experiment ever done by so-called "mediums."

## THE CABINET TRICK.

At San Francisco Mr. Bishop did his cabinet trick, as he called it. Herrman, Keller, and other magicians do this trick also, but with confederates and false sides, etc. I can say nothing about how the trick is done, except that Bishop had no confederates and no false compartments in the cabinet. When at Houston, Tex., he offered to find a pin which was to be concealed anywhere within a radius of a mile from the hall, he was to be blindfolded and to drive a pair of horses with the committee in the carriage through the streets. The committee concealed the pin, but on their return stated that in fairness to him they ought to say that it was useless for him to attempt to find it, as it was simply impossible. The report of the experiment in the daily paper said Mr. Bishop smiled and went on blindfolding himself, first with cotton wool, then a tightly-drawn silk handkerchief, then a stuffed black silk bag over all—making darkness complete. He succeeded, to the great surprise of the committee, who thought they had given him an impossible task. He took the reins, after mounting the box, and went direct some twenty blocks distant to a lager beer saloon, demanding that certain doors be unlocked; then to a shed in the back of the yard to the rear; he threw aside a large pile of wood which covered a barrel filled with vegetables—then at the bottom of the barrel he found a loaf of bread, and inside of it the pin which had been placed there by the committee, and, as they thought, thoroughly concealed. This is no trick of prestidigitation, but it is a bona fide, square, and surprising experiment.

## NO CONFEDERATES.

Once in Sacramento, Cal., he announced that he would do one of the most noted tricks of the late Charles Foster. Under no circumstances did he ever have any confederates in his experiments, except those who unconsciously transmitted their thoughts through their muscles, which is called "muscle reading." He requested one of the committee to retire to an ante-room alone and write on pellets of paper the name of some favorite poet not living, and also the name of some well known melody. The committee-man having done as requested returned with the pellets inclosed, as he was directed to do, in an envelope.

Mr. Bishop asked if there was any writing of any kind on the paper except the name. The gentleman replied that there was none, as he had been particular not to use any of the paper slips found in the ante-room. He had torn out of his own memorandum book a leaf and written a name as requested.

Mr. Bishop then asked for a wooden lead-pencil, and after breaking off the lead point handed it to the subject, requesting him to insert the point into the envelope without unsealing it. When this was done Mr. Bishop went to the blackboard and wrote the name in fac-simile or "William Cullen Bryant" and, seating himself at the piano, played "Home, Sweet Home" with his usual variation.

The committee-man stated to the audience that it was the name written by him. Mr. Bishop then requested him to show the envelope, which had not been out of his possession, to some other one of the committee for verification, and to see if there was no other writing on it. The latter opened the envelope and said there was something else at the bottom of the paper, which on being read was "Good night. W. L. B."

This I always considered one of Bishop's most puzzling experiments, and he did it only on this one occasion.

I asked him once how it was done. The only reply was: "Rats! I don't intend to give my business away to any one." I explained that it was only curiosity on my part, as there was no possibility of my ever doing it myself. Moreover, that I did not believe by his answer that he knew himself how it was done! He made no reply.

## THE DUCHESS AND HER STOCKING.

On an occasion in England all the royal family except the Queen were present. The old Duchess of K—, who was quite a guy on

account of her age and eccentricities, was also there. It was suggested by some one that the best hiding place for the gold sovereign would be inside the stocking of the aged Duchess. She consented, and said she would be convinced of Bishop's powers if he discovered where it was hid. Mr. Bishop, after a few moments' hesitation, went directly to her and impudently found the coin with his delicate fingers down near the sole of her foot.

The aged dame expressed herself thoroughly satisfied with his wonderful powers of divination.

## SUICIDE INSTEAD OF MURDER.

At the Captain General's house in Havana the Marquis Sanchez was requested to simulate a murder with a dagger upon some of the distinguished people present and then to hide the weapon in some out of the way place, Mr. Bishop undertaking to find the dagger and to repeat the act of murder on the same person and in precisely the same manner. On returning to the room, after it was announced that all was ready, Mr. Bishop rushed to find the weapon, but soon stood still, and on feeling in the pocket of his subject found the knife there. Then came the task of repeating the manner and act of the murderer. After a moment or two he turned to his subject and simulated the stabbing him in the breast. This experiment was considered perfect success, considering that the subject violated the condition by first committing suicide and then living long enough and having presence of mind enough to conceal the weapon in his own pocket.

While in Havana Bishop was applied to by a young man of tender years for instruction in the art, the youth representing that he had been offered quite a liberal sum to go to some small town in the interior of the island and repeat Mr. Bishop's experiments there.

In Mexico many offers were made of an equal division of lost property in case he would tell where it was to be found. But Mr. Bishop did not see why he should divide with any one if he could discover the locality of any lost treasure. People could not understand that he only undertook to read in other's people's minds what they wished him to know.

Many people also called to ask him to visit the sick, thinking he could clairvoyantly diagnose the disease. The rules which apply to hypnotism apply in his case. By being blindfolded he half hypnotized himself, and thus secured impressions of other people's minds, allowing the subject to be for the time being the hypnotizer. There is also a good deal of involuntary muscle reading, which is perhaps as wonderful as mind reading, in its way, and undoubtedly a good deal of clairvoyance, which is not so rare a gift.

His experience for fifteen years in public had made him wonderfully clever in his line of business, and he rarely failed to produce the desired results. If he failed with one person he took one more impressionable or tractable, and the audience was usually satisfied with the result, while it was mystified by the manner in which it was accomplished. His was a clever combination of several powers. He advertised in San Francisco that he would give an explanation of his cabinet performance. But the explanation—viz.: that while his hands were tied firmly behind him he dislocated his shoulder so as to allow him to work with his right hand at his left side—was always as unsatisfactory to everybody in the audience as it is to me, his accused confederate. He had these powers or faculties even when a boy at school. He was at the Jesuit college at Fordham, near New York, and he related that he never even looked at or studied his lessons, but with one of his teachers he could always recite them perfectly, answering all questions, while with another teacher he was as ignorant of the lesson during recitation as he was before.

His mother was the witness on whose evidence the will of the late Commodore Vanderbilt depended. Some of the heirs who wanted a more equal distribution of the millions left behind brought suit against the executors and opposed the probating of the will on the ground that the Commodore was of unsound mind, as he was in the habit of consulting so-called "spirit mediums."

## AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.

Mrs. Bishop told me he often had communications through her, and as Irving (her son) was then posing before the public as a deceiver of all mediums as frauds he was in an awkward position, and was compelled either to leave the country or appear on the witness-stand and denounce his mother's testimony. In this dilemma he thought it best to leave for England, where he remained until the suit was compromised and settled by the payment of several million dollars to the originally slighted heirs.

While in Honolulu he was passing the evening with a small but gay party, of which the well known Miss A. C. of San Francisco was the leading spirit. One of the ladies expressed her disbelief in the power of any hypnotizer to influence her. Mr. Bishop told her to hold in her hand a silver coin (which he borrowed for the purpose from some one present) and to fix her eyes intently on it. In ten or fifteen minutes she was in a delightfully hypnotic state and a perfectly tractable subject. Mr. Bishop experimented upon her in the usual way and when he ordered her to remain rigid with her arms extended no force could bend her limbs.

## CONVINCING A SKEPTIC.

As the hour was late and his horse was at the door waiting to carry him home, about six miles away, he jumped on the saddle entirely forgetting to say "Good night" to his subject inside. On his arrival home he found the telephone bell ringing as if possessed of several evil spirits. Civilization is so rampant in the Hawaiian Islands since they have renounced cannibalism that nearly every house has one or two telephones.

Mr. Bishop answered the call at once. He was told that every means had been exhausted by the parties left behind in the house to get the limb back to its normal position. They urged him to ride back as fast as possible to relieve the subject from her peculiar though perhaps artistic pose. He telephoned them to send for a doctor, who by injecting a little morphine could accomplish the desired result. Next time he met the young lady she made him promise, on his word of honor, never again to in any way exercise his hypnotic power over her, and only on this condition was he pardoned for the cruel, practical joke played upon her.

Once with me he was anxious to learn the real name of a mutual acquaintance. I told him I knew it, and if he wanted to know it also he could easily find it out by reading it in my mind. He paced up and down the room, clutching convulsively at his luxuriant hair, and at last acknowledged his inability to read it when he was not blindfolded and in an abnormal condition. I do not believe he could ever have discovered it unless he was unconscious through muscle relaxation, he being before a blackboard, as he read other names at times.

THE PUZZLE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY SCIENTISTS.

With nothing else to guide them in their investigations than the current literature of to-day, the antiquarians of the year 2,000 in "looking backward" for light on the status of society in the nineteenth century, must inevitably come to the conclusion that women were first discovered or evolved at this period, judging from the grave discussion of all sorts of apparently simple questions and queries concerning them with which our literature is now flooded.

Those investigators will be filled with surprise at the dense ignorance which this literature will seem to indicate in regard to women. They will find one scientist declaring that "woman is the race," and another positively affirming that "all that is distinctively human is man," and "all that is truly woman is merely reproductive," still others writing long articles to prove that "the female mind experiences overwhelming obstacles in the study of mathematics"—that women cannot "live laborious days of intellectual exercise and production without injury to their functions as the conceivers, mothers, and nurses of children"—that they must always lag behind man intellectually, because of a presumed lesser brain-weight, while hundreds of writers are seriously and interestingly discussing in books, magazines and newspapers, such questions as whether marriage is a failure or not; whether women are to blame for the unhappiness of married life? Are women naturally untruthful? Ought they to vote? Are women interesting? Can they compete with men in study? Will they invent? Have they artistic instincts? etc., etc., without end, "still harping on my daughter," as well as on her "sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts."

The only proper way to find out the answers to these conundrums is to give women entire freedom to try her powers in every direction. Where she has natural incapacity she is sure to fail when put to the test, and such failure is the only sure way to teach her humility. But nothing is to be learned or gained by *a priori* arguments based on untried theories; especially when experiment is so easily tried; such arguing of untested theories, always reminds me of the foolish habit some otherwise sensible people have of puzzling over, surmising and wondering about the handwriting of a letter which comes to them in an unfamiliar hand, when the solution of the puzzle lies in breaking the seal, or tearing the envelope.

Put woman's abilities to the test, *fairly*,—on all these questions, and if she fails in one or all why there is your answer to the problem or problems—an answer a thousandfold more potent than reams of written argument against. Then, too, should it be demonstrated that in spite of scientific theories women can do denied things without injury to the race or to womanhood, what is to become of the tons of printed matter scientifically demonstrating her incapacity in these particulars? They will be obliged to be relegated to the limbo of all exploded theories—from those of the flatness and immobility of the earth, to the scientific demonstration of the impossibility of telegraphic communication between continents.

In the meantime, while those who have nothing more useful to occupy their minds and time are thus publicly theorizing and questioning, women themselves are everywhere in a ferment of active experiment. With the larger liberty which is to-day theirs, they are eager to test their intellectual faculties in every possible direction.

A Chicago daily paper expressed surprise that so few women have cared to answer Grant Allen's elaborate and "purely biological and therefore 'scientific article'" on "The Functions of the Sexes," in the May Forum, in reply to Lester F. Ward's chivalry "Our Better Halves," in an earlier number of that magazine. The fact is, that the majority of thinking, active women are too busy working out living denials to the theories of opposing pseudo-scientists to reply in mere words. Their work sufficiently argues their side of the question. Col. Higginson, with his usual chivalry in behalf of women, in replying to some of Mr. Allen's aspirations of the sex, rightly commands the "brutal frankness" of Allen in contradistinction to the sentimental verbiage with which it has been the fashion of so many male opponents of woman's enfranchisement to mask their real contempt for women. He says truly, that "an immense deal of real injustice to women, a great deal of repression to the intellect, of spoliation of property has been carried on under cover of these lofty sentiments of deference to the sweetness and purity" of woman in the abstract.

But it is precisely because women are now wide-awake and no longer to be humbugged with "soft sawder" of any kind, and are finding out by experiment their own capacities and limitations, that they can now afford to pass by without comment "brutal frankness" such as Mr. Allen indulges in, and to smile at the sentimentalities of others.

But because women are beginning to understand that their sphere of action is not limited to the merely "reproductive function of human maternity," that fact will not make them any the less fitted to be the mothers of the race. Nor will these mothers share Mr. Allen's coarsely expressed belief that "the functions that specially fall upon woman, are those which woman as female, shares equally with all other females of the mammalian type." Woman's widening sphere of action will surely broaden and elevate her views as to the duties and responsibilities of motherhood. That thinking women already recognize this, let me, in conclusion, quote from Olive Schreiner in "An African Farm."

"They say women have one great and noble work left them, and they do it ill. That is true; they do it execrably. It is the work that demands the broadest culture, and they have not even the narrowest. The lawyer may see no deeper than his law books, and the chemist see no further than the windows of his laboratory, and they may do their work well. But the woman who does woman's work needs a many-sided, multifaceted culture. The heights and depths of human life must not be beyond the reach of her vision. She must have knowledge of men and things in many states, a wide catholicity of sympathy, the strength that springs from knowledge and the magnanimity which springs from strength. We bear the world and we make it. The souls of little children are marvellously delicate and tender things, and keep forever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is the mother's, or at best a woman's. And yet some say, if a woman can cook a dinner or dress herself well, she has culture enough. The mightiest and noblest of human work is given to us and we do it ill. Send a navvie to work in an artist's studio

and see what you will find there; and yet, when God, we have this work! The meanest girl who dances and dresses becomes something higher when her children look up into her face and ask her questions."

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT.\*

The student of Theosophy is as much bewildered in his contemplation of what parts to be the unification of truth in the different phases of faith in Christianity. First we had Buddhism with Sennett, Ocott and Madame Blavatsky as expositors. Then we had Harris with his "Wisdom of the Adepts." Then Madame Blavatsky with her "Secret Doctrine," eclipsing Buddhism, Brahminism and all the other divine isms. Then Franz Hartmann with his Rosicrucianism; and now we have "The Light of Egypt," to sweep from existence all the rest. From the developments one might think there was a worse Babel among the ancients than there is among the moderns—in the Theosophic direction. Probably this can be accounted for from the fact that there was one man in the sixteenth century who by temperament, culture and humble temporal advantages was so lost to his own personality as to let the divine truth shine through him with such radiance as to unify all ancient thought and forecast to the modern world its grandest achievements. Through the lightning flashes of Boehme's intuitions the world has in germ all that there is in Swedenborg and Harris, and all that is fundamental in the "Light of Egypt," or in the "Wisdom Religion" of the ancients.

If some one could be found who has Boehme's modest simplicity, with insight to see the great underlying truth in his writings, and with culture sufficient to present his ideas—the Divine Wisdom—in presentable dress, there would be no necessity for such books as the one under review. Not would there be any necessity for Blavatskyism, Harrism or Swedenborgism, or Mahatmaism generally. In him all Theosophic truth is unified—past, present and possibly future; and it is a relief to turn to his simple and thus find surcease from all this confusion and contradiction—in the present Theosophic movement.

"The Light of Egypt" reveals the fact that there is not unanimity among the theosophical adepts. A fundamental divergence on the doctrine of "Re-incarnation" is noted. The writer of "Light of Egypt" asserts that this doctrine is a perversion of the ancient faith; that as Egyptian wisdom passed into India sacerdotalism, to solidify and perpetuate its caste system, invented this plausible theory of the universe so as to hold the masses in slavery. Madame Blavatsky in "Secret Doctrine," maintains that "Re-incarnation" is fundamental to any explanation of the mystery of life. Now if the author of "Secret Doctrine," and the author of the book under review, and Theosophists generally, had consulted fifty pages of old Jacob Boehme the world would have been saved from all trash which has been given forth in this direction, and the readers of the JOURNAL would have been spared the infliction of this criticism. What a relief to turn from all this jargon to the clear light of a suggestion in the JOURNAL's editorial on "Theosophy," issue of May 25th. It seems to cover all that is necessary, and I reproduce it because it does.

Spiritualism is democratic. It believes in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It rejects all attempts to confine thought to any creed, but welcomes all to be shared by all, in a common help. A Christian saint no less than an Indian adept finds welcome in its ranks. It believes the One Truth is for all, and, as each one's capacity opens, this finds lodgment as the guest of the heart. Therefore let us submit everything to that common reason which is the inheritance of all—each to determine the measure of his acceptance.

Theosophists of the modern school uniformly postulate a God who is pantheistic—"progressive." The author of the "Light of Egypt" is no exception. Here again if they could correct this fatal conception if they would study Boehme. He struggles under the limitations of his culture and his age, but he mastered the idea underlying the Christian dogma, that God is from eternity to eternity the same; one self-conscious Spirit ever generating within Himself the sport and play of His own true nature—forming in this eternal generation a heaven or "glory" in which He dwells outside of and above temporal nature, which is the shadow—the reflection of the archetypal ideas of His own substantiality. Here is a paragraph from Boehme:

"For God has not brought forth creation that he should be thereby perfect, but for his own manifestation; that is, for the great joy and glory, not that this joy first began with the creation. Nor for it was from eternity, in the great mystery, yet only as a spiritual melody and sport in itself. The creation is the same sport out of Himself, an instrument of the eternal spirit, a great harmony manifold instruments which are all tuned into one harmony." Or, in another passage, where it is asked: "What was prior to the existence of the angels and the creation," and the reply is: God was, alone with light and fire; as God was alone with two fire centers (the lucid and the dark fire center). And the angels and the souls of men and all creatures lay in an idea or spiritual model in which God from eternity beheld his works."

No such idea of God is in this work, nor in the current occult teaching; and yet such an idea is indispensable to meet all the problems of modern thought.

The writer has purposely avoided a digest of the main teachings of the "Light of Egypt." This for the reason that the copious extracts to follow later, with the permission of the editor of the JOURNAL, will give a fair presentation of its fundamental thought. It is sufficient to say that it is timely, well-written, and deals with theosophic problems from a new standpoint. If I am not mistaken it will create an epoch in the discussion of these problems. The chapters on "Re-incarnation," "Karma," "Mediumship," and "Adeptship" are treated from a new point of view—view which indicates that there is not among Theosophists themselves that unity which the general public supposed. It is a work which should be in the hands of every Spiritualist who desires to advance beyond the outer courts of mere phenomenalism. In it they can see how constructive work can be commenced and continued under the law of evolution. They will see the dangers as well as advantages of openness to the Spirit-world.

Parkersburg, W. Va.  
\* The Light of Egypt; or the Science of the Soul and the Stars; in two parts. By an Adept. \$vo. cloth, pp. 292. Illuminated cover, eight full-page illustrations, printed on paper specially manufactured for the work. Price \$5.00. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House; London: George Redway.

Theodore Tilton, now a white-haired old man, is to be seen every night at a famous chess café in Paris. There is talk that he will soon publish a history of the great Beecher-Tilton trial.

BOOK REVIEWS.

All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through the office of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*.

RESEARCHES IN JEWISH HISTORY; Including The Rise and Development of Zoroastrianism; and The Derivation of Christianity; To which are Added Several Papers on Kindred Subjects, Among which is, Whence Our Aryan Ancestors? By G. W. Brown, M. D. Rockford, Ill. Printed and Published by the Author. 1889. Price, \$1.50.

The author has done a most admirable work in his careful "Researches in Jewish History," his cumulative data and admirable conclusions furnishing a fortress of invulnerable facts that the Christian critic will find impossible to remove or overcome. It is rarely that one meets a work where the object to be attained rests upon a superstructure so secure, each additional fact presented in the regular order seeming to add additional weight and importance to those that preceded it, thus forming a network of evidence that will fall in like manner.

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The author first takes into careful and critical consideration "Christian Assumption against Monstrous Fact," and in so doing arrays his data with consummate skill and palming care, concluding by saying "Hell obliterated, the Sabbath proved to be a lie, the 'heathen' institution, the creation showed back no one can tell how far, the Jews a modern people with no existence prior to the so-called Babylonian captivity, Moses, David and Solomon mythical characters, as is the entire pretended history of the Jews lying back of 450 years before our era, all of which will be demonstrated in these pages, where then the claim that civilization, morality, religion, the arts and sciences came from these Jewish nomads, who, according to their own showing, were most of the time slaves in foreign countries, and always idolaters until they learned the monotheism of Zoroaster, of which in our second general division?"

The work embraces Researches in Jewish History and in Zoroastrianism; Derivation of Christianity; Whence Came the Aryans? and is interesting and instructive throughout.

A MANUAL OF INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Dr. Bernard Weiss, Professor of Theology in Berlin, Germany. In two volumes, 12mo, 388 pp., cloth, \$2.00 per volume. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

This work forms a part of the "Foreign Biblical Library," edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, A. M. It is designed "especially for ministers, theological students, teachers, and thinkers in any station of life who desire a profound knowledge of the New Testament Scriptures, and are willing to do some critical reading to attain that end."

In the first volume, Dr. Weiss yields the pen of a master in discussing what he calls the "Science of Introduction," from Patriotic times to the present. He then devotes over a hundred pages to a critical and detailed "History of the Origin of the New Testament Canon." This is followed by a still more elaborate "History of the Pauline Epistles."

The second volume, just issued, is now before us. It opens with a careful analysis of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and treats at some length the question of its authorship. The Epistle has been variously ascribed to Paul, Apollos, Luke, Philo, Clement, and Barnabas. Dr. Weiss thinks it morally certain that Paul was not its author, as is commonly supposed. In his judgment the strongest reasons point to Barnabas, as the writer of this remarkable book. Next follows a suggestive examination of the Revelation of John, the Brethren of Jesus, and the General Epistles of James, Jude, Peter and John. Two hundred pages are then devoted to the Historical Books of the Old Testament, closing the work up separately, after interviewing many facts of decided interest. The volume closes with an Appendix giving a History of the New Testament Text, involving its original language, its early manuscripts, its various versions, and its marvelous preservation.

CHURCH HISTORY. By Professor KURTZ. In three vols. Vol. I, just issued. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Cloth 12mo, \$74 pp. Price, \$2.00.

This work passed through nine editions since it was first published, in 1849. Revised and Improved at several different times, by the author, it is now about twice its original size.

New Books Received.

Incidents of a Collector's Ramble in Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea. By Sherman F. Denton. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.50.

An Object in Life, and How to Attain it. By F. Leopold Schmidt, Jr. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 60 cents

Glimpses of Fifty Years. The Autobiography of an American Woman. By Frances E. Willard. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association. Price, cloth, \$2.75.

Magazines for June.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) In continuation of the discussion on Agnosticism, two articles appear in the current issue of this popular monthly. Diabolism and Hysteria records the later stages of the waning belief in possession by the devil. Glaciers on the Pacific Coast is a sketch of some Alaskan scenery. Toadstools and Mushrooms is an interesting description, there is also another on the production of Beer Sugar. Fabulous Astronomia is a collection of curious beliefs about the Sun, Moon and Milky Way. Joshua F. Bailey asks the pertinent question: Is Christian Science a "Craze?"

The Forum. (New York.) Senator Edmunds discusses the decay of political morals in the June Forum. Another political article is The Drift toward Annexation. The Mikado's Empire gives some of the leading features of the new constitution of Japan. Besides these articles upon political subjects is The Ethics of Politics by W. S. Lilly. The Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") contributes a description of the social life of the Roumanian peasants. Rev. Dr. W. Barry describes The Moloch of Monopoly. Dr. Henry D. Chapin indicates practical ways of preventing poverty, without prescribing panaceas. Other articles add to make up a most interesting number.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The frontispiece for June is a reproduction of Henry Bacon's beautiful painting, The End of a long Day. A Plain Case is a most pathetic story. The Naughtiest Boy I ever met is a scene laid on board an ocean steamer. Mrs. Fremont continues to interest the reader in The House that Jack Built. There are several other delightful stories. The poems and illustrations are varied and amusing.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) A variety of reading fills the June issue of this delightful monthly for children. The serials are continued and several short stories are given. The poems and illustrations are dainty, and altogether the array is fine this month.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Pa.) A wide variety of topics appear for June. The Position of Women in Ancient Greece is discussed. Ptolemy Soter is the ninth in the Greek biographical series, and Mrs. Field considers the condition of the aged poor.

St. Louis Magazine. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual good reading consisting of stories, notes, poems and essays fill this month's issue.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The departments are well filled in this number.

Lucifer. (London.) The usual varied reading is found in this monthly for May.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The Highest Structure in the world is the subject of the first article for June, and it is described with an account of the Eiffel Tower. Bonny Hugh of Inverness is a story of life and miners. George Morris Wahl gives an account of The German Gymnasium in its Working Order, showing the course of studies and discipline pursued in these schools. The Thousand and One Nights is an account of the literary genealogy and various versions of the Arabian Nights. Horace E. Scudder has a thoughtful article on The State, the Church, and the school; while Prof. Royce continues his Reflections after a Wandering Life in Australasia; and Birmingham is the subject of an article entitled A City of Refuge.

The American Agriculturist. (New York.) A standard feature of the American Agriculturist is the Illustration and description, in each number, of some distinct and valuable breed of cattle. The Duchess breed of Shorthorns is the type illustrated in the June number, by a portrait of the valuable shorthorn bull Second Duke of Kent.

The Statesman. (Chicago.) This monthly is devoted to the problems of practical politics, co-operative industry and self-help.

Also:

Annulli Dell' Spiritismo, Turin, Italy.

La Revue Spritiste, Paris.

El Bien Social, Mexico.

The Sphinx, Neuhausen, near Munich, Bavaria.

Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H.

Our Little Ones and The Nursery, Boston.

International Magazine of Christian Science, New York.

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Statuolum, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Faehnstock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French committee on sera. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Tracts, embracing the following important subjects: The Summerland; The True Spiritualist; The Responsibility of Mediums; Denton and Darwinism; What is Magnetism and Electricity? Etc. A vast amount of reading for only ten cents. Three copies sent to one address for 25 cents.

Heaphy's Ghost.—A Startling Story! The London artist's own version of an extraordinary affair, together with the correspondence between Charles Dickens and Mr. Heaphy. Only five cents each. Three copies for ten cents. A good tract to circulate. Send in your order.

Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists A good reference pamphlet, being short sketches of such prominent men as Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Robert Hale, Rev. S. Watson, Hudson Tuttle, Giles B. Stibb, Rev. John Pierpont, etc., etc. Price reduced from 25 cents to 15 cents. For sale at this office.

Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet, and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

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Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

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Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL, Saturday, June 8, 1889.

The Press the Palladium of Liberty.

The principle involved in trial by jury, whose germs may be traced in the primitive institutions of early ages, was finally developed to its present approximate perfection in England; and more than one hundred years ago was denominated by the great jurist Blackstone, as "the palladium of our civil rights." In his day the press had neither power nor influence worth speaking of. The first successful London daily was started years before Blackstone was born, and *The Times* began its career under another name five years after his death. When he was in the closing years of his earthly career and the American Colonies were beginning their struggle for independence there were but thirty-four papers published in this country, all weekly, and most of them very weakly. Steam and electricity had not been harnessed as auxiliaries, and not even the wildest visionary could have dreamed of the tremendous potencies lying latent in the press, to be developed in the next century. To-day there are close on to twenty thousand newspapers in the United States alone; a number of whom worth millions of dollars each; many of them thoroughly independent and fearless, and equipped with men and means sufficient to accomplish whatever enterprise they undertake.

What the jury was in Blackstone's time, the press is to-day—at least in the United States. Not in a legal, but a moral sense; yet none the less truly so. It is even more; it is the palladium of liberty! Free, untrammeled, unrestricted to the very verge of license, it stands to-day as the bulwark of liberty and civil rights. It is also the most potent moral agent and regulator, leaving far in the distance all other agencies. It rights wrongs, uncovers conspiracies, rectifies abuses in public and private institutions; sends boodlers to the penitentiary; puts grasping and cruel employers on the rack and obliges them to alter their practices; holds the rod over politicians and public servants; supervises the various learned professions; is first in stimulating great charities; encourages every noble public enterprise; educates the people, and gives them every day and every week the news of the entire world. It does all this and more; and is able to do it because it is free, within the limits of justice and reasonable regulation. That there are venal papers; weak papers, papers below mediocrity, and papers that have no good reason for being, is true; but as a whole the press of the United States is honest, honorable, courageous, able, loyal to the rights of man, and, we again repeat, the palladium of liberty. It is the abiest auxiliary of science, religion, art, philanthropy, justice, and of all that tends to push man forward to grand endeavors and higher levels. No intelligent and properly informed individual will deny all this.

The press is properly and naturally jealous of its rights and prerogatives, and will not tolerate for a moment any attempt, exoteric or esoteric, to coerce it. Least of all will it tolerate any attempt by a foreigner on the other side of the Atlantic, dictating secretly to her sworn vassals that they shall assault a newspaper with seemingly spontaneous protests, and with threats in case such protests are not heeded. Among all the representative papers in America, or the world for that matter, there is none other that stands more steadfastly for the truth and the whole truth than does the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; none other that opens its columns more freely and courteously to those opposing or differing from its teach-

ings and purposes; none other with more singleness of purpose, courage, persistence and "nerve" in carrying forward its work; none other so careless of financial consequences in its utterances, or more cautious in keeping to the strict line of truth and justice. The JOURNAL cannot be bribed nor intimidated, though on rare occasions it may be cajoled by false pretenses—as in the case of Rowley. But if it makes a mistake it is swift to openly acknowledge it when the evidence of the error is presented. To say all this, is not modest, but it is the truth, and the occasion seems to demand the statement.

The JOURNAL has successfully withstood the most terrific open assaults and the most cunningly devised strategy, and grown strong in the struggle. It has seen its enemies one after another go to ruin, some of them to the penitentiary, others to pauper graves and still others have been relegated to oblivion by the stern edicts of inexorable justice. The correctness of every important position it has taken has been justified by time, though it stood solitary and alone when first it made the advance. Under these circumstances it does not fear, but looks with mild contempt, not unmixed with humor, upon the fatuous freaks of the petticoated pope who pulls together her bulky form in an English house and composes, with Russian craft and the experiences of a life of intrigue, a scheme whereby she may blind free-born Americans to do her secret bidding and acknowledge her sway by secret oaths. In another column are published the documents to justify this writing; they are copies of originals, and are authentic beyond all question.

In properly weighing this matter it is essential for Theosophists and all others to remember certain facts, to wit: Mr. W. E. Coleman's last word in the JOURNAL concerning Theosophy and Blavatsky was in the issue of September 22d, 1888, being a reply to his critics. Mr. Coleman's articles were vigorously answered in these columns by a number of representative Theosophists, who were in no way restricted in their replies by us. Six months after the close of the controversy, Blavatsky makes an attempt to bulldoze the JOURNAL and cow its editor by means of secret orders to those she presumes are sufficiently blinded to be her tools; she having in these six months perfected her Jesuitical "esoteric section," wherewith as she vainly supposes she can "strike but conceal the hand that deals the blow."

Rowley's "Little Joker."

Every medium in America who is to-day claiming independent spirit telegraphy is a trickster. We challenge each and every one of them to a scientific trial of their respective claims. We will pay \$1,000 for an intelligible sentence of ten words produced by "independent spirit telegraphy" through the "mediumship" of either W. S. Rowley, "Dr." Wm. Keeler, P. L. O. A. Keeler, "Dr." Stansbury, Charles E. Watkins or any other who is making claim to this form of mediumship.

We cannot see any *a priori* reason why there should not be "independent spirit telegraphy," however; it does not seem impossible nor improbable. But that all those now pretending to exhibit this phenomenon are swindling we do not hesitate to affirm. A gentleman of the highest respectability and a long-time Spiritualist writes:

"Being a plug operator myself I wrote Rowley some time in January last inquiring if he had instruments, such as he used, for sale, and if it was possible for any one to develop 'occult telegraphy.' He replied by saying that Dr. Wells said it was possible for almost any one to develop this gift, and that the 'band' would send an operator from their side to me if I would purchase one of the instruments at \$25. I did not purchase. I believe now that my 'band' (?) kept me from it in some 'occult' way."

Exactly so! just fork over \$25 for an outfit costing at the most \$5, and the supposititious "Dr. Wells" will readily promise to send "one of the band" to develop the sucker who bites the bait. If any additional proof were needed of Rowley's duplicity and mendacity (it is not), it is supplied by him in a printed circular letter dated May 22d for private distribution. We shall have a few remarks on it in a future issue. In the meantime, why does it not occur to his friends to ask him to be more explicit about those "professors of leading eastern colleges," with whom he has arranged to sit. Let him name them! It seems our exposure of Rowley was more far reaching in its effects than was at the time expected by us. It appears very much as though that episode upset and blew into smithereens a well prepared plan for booming a big stock scheme which with Rowley's aid would have undoubtedly raked in a big pile of money from the credulous who desire to grow rich by some occult hoax; also that the small gang of initiated telegraph mediums were preparing to make a descent upon the summer camp meetings of Spiritualists, with every prospect of a rich harvest. All this is now spoiled.

Mr. Charles H. Kerr, the energetic and popular publisher, was married on May 29th to Miss Nellie Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Adams, of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have the congratulations of an extended circle of friends. As the publisher of *Unity*, and of many very excellent books, Mr. Kerr has in a few years built up a reputation for industry, integrity and ability of which any young man might be proud. The JOURNAL will always take an interest in his success.

Muscovite Mesmerism.

A SERIO-COMIC FARCE BY

Helen Petrovna Blavatsky &amp; Co.

In which Helen Petrovna, late of Russia, Africa, Asia, America, and Still Late of India and England Takes the Part of Pope--Minor Parts Filled with Native and Foreign Puppets.

The "Esoteric Section" and Mystic Flap-doodle. Secret Oath to Obey the Mandates of the Petticoated and Self-appointed Pope--Jesuitical Efforts to Muzzle an American New-paper. Russian Gall Gobbled by American Sucking Doves.

Magical Appearance of T. L. Harris's King Cat--He Comes to the Aid of the Editor, as Likewise Does the Great Mahatmic Myth Koot Hoomi. Prelude, Between-Acts Music and Postlude Furnished by the Unmuzzled Editor.

Like all mortals who have not climbed the Himalayan Kanchananga of Theosophical altruisim, we are selfish. When a particular choice tidbit of fun is caught in our net we corral it in the shadiest depths of our heart's deepest canyon, there to stay secreted until satiety makes us willing to take down the fence and allow the world to share with us. That remarkable woman whose trade name is Madame Helen P. Blavatsky has for years supplied us with rich and rare sport. Only a woman who had been re-incarnated several hundred times, each time adding to her repertory of diversion, could be so exquisitely amusing. According to her biographer, that amiable, artless man, A. P. Sinnett, Mdle. Hahn became Madame Blavatsky all because she would not be bluffed by her governess who had declared her charge possessed of such a temper and disposition as to repel any man, "even the old man she (Mdle. Hahn) had found so ugly, and had laughed at so much, calling him a plumeless raven"—that even he would decline her for a wife." Helena Petrovna Hahn was not the girl to be blinded. Did not the blood of three great nations commingle in her veins? Should a Franco-German Slav girl of sweet sixteen, or thereabouts, —according to Sinnett—be blinded by a governess? Not much. Not at all, in fact. She went for that old man of seventy, and in three days the doughty General, the hero of many a bloody battle, surrendered and threw down his hand. But when she found she had outbluffed her governess, and raked in the stakes—in the shape of a decrepit old Tartar—she awoke to a realization of the mess she had made. She married the old wreck, but never became his wife. That was, if we are to credit Sinnett's story, the beginning of a career that has supplied the world with no end of sensation. We heartily thank that governess! Without her fortuitous bluff we, a sober and hard-working editor, far removed from the gayeties of European capitals, without personal acquaintance with the jungles of India, the steppes of Russia, the fastnesses of Tibet, the deserts of Arabia, the Pyramids of Egypt, and all that such acquaintance implies, we, the hard-working editor, would have had a less jolly time of it. We have enjoyed the output of Helena's mental and psychical machinery; enjoyed it all the more because we knew she was getting a heap of amusement out of it herself. No other person whom we ever met has seemed to so keenly enjoy the ludicrous antics of her psychologized puppets as does Madame Blavatsky herself. Her sense of the ludicrous and keen appreciation of the humorous are refreshing.

We can see her now, four thousand miles away, her fat sides shaking with laughter as she rolls a fresh cigarette and bubbles to her stuffed baboon, whose glass eyes emit sparks of pleasure stored up from ages past when he was a "King Cat." "O, my dear Fiske," says Madame, chucking the stuffed relic under the chin, "what heaps of fun one can get out of this world if one but tries. Only to think of Olcott, Sinnett, those dear dupes at Adyar, and those sucking doves over in America, what sweet chelas they do make." But you and I, my pet, we get the fun while the other fellows do the work; that's the sort of altruism that suits us, isn't it dearest? Do you recollect how that man of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL once mistook you for a dog, even spoke of you as a dog in his paper? "Naughty man, naughty paper!" say our faithful chelas. Not so say we, pet. We are solid with the Mahatmas, we are. Ha ha ha! We know how to work the racket, don't we though? We'll feed 'em on "Secret Doctrine" and slake their thirst with elemental juices, till we've disciplined them into fit subjects. Yes we will, honey!"

During the past year a fresh vein of fun has been struck, by us. We have quietly developed it until now the ore lies about in such richness and abundant profusion that we feel compelled to call in our constituents and ask them to help themselves. This determination was somewhat hastened by the following "pocket" of pure crystal which was uncovered last week. Here it is, just as we took it out of the envelope, headline and all:

A Taste of the Russian Knout.

a. The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

SIR:—Rising as I do to a solemn sense of the ridiculous, I must openly demand an explanation of the delicate matters mentioned in the following letter. If you do not own

and edit the JOURNAL, I require you to throw off the mask and show us the Jesuit who runs the paper. Here are the horrid charges you must meet:

78 CLARENCE ROAD, NOTTING HILL, London.

PROFESSOR ELIOT COUES—Dear Sir: I thank you for your letter and shall pay attention to the points mentioned in it.

I should be glad if you will inform me whether I am right in certain information which I gave Mme. Blavatsky some months ago, and which the recent letters of W. E. Coleman in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL make highly improbable. I was informed in New York:

Colonel John C. Bundy, or, then was, a member of the Theosophical Society.

That you are his sponsor, having proposed him, or otherwise given him his credentials as a fit and proper person to be admitted to the fellowship of the society.

The fact that Colonel Bundy permits the insertion in his paper of such infamous slanders about Mme. Blavatsky as those concocted by Coleman is not compatible with the supposition of his belonging to our Brotherhood; and your silence in the matter is compatible neither with the supposition of your being instrumental in his election to the society, or (as it seems to me) with your professions of friendship for Mme. Blavatsky herself. I should be glad to know the facts of the case in order to lay them before the Theosophists here, who, under the circumstances, look to me for some explanation of Colonel Bundy's action, and your inaction, in regard to Coleman's slanderous communications.

What makes it all the more necessary to clear this matter up is that the reports have reached England, which you, like myself, have doubtless heard in the United States, about the influence exerted by the Jesuits over the editorship of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Yours very truly,

R. HARTE.

Not having the pleasure of knowing Mr. Harte, I naturally supposed him to be some fresh crank my amiable and eccentric old friend Blavatsky was turning to her amusement. Appreciating the exquisite humor of the situation, I answered my correspondent with some polite platitudes, and also asked Blavatsky, who, I had no doubt, had put him up to it, why in the world she wanted to make a man cut such a fantastic caper. I was charmed with her racy reply, two sentences of which I cannot forbear to quote:

London, Jan. 20, 1889.  
... I never knew that B. Harte who is now at Adyar since November—ever wrote to you calling Col. Bundy a Jesuit, or other people Jesuits, or anything of the sort. Harte has a chronic disease called *coccoches serpente*, which has pervaded him with the silent influence of the itch all over, and he is no Harte unless he writes to somebody and makes a fool of himself over something..."

What aids piquancy to the situation is found in another letter from the innocent Harte, which says:

"I wrote to you without saying anything to H. P. B., and the very next day she asked me to write you a few lines about the way THE RELIGIO was admiring attacks on her. When she heard that I had written, she said she would write to you herself. I did not tell her what I said."

May I doubt that so very great an occultist as this good lady has proven herself to be, can so psychologize a person that he seems to do of his own motion things she moves him to do? It is possible. But in any event, Mr. Editor, if you are not lost to every sense of humor, you owe Mrs. Harte ample satisfaction; and you owe Madame Blavatsky an apology for the way you conduct the JOURNAL.

Yet one word, quite seriously. What is the meaning of the rumors which reach me, of a so-called "Esoteric" section of the Theosophical Society, and of a secret circular issued to its members by its "Honorary Secretary," Mr. B. Keightley? Is Mr. Keightley second Mr. Harte, to be hereafter described by Mrs. Blavatsky in like complimentary characterization? Infinite as I know that ingenuous and ingenuous lady's love of fun and mischief to be, there is such a thing as carrying a joke further than any well-regulated Mahatma could approve. I shall require the evidence before I can believe that even a Blavatsky would attempt so fatuous a "fake" as the folly of a nitace against the liberty of the press in America and of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in particular. Serenely yours,

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

1726 N street, Washington, D.C.

Exactly so! we do owe this Harte, who is so accurately described by Madame B., satisfaction. We have received several letters from him in the past year; letters which were one to treat them seriously would be rated as impudent, in bad taste, or the products of an addled brain; but we never could bring ourselves to look upon them as anything else than a part of a trans-continental farce which was being played by some of its innocent supes in real earnest and with no suspicion that it was not all a real, downright sober thing. We will now confess to Mr. Harte, in strict confidence, that we are a double-dyed Jesuit. We were first initiated into that all powerful and everywhere-feared body by the late Thom as R. Hazard—peace to his ashes. He publicly initiated and put the brand of Jesuit upon us in the columns of our highly revered contemporary, the *Banner of Light*. That his inspiration came from "high spirits," through that sweet and gentle instrument of the angels, Jas. A. Bliss, does not lessen the honor of the act. That Bliss had been denounced by the JOURNAL as a trickster and a vile deceiver, only makes it more certain that our initiation was bona fide. One Jonathan M. Roberts undertook to burn the brand "S. J." still deeper into us. In the effort he squandered something like \$50,000, broke into jail several times, and finally broke his heart at its failure to wipe us off the earth. After all this how can we deny being a Jesuit?

About the rumor which has reached our correspondent, of a so-called "Esoteric" section of the Theosophical Society, we take pleasure in being able to state, and to prove our statement, that there is no truth whatever in the gossip. We shall now ask our disturbed Washington friend to take our mere assertion at will herewith produce the evidence that no Esoteric section exists; and, furthermore, that none can exist, in the way human nature is at present constituted and surrounded by gnomes, fairies, elementaries, magi, and other invisible hordes who delight in transforming the would-be esoteric into the baldest exoteric. We must protest most solemnly against the flippant and vulgar terms used by our correspondent in characterizing the supposed-to-be esoteric edict of Madame B. as a "fatuous fake;" when, in fact, our dear friend Helena knew full well that we would understand the joke; that it was only a part of the little scheme whereby she is to bind her faithful chelas with an additional thong, without any power or even desire to use the knout on our tender shoul-

ders. As we spread out the ev. . . . the blush of shame will mantle the l. white brow, eye, it will even push its way to the very roots of the auburn locks which decorate the head of our Washington correspondent.

We reached home on the 15th of April last, after an absence of several weeks. Within three days thereafter we received five letters, all relating to the same subject; two from the State of New York and three from San Diego, California. We here reproduce two of them.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dear Sir and Bro.—It is with deep regret we observe such scurrilous attacks upon Theosophy, especially by W. E. Coleman, in your JOURNAL, we know they are untrue and uncalled for, by true, earnest thinking men, therefore we desire, with one accord, to make our common supplications unto you, in protest against such publications in future, if need be avoid that the pen is mighty, we answer yes to this cuts both ways, and we desire to see your paper support and in turn be supported by spiritual truth. Yours fraternally,

T. DOCKING, M. D., Prest,

Point Loma Lodge, T. S., San Diego, California, etc., etc., 645 6th St., April 8th,

**Section of the Theosophical Society.**

It has become necessary that the attention of all members of this section should be called to the first sentence in the second clause of the Pledge which they have taken, and which runs as follows:

"I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical movement, its leaders and its members."

The first necessity of the Esoteric Section as a body is the existence of a strong feeling of mutual solidarity among its members, and a deep conviction that it is their duty not to sit passive waiting to be taught, but on the contrary to do all that lies in their power to assist the cause of Theosophy, and in one respect especially the members of this Section have neglected their duty and drawn down upon themselves severe reproof from the "Teachers".

This neglect of their duty, amounting in many cases to a breach of the Pledge, lies in the fact that they have permitted attacks on the Society, on its founders, and worse than all, disparaging remarks about the Sacred Science and Philosophy, to be made in various Newspapers without protest of any kind. It is true that letters from one or two individuals only, would produce but little effect on the minds of Editors. But if every member of the Esoteric Section made it his duty, a duty never to be omitted to write and protest vigorously against such attacks whenever and wherever made, the persistent action of a large body like this Section, backed as it would be by support on a higher plane, would certainly produce an effect, and would relieve, at all events, the Members from the stigma of not acting up to their pledged word.

This applies with special force in the case of the Spiritualistic Journals, which cannot deny *a priori* either the philosophical basis or the phenomenal evidence of Theosophy, but which are nevertheless among the most frequent assailants of the Society and its leaders, as witness the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in America and the Medium and Daybreak in England? Now the former would hardly venture to publish such scurrilous attacks on Theosophy as those of W. E. Coleman, if the members of the E. S. in America with one accord wrote and protested, and, if their protest remained unheeded, ceased subscribing to the paper, and induced as many of their friends as possible to follow their example—writing at the same time to the Editor to state their reasons for so doing. Nor in England would the "Medium and Daybreak" think of publishing such paragraphs as those which have many times appeared therein, the latest one concluding with these words; "The Mahatmas are simply spirit-guides, and their work has been far outdistanced by what has been done in Spiritualism," if the Editor found that such statements cost him subscribers, as well as bringing down on him a shower of protests.

It is the spirit of thorough solidarity alone which can make the Esoteric Section a power in the world on the side of Theosophy, and it is only by making it such a powerful agent for the work of the Masters that the members of the Section can expect to deserve teaching, guidance and help, at the hands of those Servants of Humanity.

Yours Fraternally,

BERTRAM KRIGHTLEY.

March 17, 1889. Hon. Sec. E. S.

After reading this humorous bit of composition, we looked up and discovered King Cat still lingered. Observing he had attracted attention he slowly drooped his port-eye-lid, gave his long bushy tail a few graceful twists and remarked in a low tone: "I came across Koot Hoomi on my way back. He seemed quite put out with Madame B., too. Said, in substance, she was not toting fair. Had been trying to play off some Cossack curios on him for genuine mahatmic goods, and he wouldn't stand it. 'So,' said he, 'you just hand this little document to that Chicago editor and tell him to publish it.' Whereupon he inserted the point of his tail in his starboard ear and drew out an impressive looking document of four pages, printed on card-board and bearing the signature of H. P. Blavatsky. Desirous of retaining the good will of Koot Hoomi we comply with his request to publish. Here is the precious bit of esotericism:

**STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.**

THE

ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE T. S.

[SEAL.]

**DEAR:** I forward you herewith a copy of the Rules and Pledge for Probationers of the Esoteric Section of the T. S.

Should you be unable to accept them, I request that you will return this to me without delay.

(Signed with pen and ink) H. P. BLAVATSKY.

**Rules of the Esoteric Section (Probationary) of the Theosophical Society.**

1. No person shall belong to the Esoteric Section who is not already a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

2. Application for membership in the Esoteric Section must be accompanied by a copy of the Pledge hereunto appended, written out and signed by the Candidate, who thereon enters upon a special period of probation, which commences from the date of his signature.

3. All members shall be approved by the Head of the Section.

4. He who enters the Esoteric Section is as one "newly born"; his past—unless connected with crime, social or political, in which case he cannot be accepted—shall be regarded as never having had existence in respect of blame for actions committed.

5. Groups of Theosophists belonging to the Esoteric Section may be formed under a charter from the Head of the Section.

6. Any member joining the Section expressly agrees, without reservation, to Clause II of the Pledge.

7. To preserve the unity of the Section, any person joining it expressly agrees that he shall be expelled, and the fact of his expulsion made public to all members of the Section, should he violate any one of the following conditions:

(a.) Obedience to the Head of the Section in all *Theosophical matters*.

(b.) The Secrecy of the Signs and Pass-words.

(c.) The Secrecy of the documents of the Section, and any communication from any Initiate of any degree, unless absolved from such secrecy by the Head of the Section.

Pledge of Probationers in the Esoteric Section of the T. S.

1. I pledge myself to endeavor to make Theosophy a living power in my life.

2. I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical movement, its leaders, and its members; and in particular to obey, without cavil or delay, the orders of the Head of the Esoteric Section in all that concerns my relation with the Theosophical movement.

3. I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others.

4. I pledge myself to maintain a constant struggle against my lower nature, and to be charitable to the weaknesses of others.

5. I pledge myself to do all in my power, by study and otherwise, to fit myself to help and teach others.

6. I pledge myself to give what support I can to the Theosophical movement, in time, money, and work.

7. I pledge myself to preserve inviolable secrecy as regards the signs and pass-words of the Section and all confidential documents.

So help me, my Higher Self.

Signed.....

The arrangements with regard to the circulation of the Esoteric Teaching, which will be given to members of the Section, will be communicated to them in due course.

Now it goes without saying that the Russian bear is on perfectly amicable terms with the American eagle. The unequalled and only Blavatsky has no desire to paralyze, black mail, or coerce THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. She is only desirous of drilling the awkward squads of chelas scattered through the country, and takes this way, among others, of doing it. She is anxious to hasten the day when all, including even the editor of the JOURNAL, will attain the state of "The Higher Carelessness" already achieved by herself and so beautifully exemplified in her masterly manipulations of the truth. Of course a person of Madame Blavatsky's occult experiences knows it is impossible to utter any document or promote any scheme unbeknown to us. We thoroughly understand one another; and nobody, no matter how busy he may make himself, can destroy the *entente cordiale* so long existing between us. If she can enthuse the "faithful" to greater devotion, and a quicker gait toward her throne, we shall not object. If, perchance, her vassals cut the JOURNAL, we shall try to scrub along somehow. We've been through good many wars, unscarred; we are still on deck and ready for another, with plenty of shot in the lockers and everything trim.

**Trusts in Churches.**

This is the age of "trusts." Is it because nobody trusts his neighbor, or is it because the spirit which underlies trusts is seeking, in its own dumb way, to bring mankind together in some fashion—if not in all cases according to the rigid rules of orthodoxy? Just now the Presbyterian Church is laboring to harmonize, to come together, to make a "trust in the Lord." Preparatory to this consummation the growing spirit of the age—which is the divine spirit in man—is insisting that the old Calvinistic dogma, the dogma of the election of the saints to eternal life and the damnation of the rest, even "infants a span long," should go by the board if this move is made a success. Thus do the gods work the mills. Surely the world moves! But what becomes of Presbyterianism in this contingency? Strike Calvinism out of the creed and you have no creed left. The Chicago Tribune suggests, whilst advocating the change, that Plymouth Rock is left to rest upon. Hear the venerable old saint congratulate:

There is room for congratulation, therefore, that this grand old historical church, whose stanch Scotch-Irish adherents joined hands with the Puritan Congregationalists during the Revolutionary War against the members of the English Church, is once more re-united for work at home and abroad, and prepared to prosecute the war against the hosts of sin with the increased vigor which grows out of practical if not organic union. If it would only unite now to get rid of the iron-bound foreordination and predestination decrees, which hang about its neck like dead weights, it would rise refreshed and with renewed strength.

In order to make the Presbyterian Church, North and South, "organic" instead of "co-operative," as is now proposed, the JOURNAL suggests that a "Trust" be formed to make sure of the investment. With hell and damnation knocked higher than a kite, the fierce worldlings will take a chance in this new gospel corporation. It will pay large dividends, for the promoters can then run it on business principles with no fear that they will be burnt for their landable efforts. The Devil will make peace with Calvin and Presbyterianism will have a boost heavenward.

**Dr. Cronin's Premonition.**

That Dr. Cronin who was cruelly murdered in this city, had a premonition of his terrible fate, seems evident from the following:

"Doctor, these Easter communions are becoming rather numerous. Don't you find it somewhat inconvenient getting up for early mass Sunday after Sunday?"

"Not at all," answered the doctor. "If I could have my wish I would go to holy communion every Sunday the year round. I always feel that each communion may be my last. I feel so now; in fact."

So indeed it was.

The Tribune states that two days later there was a meeting of the Order of Foresters and delegates were chosen to the annual convention. The choice fell on Dr. Cronin to represent his court.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you had better also elect an alternate."

"Guess you'll serve all right, doctor," was the chorus from the members, with whom the doctor was most popular.

"Of course I will serve if I am alive," he asserted, "but there is no telling what may happen."

The latter remark, made half seriously, half pleasantly, resulted in the doctor's suggestion being acted upon, and the alternate thus chosen will have to represent the order the *invincibilis*.

Three months ago, in discussing the mysterious murder of the druggist Clark, Dr. Cronin said: "It has always seemed to me that, for absolute security, a big city is preferable to a desolate prairie for the commission of a great crime. There is less chance for the murderers being discovered where there are crowds around than in the untrdden prairies where a man is not seen twice a year. I always feel safer when out visiting my patients in the quiet suburbs than I do in the heart of the city, or even at my office. It is a strange thing," mused the physician, "but you or I, both of us busy men, and both of us coming into contact with more than the average number of our fellow men, might any day or night be stricken down, and the simple horror of the crime would be so widespread that it would be the means of preventing the criminals being detected."

An American Robert Elsmere.

Everybody has read "Robert Elsmere." Nobody supposed, when they were reading this novel, that human nature in this nineteenth century could be so narrow as to really persecute those entertaining views of the kind held by Mrs. Ward's hero. But we are mistaken. This time it is again in the witch-burning country near Boston. It is in no less a place than Yale College. Prof. John Russell of the Theological school is asked for his resignation because in a lecture to the students he has defended Mrs. Ward's, or, rather Robert Elsmere's, position on the miracle question, by asserting that the authenticity of miracles is so doubtful no one should be excluded from the Christian Church for not believing in them. Prof. Fisher, who was present, at once locked horns with him, and declared that miracles were a necessary basis of the church and one of the foundation stones of the orthodox faith. Russell's resignation was speedily asked for, and he has gone to Williams College. Several of the students have also threatened to follow him. Evidently the critics are mousing round among the foundations of orthodoxy.

**Theosophy as a Guide in Life.**

We have before us a four-page pamphlet with the above title, printed for circulation by Allen, Scott & Co., London. It is well written, and as a tract it compares favorably with the documents of similar import published by the American Tract Society. With all its claims, however, it carries within its subtle sentences the poison now being circulated under the heads of "Karma" and "Re-incarnation." Fortunately for the western world there is coming to the front, among Theosophists, the older Egyptian doctrine which is the opposite—the antidote to this specious and dangerous speculation. We hope soon to present to our readers a gleam from a work called "The Light of Egypt," wherein will be given a full exposure of this deceptive delusion. Elsewhere will be found a brief review of the work by one of our regular correspondents.

Please Mention the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Our readers will do a favor to ourselves and our advertisers, and forward their own interests as well, if they will write or say to advertisers that they read the advertisement to which they reply in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It is easy to do this, and profitable for various evident reasons. It promotes the business transaction and inspires confidence all around. The attention and care bestowed on advertisements by both advertisers and the reading public are constantly on the increase. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL prides itself upon the excellent character of the advertisements it contains. We trust that our readers will bear in mind the little but important suggestion we have made.

Either the theological atmosphere of Spokane Falls, W. T., must be anything but orthodox, or the Morning Review of that thriving city has "sand" to spare. Here are that paper's editorial remarks introducing an extended abstract of B. F. Underwood's second lecture in Spokane:

Those of Spokane's citizens who are following with interest the spreading of more liberal ideas in the religious—or so-called religious—circles of this country and the whole world, are not slow to appreciate the manner in which the various aspects of evolution and its relation to life are treated by Mr. Underwood. His second lecture, delivered last night, on "Proof that Man Ascended from the Lower Animals," was such an able exposition of the rational and probable in the doctrine of evolution as compared with the irrational and improbable in that of special creation by miracle that it may well make certain "sages" and self-constituted "oracles" of this and other communities pause and reflect, go into themselves as it were, and see whether memorizing does or does not constitute scientific clearing, and whether or not a course of theological studies is best adapted to broaden a mediocre mind.

Miss Catharine G. Waugh, an attorney of Rockford, Ill., represents the feminine defendant in a suit for divorce. This is probably the first instance of the kind in the courts of the country. The Rockford Gazette says: "Miss Waugh sits besides her client, demure and self-possessed, and neatly attired in a plain gray dress. She lacks, perhaps, the sharp, aggressive manner of the male attorneys, but is wide awake and business-like."

The Spiritualists of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, will hold their tenth annual meeting on their grounds at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua County, N. Y., from July 26th to September 1st, 1889. Those in charge say:

"The Cassadaga Lake camp meeting ground is eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it. Situated midway between New York and Chicago, and convenient of access from all points. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here can be found the perfection of delightful water scenery and the purity of mountain air. Owing to the great altitude and the purity of the water and air, malarial, contagious and epidemic diseases are almost entirely unknown. The sanitary condition of the camp is carefully guarded, and to believers, and investigators of spiritual philosophy, we would say no better place can be found anywhere for rest and recreation, than at Cassadaga Lake."

The Parkland Camp-meeting will commence Sunday, June 28, and end Saturday, September 11. The management says: "The Spiritualists of Philadelphia congratulate the friends of humanity and progress throughout the world on the spread of the light of knowledge, and extend a cordial invitation to visit our camp-meeting at Parkland, where the Spiritual philosophy will be discussed and expounded by able thinkers and speakers, the power of the truth will be demonstrated by unassailable evidence, and the welfare and development of the physical, intellectual and mental being be carefully and intelligently provided for by the managers of our association."

During June B. F. Underwood's address will be Silverton, Oregon, care of Dr. J. W. McClure.

Mrs. ("Robert Elsmere") Ward is not merely a passive opponent of woman suffrage, but, with Frederic Harrison, is organizing an anti-woman suffrage society.

Mr. J. C. Wright is having excellent success with his classes in Cincinnati and will continue them through the month of June. He seems to have struck a field for which he is particularly well fitted.

Said a Frenchman in the 18th century: "Suffer yourself to be blamed, imprisoned, condemned; suffer yourself even to be hanged; but publish your opinions. It is not a right; it is a duty." To which the JOURNAL says amen!

Dr. H. K. Jones, of Jacksonville, Ill., whilom lecturer at the Concord School of Philosophy, and president of the American Akademie, sailed from New York for England, June 5th. Mrs. Jones, who is a valued contributor to the JOURNAL, accompanies her husband.

The Sturgis (Michigan) Yearly Meeting, always a goodly gathering, will be held at the Free Church, Friday to Sunday, June 14th to 16th. Sessions each day and evening. Speakers: Mrs. Shepard Lillie, Mr. Moulton of Grand Rapids, G. B. Stebbins and several good mediums.

Mrs. Foye in Town.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged to give a public exhibition of her powers every Sunday evening in June at Martine's Hall, Indiana Ave. and 22nd Street. A small collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses.

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## Psychology As a Natural Science Applied to the Solution of OCCULT PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

BY

C

**Voices from the People.**  
AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

**THE BETTER PART.**

BY HARVEY REESE.

Better to know the truth, that maketh free,  
Than revel in the treasures of the dead;  
Better to open thine own eyes and see  
Than blindly trust to what men may have said.

Better than dreams of heaven's future bliss,  
Or phantom pictures of another life,  
It is to live thy future life in this—  
Bring heaven down into this vale of strife.

Better to touch with gentle hand a heart  
That hath been wounded in the shade of death,  
Than from the sinful turmoil stand apart  
And gaze enraptured and with bated breath.

Into a vision land that fancy weaves  
Beyond the clouds that deck eternity.  
Better than painting angels on the leaves  
Of book or sermon tale or hymn.

It is to show that angels walk the earth  
Clad in the flesh of pure humanity;  
To open well-springs in a land of dearth  
And prove man's strength in his infirmity.

—Twentieth Century.

**Children.**

NO. ONE.

Some of the deepest questions the present age can evolve, will be about our children: How shall we regard them, instruct them, do for them? What legacy shall we leave them when we emerge from the chrysalis of this body? Let us entertain a few thoughts in regard to these several questions. First, how shall we regard them? "The way of the Almighty giveth understanding."

Along the line of history man's conquering might has been passing from the basic stratum of brute physical force, manifested by the dominance of the strongest savage tribe, onward, to the supremacy of the most enlightened nation intellectually; and to-day we are witnessing a grand force of intelligence rallying to the side of moral supremacy; and who shall say it will be long before nations shall concede that the right of dominion shall labor in that one possessing the strongest moral center?

Until recently the struggle had been between nations and empires. There was no question about the place and ownership of women, children, dogs and horses, to the weaker among the servile position; but gradually the right to enslave weak nations has been acknowledged wrong, and the earth has heard the joyful shout of freedom for all races of every color.

No sooner is this question settled than before the soul of man appears another suppliant for freedom.

Woman knocks at the barred doors of God-given citadels of learning, and prays, ye demands admission.

While she kneels a petitioner, within her being is the two-edged sword of the spirit; and she kneels to conquer. God is restless with one-half of His divine nature enslaved. That which is made, possesses the material of that from which it is formed.

Is the feminine conception in the universe born of a male? Oh, no! The being whom we term father, presents to us a type of the perfect marriage, the equipoise of the male and female element, balanced, enthroned, within the Delfic person.

No divine action is expressed without the correlation of the father-mother in God, who presents the true universal condition, with the seed in itself.

Freedom for each and every center of life or motion to express its nature according to the laws of its incarnated forces; freedom for the ocean to roar, the rain to fall, the cat to catch her mouse, the bird to sing, the flower to bloom in its own infinite beauty, and give off its fragrance; freedom for the father and mother to radiate their natures into their home environment, and help God mold the souls of men.

"Can slavery be born of freedom? Would it be its legitimate offspring?" Can the parent be free and enslave his child? Thus, far off on the sun's horizon, appears another suppliant for freedom: childhood is beginning to stand with its innocent eyes lifted to our own upon our level. For the eyes of God give for the rays of purity and "freedom" and every eye created by His grace may reflect to some living light. Verily, we grow in the knowledge of God. Not all at once can our conception of certain freedom. Is the time so distant when to our understanding the child's birthright will be revealed, and he will be regarded by us as a free being, only to be guided, not dominated or enslaved? As has been said by the poet.

"Each pool reflects His perfect face."

Look, then, into the pool of the child's soul, and know that the great spring of the eternal bubbles in its depths. As the design of freedom works itself out in our consciousness, there may be other inspirations wafted to mankind; other incarnated life may plead, "Let us free."

When we become prepared to grant this full and rounded freedom to God's universe, we shall, perhaps, have ourselves attained such freedom from the supposed necessity of receiving support from an enslaved life, that we shall find revealed within us powers sufficient to bring us what we need; and take us where we will, through the free unbiased action of Delfic forces. Then animal life shall become to us a means of instruction and pleasure, through reciprocal association.

D. M.

**Truth in Contrariety.**

"There's not a vanity given in vain."—FOXE.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal: I desire to say through your columns that the deep plowing and thorough pulverizing that the field of "Psychic Research" is receiving at the hands of such men as Professors Buchanan, Cone, and Moore, inspires me with a hope of an abundant harvest of truth in the end. This idea further asserts itself in the fact that:

"Even mean self-love, by force divine,  
Becomes the scale to measure others' wants by thine."

I conclude that even jealousy or contemptible dissimulation, the malice of all mean things, has its legitimate place in human society, and its work to perform, and I am the more persuaded of the truth of that seemingly paradoxical statement of Pope's:

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance direction, which cannot see;

"All discord, harmony, not understood;

"All partial evil universal good.

And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."

And thus I go jogging along, searching for the best in all things, and find a heap to feed upon, "reaping truth from contradiction" and expect to realize by and the truth of the prophecy of Jesus, viz.: "There's nothing hid that shall not be revealed, nor secret that shall not be made known," and so, "fulfilling each great design," come to "know even as I am known," or "see myself as others see me" and thus be "saved from many a blunder and foolish notion." To this end I welcome the truth from any source whatever, whether branded "old" or "new," "sacred" or "profane."

J. B. CONE.

Union, Tex.

**Are They the Lost Tribes of Israel?**

When Stanley Africanus was in this country several years ago he gave it as his firm opinion that there is a white or light-colored people somewhere in the heart of Africa, and he entertained the preposterous notion that they might possibly be the lost tribes of Israel. He said that he had to plot the relations of such a people among the natives of the regions through which he had traveled, and who believed that they were still in existence. Livingstone himself entertained some fear about this matter, which he gathered during his wanderings, but he died without throwing any light upon it. We shall doubtless soon learn whether Stanley has found any during the last few years. Over a hundred years ago Swedenborg, the seer of Heaven and Hell, told of the existence of a civilized people in the unexplored parts of Africa, the spirits of some of whom he conversed with in the other world. The fact that spoke of these people as "Gentiles" might seem to exclude the idea of their being Jews, but the "Gentile" was used by him to describe men born in the Christian Church. It would be hard to tell at the lost tribes of Israel are in equatorial Africa, that none of their members have ever been away from it in the course of ages. It for news by Stanley.—New York

**Talk of the Town.**

There is a plain unlettered barber now working in this city who does all of the famous tricks of the dead "mind reader," Washington Irving Bishop, and performs them rapidly and well. His name is W. C. Palmer, and he works in a barbershop at 144 Racine Avenue.

Yesterday afternoon Palmer appeared at the evening News office and said that he could perform the wonderful feat with which Bishop astonished the members of the Lamb's Club a few moments before his death. This was a pretty bold claim to make, but Palmer insisted that, though he had no professional experience, he was possessed of the natural gifts which would enable him to duplicate all of the performances with which Bishop startled the world. Palmer, as will be explained later, says that there is no mind reading about the feat at all, and, in this respect, he agrees with a very large number of scientific men.

Mr. Palmer was taken into the Daily News library-room, and there, before a committee of three members of the editorial staff on the evening News, he justified the claims he had made. The feat which was performed a few moments before was explained was not represented by the Chairman in the following: He was led into an obscure corner of the library-room and blindfolded. In the meantime one of the committee selected a book which happened to be a copy of the Illinois statutes, and turning to page 250, picked out the word "Chicago," which was about midway down the page. The book was then closed and secreted. Taking a loose hold of the hand of the man who had selected the word, Palmer found his way straight to the book. Still blindfolded, the barber turned over the leaves, cautioning the newspaper man to think intently of the exact place at which the word was to be found. In a few moments he reached page 250. Here he stopped, and began groping down the page. A moment later his index finger rested at the identical word, "Chicago," which had been selected. Without knowing, of course, what the word was, and still holding the left hand of the man who had made the selection, Palmer wrote with a pencil the word "Chicago" on a piece of paper. The first letter "C" were perfect, though the last three were somewhat blurred. The word, however, was easily legible as a whole.

Taking hold of the hand of another member of the committee, Palmer told him to think intently of some name. With the bangle still over his eyes the performer then slowly traced the word "George," which was precisely the name in the mind of the newspaper man.

A map on which was scattered a lot of numbers then afforded another interesting test. One of the committee fixed his mind upon one of the numbers and lightly placed his hand on Palmer. The editor of the Daily News immediately pointed out the figure selected. The blindfold was still over his eyes. A peculiar mark, consisting of a cross inside a circle, was then placed on a piece of paper. It was roughly duplicated by Palmer. Articles were hidden in various parts of the room and the blindfolded man found them without the slightest hesitation, though he could not possibly have seen them placed in hiding.

A member of the committee threw himself into a certain pose, and then resumed his natural attitude. Palmer was then led in, still blindfolded, and joining to a subject to remember distinctly the pose assumed, he slowly adjusted the feet, arms, and head of the newspaper man, until the proper attitude had been struck. Several other equally interesting feats were performed, but they need not be recounted here. One of the members of the committee, who had witnessed a series of tests made by Bishop in the Daily News office several years ago, said that Palmer worked more rapidly than did the man whose feats he performs.

"How did you happen to discover your talents in this direction?" Palmer was asked.

"I can hardly say. I had seen a so-called mind reading performance one night, and on my way home I remarked to my wife that I believed I could do all those tricks we had seen. And I found that I could."

"Are you in a trance or hypnotized condition when giving a performance?"

"No, not at all. All that is nonsense. I am perfectly conscious and in a normal condition all that time. I can hardly tell how I do these things. Some people call it 'muscle-reading,' but that hardly explains it. When I take hold of the hand of some person who has secreted an object and lead him straight to that object there seems to be some mysterious power which takes me to the right spot. So in my other tests. Perhaps I receive some assistance from him which he is unconsciously giving.

At any rate, I do not see pictured in my mind the place where the article is hidden, and I do not believe there is anything in such theories. I do not think one can learn to do these things by any amount of practice. It must be a natural gift. Practice has not helped me a particle. I find I could do these things just as well the first day I tried them as I can now."—Chicago Daily News.

**Heaven Revised.**

This is a neat and interesting little volume whether or not we accept the author's explanation as to its origin. Mrs. Drinker says she did not think out plan or plot the narrative and the ideas were not gathered from various sources. It is the belief that she wrote through unseen assistance, but hesitates to ask others to endorse this belief. She truly says it is "difficult to draw the line between one's own thoughts and impressions and those which result from inspiration from higher (other) sources." Even if the inspiration comes from higher sources, we have to accept the statements on faith until our own personality and consciousness has had like experiences. Until then we cannot really know.

Your reviewer thinks "There are as many heavens as there are souls at rest," and we scarcely know or realize from the written description of others just what heaven or the now unseen universe really is. Even Swedenborg got tangled in the labyrinth of the astral world, but he wrote many beautiful, interesting and valuable things notwithstanding. Heaven Revised is a somewhat radical departure from the orthodox idea of that locality. It is a grateful change from the meaningless and extravagant typical heaven as portrayed by the Rev. Dr. Talmage, for instance. It is this practical foundation which, perhaps as much as anything, attracts and holds one's attention from introduction to close of Heaven Revised. Very much is given in a few words. Topics treated are Death, The Grave and Resurrection, Day of Judgment, Into the Depths; Work, Knowledge, Wisdom; A Great Multitude, Fit Temples for Holy Spirits, The Field is the World. The lesson taught is that we make our own heaven, gravitate to the sphere or place for which we are fitted; are tried, judged and sentenced by our own acts and not by any arbitrary power. Sowing and reaping are clearly set forth; our relations with other personalities explained; the grand work of lifting those unfortunate who are below us to higher planes, even as we are also lifted and inspired by those still more exalted than ourselves, is treated in a comprehensive manner.

It makes a very good Spiritualistic tract. I confess from the last pages: "Spiritualism is the religion of personal responsibility, of never-dying hope, and eternal progress." It is the religion which meets every need in every trial of life, and meets life to the highest knowledge of truth within their hearts and greater worth than shall be given them. Knowledge of the spirit is the fountain of living waters.

If all Spiritualists could only practice as well as they can preach what a beautiful thing it would be; but the word brings up disappointing and painful reflections and visions which almost obscure the Good and the truth which lies above and beyond.

Well, Christianity has had its fields of carnage, the stake and inquisition, and more human blood has flowed from religious impulsion than from any other cause. It has taught a lesson; from the blackness of credulity and superstition has arisen a noble Christian faith which comes from the heart and not from plenary inspiration. When to the doctrines of the humble Nazarene is added the knowledge of continued existence and the philosophy thereof contained it will be a glorious time. In this great work such books as Heaven Revised and others issued from the Religious-Philosophical Publishing House are designed to play an important part. We do not wish to say the public will be disappointed in Heaven Revised.—Health and Home.

L. H. Warner writes: I have been a subscriber ever since the JOURNAL has been published, and shall continue just as long as it is the standard bearer of truth, light and knowledge. I admire the course you have been pursuing, and think all true Spiritualists should sustain you and help to increase the circulation of the JOURNAL tenfold at least.

**Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychical Science.**

NO. ONE.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

Having been an interested reader at times, for weeks past, of Brother Tuttle's excellent book entitled as above, I am moved to invite special attention to it. It is a book for the times, fully up to the advance of modern thought, illuminated by that light which seems to be bursting upon us in these "atter-days" with such ful and glorious measure. The first prominent point that strikes us is the brilliant comprehensiveness of the title. Mrs. Crow gave us "Foot-Falls on the Boundary of Another World," "The Debatable Land," and other works, for which the world may well be grateful to him, and if reward for faithful service be in the divine order, he doubtless is even now reaping his appropriate recompence. But may we not pause and say to him: dear elder brother, you're not so timid "Foot Falls," but the firm tread of a brave and thoughtful explorer after the truth which you spread out before an appreciative generation that received them to their profit. The title to your "Debatable Land," a volume superlatively excellent in its facts and reasoning, was too narrow for its real grasp.

Even the "History of the Supernatural" from the hand of the amiable and excellent Howitt,—volumes of rare research—has grown to be a misnomer, in that age that owns no supernatural. Several other well writers might be added to but none have chosen a name so comprehensive at least not more so than "Studies in the Field of Soul Science" for that is the way I like to write it. The words lie around us every hour of our work-a-day lives from infancy to age. They sport with us in the sunshine, they are beside us in all our toils, wherein the labor of love is never lost. Every bursting bud and blooming flower is an out-speaking "study" from an inner-soul life; every bird-song is a communication of the eternal harmonies of the infinite spirit.

"Outlying fields" Ay, where lie they not?

Not only does every soul, as its pulses radiate waves through your "Psychic Ether," as it receives through the same the ceaseless throbings of the great "central soul," not only does such become studies demanding our deepest thought; not only does every death scene at which the departing soul opens its eyes to a more or less clear sight of the coming "verities," not only does every dream from the sleeping pillow yield us a readable lesson on soul-nature; but so does the earth itself, as it rolls in obedience to the law-guided soul-force of the divine cosmos. It (the earth) becomes instinct with organized life through that kindred psychic force which seethes and burns in the sun's furnace of flame; yes; at and beyond the remotest star lie the fields of "Psychic Science." They are everywhere, and throughout the extended lives of the angelic hosts will be found "Studies" springing up in these infinite fields, whereupon they may feed their high aspirations towards wisdom, yet more and more all-comprehensive.

Think you not then, that Brother Tuttle must have been allowed a glimpse into the "University Library" of the Summer-land, and chosen thence a title for his book from the seeming volumes thereon displayed—a title that can never grow old or superseded until

"The sun grows cold."

And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold,—whenever that far distant mystical time may come? I do not offer this as an "earnest" of future tediousness. It "whistled itself." I know, Brother B., how you love the "short and sweet," and will go on to touch upon the salient points of the book, in a few numbers more, briefly as may be.

J. G. JACKSON.

P. S. How about that visit to the "Summer-land" in the JOURNAL of the 11th? Is it not too elegant to be true? Is it not an extravagant conceit, sporting through the gay young woman's dream? What has gone with all this "mortification of the flesh;" this "no cross no crown;" this "vanity of vanities, saith the preacher;" this "pride of the age" and "lusts of the flesh" which so permeate the theologies of the past, that if gentlemanly owner of a "Summer-Land Villa" finds it proper to spend so much of his time and spiritual strength in getting ready to please the fancy of his lady-love? Would not less have done to serve her needs and a little spreading out of the love-element, in working for the afflicted millions of this and other worlds, have shown a better mixture of wisdom with the love?

What is the use of laughing at the old chap who prayed, "Lord bless me and my wife, my son and his wife, four and no more," if one fine fellow (English, I guess) can so pile up "the beatitudes" for himself and his darling, with no effort for his fellowmen apparent? If tell you there is a "screw loose" somewhere. Possibly the outcome will be that all these beautiful things that accumulated, must turn to dross on his and her hands unless made to fit the demands of a more universal love and reverence.

One thing I do like, however. Our "Castellan" keeps his pets and makes them happy. We have "cats" and other pets here and are bound to have them "over there." Brother Tuttle to the contrary notwithstanding, I intend somehow to twist them out of a "spiral" into a "circle," if he can prove that is necessary for their continued life. He and I will have a tussle on that question some of these days.

J. G. J.

**PERPETUAL MOTION.**

**A Georgia Man's Successful Machine-Information Acquired in a Vision.**

Perpetual motion has at last been invented and a Morgan county man is the inventor. He is a well-doer farmer of the northern portion of this county, but at present he declines giving his name to the public. The facts as gathered by a Macon correspondent of The Atlanta Constitution are as follows: About three years ago the gentleman in question became discouraged by several bad crop years and decided to try the far west as a farming country. He went to Texas and from there to Kansas, and finally to Indian Territory. While in the territory he became very much disengaged, and at the night, after a day of fruitless toil, he lay down with a heavy heart. He was so thoroughly disengaged that he prayed that he might die, and his life was a failure. In this condition he dropped off to sleep. About midnight he was aroused by a voice which spoke to him in a clear, distinct tone as ever man heard, telling him to cheer up, as a fortune awaited him.

"How can I make a fortune?" he said.

"You can invent perpetual motion," said the voice.

He could not see the owner of the voice, but he heard it as plainly as he ever did a human voice. He was thoroughly awakened by this strange occurrence, and for some time he lay awake, tossing upon his pillow, thinking of what lay in store for him.

Finally he dozed off again, and as he dreamed a vision appeared before him and in this vision he beheld

**Heaven Revised.**

This work is from the press of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, Ill., and is a neatly printed pamphlet of 101 pages, divided up into ten chapters. It is extremely interesting reading, and teaches many important truths concerning post mortem life, in a manner at once direct, simple and convincing. The narrative is graphic, the incidents move naturally, and, in spite of its other-worldliness, there is a rationality about it that is extremely satisfactory to those who judge all such subjects intellectually, rather than intuitively. Mrs. Duffey says that in "her own belief," "Heaven Revised" was written "inspirationally" and after she had been but a year "converted" to our cause. The sub-title of the book is "A Narrative of Personal Experiences after Death," and in the opinion of the writer, it ought to have a wide reading, for it deserves it fully.—*J. T. Morse, in Carter Dove.*

**Heaven Revised.**

Mrs. Sturte Phebe's celebrated book, "The Gates Ajar," finds a worthy companion volume in Mrs. E. B. Duffey's "Heaven Revised." It is a very remarkable narrative, purporting to be the experiences in spirit-life of a lady who once lived here. Mrs. Duffey relates the singular circumstances under which it was written. She lives in Barton, Florida, and her work—if it be hers—is published in a 25-cent pamphlet of 100 pages, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Company, Chicago. She says of this writer, "It ought to have a wide reading, for it deserves it fully.—*J. T. Morse, in Carter Dove.*

**Heaven Revised.**

Mrs. Sturte Phebe's celebrated book, "The Gates Ajar," finds a worthy companion volume in Mrs. E. B. Duffey's "Heaven Revised." It is a very remarkable narrative, purporting to be the experiences in spirit-life of a lady who once lived here. Mrs. Duffey relates the singular circumstances under which it was written. She lives in Barton, Florida, and her work—if it be hers—is published in a 25-cent pamphlet of 100 pages, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Company, Chicago. She says of this writer, "It ought to have a wide reading, for it deserves it fully.—*J. T. Morse, in Carter Dove.*

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VOL. XLVI.

No. 17

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE "THEOSOPHIST" AND CHRISTIANITY.

In our last number we printed a letter signed "A Christian," which contained a criticism to which an answer was promised. That promise we shall now endeavor to keep.

Although ostensibly a criticism on the "Theosophist," our correspondent does not confine his strictures to this Magazine. The "you," with which he begins, becomes "you Theosophists" in the body of his letter, and he brings Lucifer and The Path into court by naming them specifically.

We object to being saddled with the responsibility of the shortcomings of others, and we refuse to be forced into the position of defender or champion of Theosophists in general; and since an attempt to discriminate between the cases in which our correspondent uses the pronoun "you" in a particular sense, and those in which he employs it in a general one, would result in a fragmentary answer to his criticisms, we shall rely in general terms to his accusation that the "Theosophist" is unjust to Christianity, and unfair to the Christian clergy in India,—a course which is all the more allowable on account of the comparatively trivial character of the instances he mentions. "A Christian" was perhaps afraid of being offensive by putting his grievances too strongly, but it may be safely said that any Theosophist with sufficient imagination to put himself for the time being in the Christian stand-point, could easily draw up an imaginary bill of indictment much more formidable than that formulated by "A Christian."

Had our correspondent, however, made his criticism twenty times as strong, had he embodied in it accusations of all the deadly sins, our reply to be at all satisfactory, could hardly have been other than that which we shall proceed to make now, and that reply is that we—and we believe "we Theosophists" also—wish and endeavor to deal with absolute and impartial justice towards all religions, and that it is not our fault, but the fault of Christianity itself, that it feels a sting in what we say or do, when other faiths feel none. It is Christianity, in fact, that is unjust to Theosophy, and unfair to Theosophists; and it suffers, and will suffer, in consequence. If it seems to Christians that they or their religion are the victims of injustice and unfairness at the hands of Theosophy or Theosophists, it is because they do not understand the true circumstances of the case, and the real position of the parties.

It is matter of common knowledge that Christianity is the only religion which shows enmity to Theosophy. Hindus, Buddhists, Parsees, Mahomedans, Jews, and votaries of every other religion, when they are not actively friendly, are passive; but from the first the Christian clergy have been the deadly, unscrupulous and irreconcilable enemies of Theosophy, and to the utmost extent of their little powers the bitter and cruel slanderers and persecutors of Theosophists. "A Christian" tells us we should in fairness "baste the goose with the same sauce as we baste the gander;" this is precisely what Theosophy does, and what the Theosophical Society has always done. The cry of the Theosophical Society has been all along the same: "Study your own religion;" "Study your own nature;" "Let each religion purify its own doctrines;" "Let each man purify his own heart and life." Whatever offence we may have given to Christians, must lie in the fact that we have called upon them, equally with the followers of other faiths, to purify their religion. It would seem, indeed, that doing this is the root of our whole offence.

If any proof be wanted that we have been, and are impartial, and that the cause of offense adheres in Christianity, not in us, that proof is afforded by the declared Objects of the Society. None of those Objects offend other religions; why should they offend Christianity? No other religiousists feel themselves attacked by them; why should Christians? Our first Object is the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood; does the recognition of human brotherhood attack Christianity more than any other religion?

Our second Object is to promote the study of Eastern religions, philosophies and sciences; do those studies attack Christianity? Our third Object is the investigation of the powers in nature and in man at present unrecognized by science; does the investigation of those powers attack Christianity? Surely the Objects of the Society, which it is the endeavor of the "Theosophist" to promote, threaten Christianity only on the supposition that it is dependent for its continued existence upon ignorance and enmity.

The study of the religious philosophies and sciences of the East, and the investigation of the unrecognized powers in nature and in man, threaten with destruction the superstitions in Hinduism and Buddhism, just as much as those in Christianity. Every "arrow" fired by Theosophy at the malignant growths of priest-made dogma and priest-made law, hits all other religions as well as Christianity, and hits them hard too.

How is it, then, that Hindus and Buddhists, Parsees and Mahomedans, regard Theosophists as friends, while Christians look upon them as enemies? There can be no other answer to this question than that every religion, except Christianity, recognizes the necessity of purifying itself from the superstitious growths of later times. They wish to get rid of the scaffolding and the lath and plaster facades which generations of ecclesiastics have erected around the original edifice of their religions, while Christians desire to preserve the scaffolding and lath and plaster intact.

Now, what will explain the extraordinary fact that Christianity, while knowing and even acknowledging its wide departure from its original standard, so far from showing any disposition to return to its primitive and genuine form, regards any one as its enemy, whether he be within its pale or an outsider, who attempts to purify it of its adulteration? How is it that Christians ignore the facts brought to light by modern research, which prove that the religion now called Christianity is not that of its Founder, or of the early Christians? How is it that whereas Hindus and Buddhists look upon those as friends of their religions and of religion generally, who urge them to the elimination of foreign and erroneous interpretations, and to the discarding of unauthorized customs and ecclesiastical impositions, Christians regard the same persons as the enemies of their religion, and of all religion, when they urge the same things on them?

When any one remembers the loud professions of love for the truth and horror of superstition in which Christians habitually indulge, this objection to the clearing away of the incrassations of ecclesiasticism is surely very strange. If they love truth and hate superstition, why should Christians feel such enmity towards those whose watchword is "Cling to the truth and banish superstition?" The reason is not far to seek. It is evident to any one who has studied modern Christendom, that when Christians use the word "truth," they employ it in a technical sense and mean thereby their own beliefs. Christianity and truth are for them convertible terms. In a similar way, they give a technical sense to the word "superstition"—it means in their vocabulary the religious beliefs of all non-Christians. This employment of the *petitio principii* is, of course, not a singularity of Christians; it is common in a greater or less degree to all religions. There is, however, this peculiarity in its employment by Christianity, that "the truth" means the current Christianity of the day, and "superstition" means the ideas of those who at any time or in any place did or do not believe in 19th Century Christianity. With other religions "the truth" may designate only the particular religion of the person who uses the term, but it means that religion in former times as well as now, whereas even the Fathers of the Church are regarded by many Christians as ignorant, and grossly credulous men, and the Christianity of the Middle Ages is now looked upon as a mass of superstition. Christianity is, in fact, regarded as a growth which, as it develops, becomes more perfect and more true. Sometimes it grows by the addition of new dogmas, as in the Church of Rome; sometimes it grows by fission, as when fresh sects are added to Protestantism through new readings and fanciful interpretations of the Bible.

It is, therefore, with Christianity as it is with modern science—current opinion is "truth," and the fact that any opinion is, or is not, "received" is the criterion of its truthfulness. Anything added to Christianity, like the immaculate conception of the Virgin, becomes true as soon as it is "accepted"; anything taken from it, like post-apostolic miracles, becomes false as soon as it is "rejected." "The truth" of yesterday is not "the truth" of to-day, according to Christians, nor will "the truth" of to-day be true to-morrow; those Christians who have discarded the belief in endless hell are beginning to assert that that dogma is not "part of Christianity,"—not because they recognize it as a departure from the ideas of Jesus or the primitive Christians, but because the 19th Century has "accepted" the idea that eternal punish-

ment is not just, and ought therefore to be abolished. According to modern Christians the proof of the genuineness of the coin is the fact that it passes current; and it is natural enough that if a brass farthing be accepted by every one as a sovereign, it is only an exceedingly meddlesome and disagreeable person who would want to have it tested by a goldsmith.

We all know that one of the most disastrous things that can happen to the commerce and revenues of a nation is the debasement of its coinage. All over the world to-day the fact is becoming acknowledged that the spiritual coinage has been debased; and almost every other religion but the Christian is preparing to reform its coinage by bringing its standards back to what they originally were. The one great question with them all is: "What are the real ideas expressed in our sacred books, and the true doctrine of the founders of our religions?" Modern Hindus and modern Buddhists acknowledge that their religions as popularly represented to the multitudes to-day are no longer pure and unadulterated; and Christians know with even greater certainty that 19th Century Christianity, in each and every of its forms, is not the religion of Jesus. Christians know that their religion has been changed and corrupted even better than the Hindus and the Buddhists know the same thing of theirs, because comparative theology, and philosophical and other criticism of their sacred books, are now far more advanced and perfect with Christians than in the case of other religions.

The reason of this apathy is plain. The Christian Churches know now very well indeed that any attempt to purify 19th Century Christianity, by bringing it back to what it was in apostolic days, would be to reform it out of existence. The churches are perfectly aware of the fact, for the simple reason that the work which their own members ought to have done in the interests of reformation, has been accomplished by others in the shape of criticism. During the last century, and notably during the last twenty-five years, the origin of Christianity has been thoroughly exposed. The circumstances that gave rise to it have been traced in detail; its early struggles noted; its gradual changes recorded; the first appearance and subsequent growth of its dogmas and doctrines patiently studied and minutely described.

Not only has all that has been done, but its embryology, anatomy and physiology have been compared with those of other religions; its family likenesses to these religions observed, and its relationships made out. It has been shown how much Christianity has adopted from this or that older religion, or this or that older cosmogony. From what it copied its organization; when and where it collected the miscellaneous pamphlets that form its Bible; whence it took its festivals and ceremonies; where it stole its liturgies and rituals, its church architecture, its vestments and its sacred paraphernalia.

Christianity stands before the world to-day thoroughly and completely "explained." The churches know this fact, but they pretend to ignore it. There is not a Christian, lay or clerical, that is not aware that he could procure through his bookseller a catalogue of books in which the divine origin of Christianity is completely disproved, and every step in its progress is laid bare and shown to be indisputably due to purely natural causes. And Christians also know that these books have not been written by rascals and scoffers, but by men generally of intense earnestness, of profound learning, of deep piety, and often of extraordinary ability—men who have, moreover, often devoted a life-time of study and research to their subjects. The churches know more than this. They know that there is not an article in the Christian creed which has not been analyzed by reason and logic, and tested by the canons of morality and justice, and they know that the result of this examination, made by men as religions and at least as intelligent as themselves, is the utter condemnation of the central ideas of their religion—an angry God and vicarious atonement—as being contrary to every fact in nature, and every better aspiration of the human heart, and in the present stage of man's enlightenment, absurd, preposterous and blasphemous propositions. In a word, the churches know that there is not the slightest necessity for them to search behind the scaffolding and beneath the lath and plaster in order to find out what is there; nor to send their coin to the goldsmith to learn of what metal it is made, for these things have been already done. The churches have got the goldsmith's analysis and the mason's report before them, and these say that the piece of money they solemnly pass from hand to hand as the price of salvation, is no golden sovereign but a brazen farthing, and that below the scaffolding and the lath and plaster there is concealed no noble edifice of marble, but merely walls of mud which have been cemented with blood and tears, and hardened in the fires of hatred and persecution.

It has now become pretty evident why Christianity does not appreciate the advice to study the meaning of its own doctrines and purify itself from the malignant incrassations left upon it of scheming ecclesiastics, and why it looks with anything but a friendly eye upon those who exhort it to do so. Unlike other modern exoteric religions, it is not a degeneration from a once pure form of faith, which itself was the popular exposition of a deeply philosophic esoteric religion. Modern Christianity knows that any bona fide inquiry into its origin would

result in death to all the Christian churches of to-day. Its central dogmas and vital doctrines would dissolve and be washed away during the process of purification, and it is a knowledge of that fact which made the Christian clergy instinctively assume from the first the position of deadly foes to Theosophy, and of bitter enemies to the Theosophical Society. That is the reason why the very same things that to other religions are health-giving remedies are to the 19th Century Christianity deadly poison. That is the reason why the *Theosophist* and every exponent of Theosophy must, by the simple necessities of the case, appear to Christians to be guilty of prejudice on one side and favoritism on the other, although in every case the attitude of Theosophists is precisely the same to every person and to every religion.

But must this enmity continue? Will Christians be for ever the foes of Theosophists? We answer emphatically, No. There is such a thing as true Christianity—the real religion of Jesus. Between this Christianity and Theosophy there is complete sympathy and perfect understanding. Between the religions of Jesus, of Buddha, of Zoroaster, and of the Veda, there is in reality a blood relationship, for they have got a common parent, the Wisdom-Religion of prehistoric times. The religion of Jesus, however, is not to be found in 19th Century Christianity, at least if it be, then the churches of to-day do not recognize its presence, for if they did so, they would have no fear to remove the lath and plaster they at present dread to touch. In one sense it certainly is there still, for it is the hidden vein of gold that has run through Christianity in every age, and enabled it to fill its place as a religion in the world and in the hearts of men; for this hidden vein of gold is nothing else than the "logia" and the life of Jesus, which have during all the centuries kept Christianity alive in spite of the horrible doctrines and cruelties of the priests.

It is the words of Jesus and the record of his life that have been the beautiful soul that has ever struggled to animate the hideous body of priest-made doctrine and dogma which is now known as the Christian religion. But at the present day the ideas and wishes of Jesus are the last things to which the churches turn, and they have almost ceased to influence the lives of 19th Century Christians. The spirit of Jesus has fled from modern Christianity, only its name remains, together with a few mechanically repeated words and phrases from which all life has departed. No one would be believed to-day who ventured to assert that the churches now take the commands of Jesus seriously, or make the slightest attempt to carry them into practice. No church could try to do so and remain orthodox, no church that succeeded in doing so would be recognized as a Christian church at all.

Although the Churches are deaf to their Master's voice, and blind to the example of his life, and although 19th Century Christianity is spiritually little better than the decomposing corpse of a once living medieval religion, there are individuals and congregations that still cling to the name of Christianity, but have ventured to look through the barred windows of orthodoxy, and seeing the sunbeams beyond have dared to struggle out of their spiritual prisons. These men have found that while the Churches have refused to recognize the possibility of any change in the religious ideas of the world, a great change has actually taken place. They have found that the current of religious thought has flowed all round the Churches and extended far beyond them, leaving them in the midst of the water like the last island remains of a sinking continent. They have found that those who have investigated Christianity and laid bare its origin, its history and its real nature, have not wasted their time in the thankless work of trying to persuade the Churches to open their eyes to the facts of to-day; but have continued their onward journey.

They have found that while 19th Century Christianity has been engaged in building Churches and repeating litanies, and going through empty forms and ceremonies, and squabbling over dead-letter interpretations, the intellectual, philosophic, and scientific worlds have been searching for spiritual truth—searching everywhere, earnestly, fearlessly, enthusiastically, for a solution of the great problems of existence. They have found that these searchers for truth, whether they be animated by a purely intellectual and philosophic or by a religious spirit, no more dream of looking in the babel of modern Christianity for the answer to the riddles of life, than they would dream of searching for it in the babble of an infant school,—that, in fact, they have almost forgotten the very existence of modern Christian doctrines. Such men as these, men who break off their chains and escape from the vaults of the Church, find themselves carried along by the current of modern thought, and breathing a free air, they feel themselves born again of the spirit. Then they turn to the words and life of Jesus as the vehicle which habit has made natural for them for the expression and realization of their spiritual aspirations; and the teachings of that Master, now understood by them and brought to life in their hearts, are the foundation natural to them on which they build a new religion of love and hope for humanity and of adoration for the unknown power that "clothed in its ever invisible robes" sits upon the throne of the universe.

These are the so-called Neo-Christians of to-day. Their number is rapidly increasing, and, since by the law of their existence they

are far more intellectually and spiritually active than those who remain in the Churches, their power and influence in the world is increasing in even a faster rate than their numbers. It is doubtful whether the name "Neo-Christian" will be finally adopted by the new and fast growing body, for the word "Christian" has for themselves associations of an unpleasant as well as of a pleasant character; and orthodox Christians deny the right of the Neo-Christians to call themselves Christians at all. In America and in France the name of Buddhist seems to be more in favor, since Christ and Buddha are believed to have taught the same doctrine; but Buddhism is an exoteric religion, and it is doubtful whether the name is really applicable, and whether the Buddhists would not drown the new body equally with the Christians. "Esoteric Buddhists" is an appellation frequently adopted in America, but this is merely a name given to Theosophists by the American newspaper press, upon the supposition that Mr. Sinnett's book, called "Esoteric Buddhism," is for Theosophists a kind of Bible. Whatever be the name by which they may eventually be known, these Neo-Christians belong to the Theosophical movement, and will be absorbed into it as soon as the parties in the coming great war between Spirit and Letter in Religion become more clearly defined. We acknowledge the Neo-Christians as our brothers but we do not ask them to call themselves "Theosophists," if they do not voluntarily adopt the title—they will be glad enough to do so by and by.

Our correspondent, "A Christian," ought by this time to understand that any objection which the "Theosophist" might have to Christians calling upon the name of God through Jesus Christ our Lord," would be founded solely upon the nature of that call. If the call is like those which Buddhists make upon their Lord, Gautama Buddha—a call for enlightenment and help for all suffering creatures—most certainly the "Theosophist" would be the last to object to it. If, however, the call to God be to show his power and mercy by destroying the heathen and scatter the "Theosophist" for Christ's sake, we decidedly disapprove of the proceeding. Nor would the "Theosophist" attempt to prevent Christians of whatever kind from saying "Christ" as freely as Hindus say "Krishna," or Buddhists say "Buddha," more especially if they use the name, as "A Christian" says, "to express the same spiritual idea. All we object to is that Christians should attempt to make Hindus or Buddhists say "Christ" when they prefer to say "Krishna" or "Buddha."

And now a word about the Christian clergy in India, to whom "A Christian" supposes we mean to show disrespect by calling them "Missionaries." In this idea he is wrong; we call them missionaries, because they call themselves so, and are proud of the title. If the name has acquired a connotation of an uncomplimentary kind, it does not owe that misfortune to Theosophists. The Christian missionaries in India occupy a curious and difficult position and great allowance should be made for their shortcomings. They are frequently very estimable men, and generally come to India with the best of intentions. They do an educational work of great value to the country, but the utility of which might be far greater were it not for their craze to make converts. There is something mean and immoral in taking advantage of the earnest desire of the Hindus and Buddhists for schooling, to give their children an hour's obligatory instruction every day in the Christian doctrine. In one respect we regret this craze to make converts—because it greatly lessens the good the missionaries might do to the common people of India as instructors and civilizers. In another respect we are far from sorry about it—because it reduces their religious influence and makes their doctrines despised and disliked by the Hindu population. Unfortunately the contempt and aversion with which they are regarded are frequently personal—which is much to be regretted, and in many instances does a great injustice to the missionary. The excuse must be that the Bindu has not yet learned to distinguish the man from the ecclesiastic, and does not perceive that an angel out of heaven, who was pledged to the service of an intolerant and unscrupulous religion, could not be other than an object of aversion and contempt if he were true to his calling.

As to any desire on the part of the "Theosophist" to gloat over the misdeeds of the missionaries, "A Christian" is curiously mistaken; but his error seems to be shared by a considerable number of persons; for clippings from newspapers, as well as manuscript accounts of the sins of the clergy are occasionally sent to the "Theosophist" from all parts of the world with a view to their publication, and they are generally sent by strangers, and almost always accompanied by names and addresses, should we be disposed to investigate the truth of the narratives. We know, however, from our own experience that there are some bad eggs in every basket, and cruelly and unjustly as the Christian clergy have treated us, we have no desire to retaliate.

It would be strange indeed if, as a rule, the "Theosophist" felt anything at bottom but indifference to the doings of the missionaries. Many of the doctrines they promulgate under the name of Christianity it abhors and attacks, and the methods they frequently follow it considers immoral and contemptible; but these things are hardly the fault of the men themselves, and, if the truth were told, many a missionary would be heartily glad to be allowed to be tolerant and

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws end to help one in the conduct of life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY B. F. LIVINGSTON.

1. My parents were Presbyterians. I have always been a free thinker, partly owing to the influence of an older brother, now deceased, who read Paine's "Age of Reason," which, as mother said, "All upset him," and he in turn "upset me."

2. I have been a Spiritualist since 1859.

3. The main cause that thoroughly convinced me of the continuity of life beyond the grave and of the intercommunication between the two worlds, was a circumstance, very peculiar in its character, which occurred at Olney, Richland county, Ill., in 1859. I was then a young lawyer, just admitted to the bar, and had but little practice; the routine of office study being tiresome and stale, led me to look for something more exciting. About that time Prof. or Dr. Burrows, the psychologist and phrenologist, gave a course of lectures in the court house, and I attended, and being a young man from another State, and a stranger comparatively, the committee selected me as one of the subjects to have his "head felt," as they used to say. Being timid I was loth to go on the stand until the Doctor urged me, and assured me that I had nothing to fear; as the boys nowadays would say, "My head would not give me away." I feared that some trick or joke was in waiting for me; but all the house urged me so, so I must and did; and that little circumstance I deem the hinge upon which happiness and in some measure a useful life has been swung. The Doctor gave me a good head, and assured me that I was a mesmerist of no ordinary capacity, and proved it, that and subsequent nights of his course, by turning his subjects over to me to operate on; and the result was, I got up a club of my friends, after the Doctor's course was concluded, to continue the experiments in psychology. We looked up sensitives or subjects, and had regular meetings for practice and experimenting, and accomplished more wonderful things than I have ever read or heard of, although I supposed at the time that they were commonplace psychological achievements. After we had continued our meetings for a few months, one evening, while I was demonstrating to the class with a very fine psychological subject, Samuel C. Snyder, we had the following wonderful experience:

After Sam, had been put into the mesmeric sleep, I repeatedly willed him to think a piece of ping tobacco a lump of maple sugar, when he would eat it with as great avidity as though it was. Remarkable to say, he seemingly could eat any quantity of it and not experience the least inconvenience, although I would not allow him to eat much fearing it might injure him. Water would make him drunk if so willed it; or sugar would burn his mouth like red pepper. By my will I could paralyze his hands, feet, or any other part of his body until there was no feeling in them, which the class repeatedly proved by thrusting pins and needles into them. In short, I could make him see or believe anything I willed him to; or could will him to believe himself another, or a horse or anything else. And here may we not conclude that one-half of poor humanity to-day believe, think and act the unconscious willings of others? To me during profound thought this is a reality that calls for great charity; otherwise I am peevish and fault finding, and bitter in my denunciation of frauds, cheats, swindlers, liars and thieves.

On this particular evening while Sam., this boy of sixteen summers, was completely under my mesmeric influence, and while all independent volition was suspended, during which he could not move a muscle if I forbade it, in the midst of my most perfect autocracy over his mind and body, all at once, like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, he jumped almost to the ceiling and gave the most ear-splitting warwhoop I ever heard. He could not be stillled. His will power failed to quiet him. At first I thought him bereft of reason, a veritable madman, and that I had ruined the widow Snyder's oldest son and support. Imagine my feelings!

Soon I found that there was method in the shape of remarkable intelligence in this seeming madness, that was to be a new era, an epoch, in my life history, for after the first paroxysms of the wild savage warwhoops had subsided he quieted down; and the Indian chief who purported to control, said that his friend, a pale face that he had killed in Texas sixteen years before, a western school teacher, was ready to talk. This school teacher then made a most exhorting appeal in behalf of the poor "red man," using very fine language, much above the vocabulary of his medium, and pointed to many historical facts outside the mastery of any of the class, myself included, but afterwards corroborated by research.

Sam, an illiterate boy, born and reared in an interior town in Illinois, little education and no inclination to read or study, never having been out of Richland county, proved on this and subsequent occasions, to be a veritable encyclopedia. When asked by Prof. Mace, Principal of the high school at Olney, on a subsequent evening, to give the chemical constituents of water, he responded correctly with wonderful alacrity. Thorough catechising proved him almost a prince in chemistry. The professor was astounded, for he knew the boy to be very illiterate. He knew the "philosophy of familiar things," as far as tested, perfectly, and some of the mysteries of deep-sea soundings afterwards verified by Agassiz were familiarly explained in a terse and precise manner as Alfred R. Wallace would do. He gave me a new idea on gravitation which would be creditable to Faraday.

A spirit, John Kelley, an Irishman, who landed in New York from an emigrant ship June 24th, 1841, gave a brief history of his life from and after the date of so landing. The poor Irishman's simple, plain story was very interesting, and enlisted my sympathy greatly. He tells of his first work opening oysters and his subsequent promotion to serving them to guests, and his being entrusted to making change, and of his keeping back some of the same, for which his employer discharged him. Then of his enlistment in the U. S. Navy, and of his being struck on the head by a midshipman for some saucy language, and of his lying in the hospital with a fractured skull, for a

long time; then of his convalescing period and his desertion and shipment on board an American whaler, and of his being drowned, and of his body sinking in deep water.

The poor Irishman's confession seemed to master his great regrets and relieve him from some of his burthen of guilt.

I had other and still more wonderful experiences with this remarkable boy medium, which space will not allow me to follow up.

The foregoing is intended as answers to 1st, 2nd and 3rd interrogations; as to the 4th, I am at a loss to select; but my dear spirit brother standing by my side, says:

"Write about my being wounded at Belmont, Mo."

In 1862, at the time our forces were engaged with the rebels at Belmont, Mo., I was at Cape Girardeau, Mo. My two brothers, Robert and William, were in another regiment, 22d Illinois, in Gen. Ogleby's brigade, at Cairo. Gen. Plummer was ordered to march west to the White Water, forty miles, and make a junction with Gen. Ogleby's command, which he did. I did not go, being ordered to remain in charge of the post at the Cape. This I very much regretted on account of missing a chance of seeing my brothers, from whom I had been long separated. Two days after the march, early in the morning, before breakfast, I went to the boarding quarters from my post, for my breakfast, and to see my wife and two children, who were then visiting me. As soon as I entered the room, my eldest girl, seven years old, became entranced and said that a part of our army had met and fought the rebels at Belmont, Mo., the day before, and that our loss was heavy; that my brother William was among the wounded; that he was shot through the right thigh; about eight inches below the hip-joint; that the ball had struck the femoral bone, but not breaking it.

I could not understand how my brothers could be in that battle when two days before I had known them as belonging to Ogleby's brigade, then in conjunction with Plummer on the White River, over one hundred miles north-west from Belmont; but it turned out correct, and the "missing link" was explained when I learned that the 22d Illinois had been transferred to Logan's brigade which went down the Mississippi in transports to Belmont the day Ogleby's brigade and Plummer's marched to the White River.

A courier arrived the night after my spirit message came, informing us of the battle, and that our dead and wounded fell into the hands of the rebels. My spirit informant said that my brother was not in the hands of the enemy. On the return of Gen. Plummer, I got leave of absence, and went to Cairo and found my brother in the hospital wounded, as stated through my little girl. He had been carried by the other brother and some comrades for half a mile on their retreat and safely placed on our transport boats.

The little girl also said, whilst thus entranced, that a friend of mine was also wounded; that a ball struck him on the right side of the forehead, breaking and carrying away part of the skull. She said he was an officer. I found that my friend from boyhood, Major McClerkin, of the 22d Illinois, wounded as described, and from which he died a few days later. Brother William survived that wound, but got another at Stone River, which left him so exposed for over twenty-four hours that he took the pneumonia; the inflamed left lung grew to his ribs, tying it down, causing his death some years afterwards by its being suddenly torn loose, causing hemorrhage, from which he died.

I do regard Spiritualism as a religion. Its environments are virtue and morality, consisting in the performance of all known duties to God and our fellow men, in obedience to divine command. "Divine commands" may emanate from the bible, and do wholly from the Christians' standpoint. They do in part emanate from the bible to Spiritualists from their standpoint. Those "divine commands" to the Mohammedan emanate from the Koran and teachings of Mahomet; to the Hindoo, they emanate from the Vedic gods, Brahmanical system of caste, etc.; to the Chiuaman they emanate from the philosophy of Lao-tse and Confucius, which, in short, is supreme reason, or reasoning while under the influence of superior intelligence (Spiritual influence).

6. I like the latter division of the interrogatory the better. As the mariner needs a compass, chronometer and charts, a place of departure and a destination, in order to make a successful voyage, so Spiritualism needs a compass to direct its course, charts to mark the rocks and reefs, and buoys to designate the shallows and shoals. Humanity, aggregated by evolution from the lowest forms of life, has had its departures and destinations; each destination marking an epoch (a new departure) for the new species, as their departure marked the destination of their progenitors.

As the well-drilled, officered and equipped army, with its flags, banners and music, and its efficiency also as a defender of a nation's honor, is but the organization of a howling mob, the development of true form from chaos, the utilization of a dangerous force, so Spiritualism in its voyage on "this waste of waters" has its rocks and reefs, and is "bound in shallows and in shoals." It needs its compass and charts, its flags and officers, drill-masters and discipline, and detectives, too, to find the rocks and reefs, and a wise commander to measure the altitudes and declination of the stars in order to make a correct passage and true destination.

Our destination is our highest conception of social and moral ethics. Our charts are continually being revised by the wise and good that have gone before. They are our teachers and our benefactors, to whom our gratitude flows out like a well-stream of pure and living water. We should follow their markings on the charts, and stand upon their shoulders and make new markings for those coming after us; this is reciprocity retrospective. But as it is, Spiritualists are independent navigators sailing without compass or charts, acknowledging no man leader and calling no man master. Independence, self-reliance and bravery are to be admired; Spiritualists have enough,—at least that is not one of the needs to-day. But if we had a National organization incorporated, a body-politic in law and in fact, etc., with minor and auxiliary organization, it might prove one of our needs to-day. If we had the grand thoughts expressed by the seers and mediums that have lived in all the ages past, including those of Zoroaster, Socrates, Plato, Buddha, and Christ, with the mine of wealth contained in the bible and the other good teachings from all authors, ancient and modern, compiled into a book worthy of a place in our bible, it might prove one of the needs of the Spiritualists' movement to-day.

For this digest (our bible) we would claim inspiration, but not "infallibility." We would let the world know that Spiritualism, like science, is striving to learn, that while science has risen in our day from the bald materialism upward towards and through the abstract and ideal to the boundaries of a

spirit realm, Spiritualism has familiarized itself with the *modus operandi* of intercommunication between the two worlds, has reestablished healing by "the laying on of hands" as in the days of Christ, and by and through these intercommunications has administered a balm to the aching hearts of millions that no religion or science could have comforted.

Organization would make us keep step with each other; would convert the awkward, ungainly step of our present mob into the rhythmical musical step of the efficient soldier.

The social condition of Spiritualism needs improvement. The churches and other organizations have practically ostracized us from the social world. We feel lonely and neglected. We and our children feel cowed down and ashamed to own ourselves Spiritualists.

The church excursions and Sunday-school picnics, with their flags, banners and music, are ever reminders that our religion is unpopular, and they lead our children into orthodox Sunday-schools where their minds are poisoned against Spiritualism and Spiritualists. We are waging a mental war against the degrading superstitions of the church. Organization is as necessary to success in a mental war as physical one. Our army is but a mob, armed with the thousands of ideas of as many different minds, many of which are but fragmentary wrecks. Our strength is but the strength of any other mob, the strength of its strongest man, while the strength of an organization represents the combined strength of its members.

We are trying to roll back the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre of orthodoxy so as to fumigate and destroy the disease-breeding bacteria by lifting one at a time. We have taken turns at it for the past forty years, and as yet have found no Sampson or Goliath able to roll the stone away. It seems to have never occurred to us to organize and all lift together, thus combining the strength of a thousand Goliaths. We organized our children in the lyceum, with the modern implements of warfare, and battled away, a demoralized crowd, with pop-guns, mud and slush, smirching the innocent and guilty alike. Whilst thus engaged the spoils of battle were easily carried away by the pseudo-mediums and spiritualistic frauds, leaving the genuine mediums with their heaven-born gift to starve, having no organizations, they are the wards of nobody.

The time has come when the hand of authority must attest the credentials of the genuine medium; that authority can only be exercised by those to whom it is delegated. The expressed will by and through organization can establish an Examining Board to give credentials, under strict test conditions, to genuine mediums. Without these credentials, persons plying the profession of mediumship will be known as frauds.

Must Spiritualism still be chained to the rock, like "Andromeda," when there is a Perseus (organization) ready to deliver her, fairer than the sea nymph, from the slimy coils of this "cetus?" Or must she be devoured by this sea monster, the frauds and charlatans? Must the leentious lepers still be permitted to poison the sanctuary of our homes and our religion, when the flat of organization could banish them?

[Cleveland News and Herald, May 27.]

## SCALING THE HEIGHTS.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle Explains the Difference Between Physical and Psychical Science.

*Plato's Definition of the Condition of Man—In a Dark Mountain Cave.*

MRS. TUTTLE READS A STRONG POEM UPON "THE WORK MOST NEEDFUL"—SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM.

There was a large attendance at yesterday's meeting of the Society for the Advance of Scientific Spiritualism, at the residence of Mrs. Josephine Ammon. The entertainment and instruction of the day were furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights. The readers of the *Leader* are already familiar with Mr. Tuttle's offer to investigate Rowley's telegraph machine on the terms proposed by the latter, and the refusal penned by Mrs. Rowley. After a meeting of the board of directors of the society, the literary exercises began with a poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Tuttle, which read as follows:

"THE WORK MOST NEEDFUL."  
The work of reform is to open men's eyes! not to move them  
By touching the heart, which is the cheapest of all  
mental labors;  
Better break heads than hearts, if God's light which  
is glowing above them,  
Flash down through the chinks, like an army of  
angels with sabers.

It is easy to work upon hearts, bringing tears like  
May showers,

Or to urge egotistical sinners to blatant confession;

Not so easy to demonstrate clearly how sin and  
transgression

Are workers of death, and destroyers of God-given  
powers.

The best way to make people white is to keep them  
soil truly,

It is wrong to grope blindly, to botch, and to lazily  
blunder;

Inspect, and decide! It will pay to investigate  
duly,

But never to guess, and to trust, with baby-eyed  
wonder.

The years have gone by when the sweetness of  
weakness was sounded,

When innocent ignorance played with her sleepy,  
white fingers,

While wisdom, star-crowned, lay neglected, unhonored  
and wounded.

And bigotry plaited the thorns for the world's  
knowledge-bringers.

We sense the salivation at length which is gained by  
compliance

With Reason and Truth, never once by their dire  
crucifixion;

They sanctify souls by a wise and devout self-re-  
liance,

Which springs up from growth and is fed by the  
dews of affliction.

To-day is not good for long dreams among martyrs  
and roses!

Mad vipers slip round where the fair blossoms  
smile in the grasses!

Sometime will come safety and days of delicious re-  
pose,

When all the future roll-blisses in opulent  
masses.

Ah! I have passed on from the days when in weak-  
ness I trembled,

And drew close my veil when I knew that grim  
Danger was coming,

Till through it man fires only rose-colored blossoms  
resembled.

And, hilled, I walked onward my gladsome met-  
melees humming

He only is brave who is brave with an eye on his  
peril;

Dull Ignorance knows not the meaning of victor  
nor coward;

She plays with red poppies and circles her forehead  
"So sterile!  
Albeit her couch with the poisonous night-shade  
is bowered.

So blow back the veil from my face, oh, winds of  
the turbulent aspect;

Id cover it aside, although soft and protecting its  
tissues.

'Tis best to see clear, if the weather be stormy or  
pleasant,

Wide-eyed to face life as she faces the soul with  
her issues.

## PHYSICAL AND PSYCHICAL SCIENCE.

Mr. Tuttle spoke with much earnestness and was listened to with deep attention. "This is an age of doubt," said Mr. Tuttle.

"The scientific method has arrived at its ultimate, that of unfliching skepticism."

After dilating on the methods of the evolutionists in accounting for creation, and of the chemist and anatomist in ratiocinating the prob-

lem of life and mind, which destroyed the hope of immortality, the lecturer introduced

the discussion of the new views of psychic science in regard to the origin and destiny of

spirits and the moral conduct of life.

He accepted all that had been accomplished

in science; and from all these sources drew

confirming evidences of immortality. His

task was not to tear down but to build. He

said: "Psychic science on the one side begins

where physical matter leaves off. The physi-

cal scientists have determined the coast line

of matter to their own satisfaction. What

they can measure with a yardstick and weigh

with a steelyard. Beyond this coast line they

## Ann's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

## WOMEN IN POSITIONS OF PUBLIC TRUST.

The present agitation in regard to putting more women on the Chicago Board of Education, encouraged as it is by a large number of the most influential men of the city, calls attention to the many public positions which could be as well, if not better, filled by women as men, and raises the question why competent women should not share with men the honors and emoluments of such offices.

On the school board especially, a position on which brings only honor without emolument, women are certainly better fitted than men to fill the duties thereto pertaining, for many reasons, among which are the following: As mothers they are the natural educators of the race, hence their unopposed admission in large numbers as teachers every where. Ever necessarily the companions of children, they understand better than men the needs, capacities, and possibilities of the differing individualities of childhood, and would be, therefore, better fitted to introduce more effective methods of teaching. As one half the pupils in our schools are girls and nine-tenths of the teachers women, there would be more freedom on the part of these to bring their grievances, doubts, or suggestions before women members of the board. Women being housekeepers would naturally be more quick than men to perceive and remedy any bad sanitary conditions of the schools. There is a large number of women of mature age, wide experience, ample means and leisure, who would gladly fill these positions, and who could devote more time and thought to the subject than male members of school boards. Also, as a class, having been more stunted in the handling of money than men in the outlay of the public funds, and less indiscriminate in changing texts without real need for so doing.

It is only within a comparatively short time that women have been appointed members of these boards, but wherever the experiment has been tried the women chosen to fill the position have done, and are doing, excellent work.

In England particularly, women like Lydia Becker, Octavia Hill, Helen Taylor, Mrs. Ashton Dilke, Annie Besant and others, have made improvements and innovations so decided that the echo of their good work has reached to these shores. Mrs. Besant publishes every week in the *National Reformer*, of which she is associate editor, a *résumé* of the work done, or attempted, on the board, under the heading, "The London School Board: What we do, and what we don't do." This sometimes makes very spicy reading, and it would not be a bad idea to have boards of education every where so reported. Both Mrs. Dilke and Mrs. Besant are working very earnestly on the board, in the interest of free education, secular schools, and justice to working men and women. So pronounced is their action in the last named matter that at last advises the printing firm of Eyre & Spottiswoode had served a writ on these ladies for their attack on this firm, and against the employment of it in the printing ordered by the school board, because of the low wages paid to women who fold the cheap Bibles in their establishment. And this firm are the "Queen's Printers," too! But to offset this Mrs. Besant reports that she has received the following resolution from the Birmingham Typographical Society: "That this committee, representing upwards of four hundred printers, tenders its hearty thanks to Mrs. Besant for her action with regard to the printing contracts of the London School Board."

But it is not alone on school boards that the services of women are needed in positions of public trust. The horrible state of affairs revealed by the investigation now going on of the Cook county Insane Asylum, would never have occurred had there been a competent board of directors and visitors, of which interested women formed a part, to oversee and report needed improvements. The one woman physician who was employed to attend the patients there, did call attention to the poor quality of the food given the pauper patients and was discharged for insisting upon a change for the better.

The appointment in England of women as Poor Law Guardians has so far, according to a letter on the subject by Theodore Stanton, been productive of much good. The duties of this board (corresponding with our overseers of the poor), consists in the supervision of the local workhouse, the infirmary, the district and industrial schools, the administration of outdoor relief, and the boarding out of pauper children; all of it work for which women are peculiarly fitted. Mr. Stanton says, "It is the girls in the pauper schools, and the women in the infirmary, who have profited most by the lady guardians. The successful plan of boarding out pauper children—the local government inspector in this case being also a lady—has been largely developed by the women members in the face of much male opposition."

In England women are already in occasional instances being appointed to such public positions in addition to those spoken of, as Overseers of Highways, Church Wardens, Parish Clerks, Asylum Boards, Registrars of Births and Deaths, Post Offices, School Inspectors, Poor Law Inspectors, and Meteorological Reporter. And a beginning has been made in this country in this direction in the employment of women in the departments at Washington, occasional appointments of women to post offices, as engrossing clerks of legislatures, on State boards of health, lunacy and charity, as Physicians in public hospitals, and Insane Asylums, on school boards, as Commissioner of Pensions, Police Matrons, and even as mayors and town councillors.

To a thinking mind, it seems almost imperative that women should have a part in the direction of insane asylums, poorhouses, school boards, public charities, town councils, penitentiaries, jails, etc., where women are imprisoned, and every like public position where womanly qualities are needed; and every where a strong movement should be made in this direction, and a steady agitation be kept up until public opinion is roused, and women appointed to care for the public interests of their own sex.

Editor Singer of the Philadelphia Record began fighting the coal syndicate five years ago by selling coal at actual cost. When he began the price was \$6.75 per ton. In five years Mr. Singer has sold 132,730 tons of coal, receiving therefor \$721,680.70, and has forced the present price down to \$4.80 per ton, the lowest figure for twenty-nine years.

Theodore Harris, a farmer living near Fayetteville, Tenn., was riding home in his buggy, having a scythe for a companion. The handle caught in the spokes of the vehicle, the scythe flew up, and Mr. Harris' throat was cut as neatly as if done by a professional

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.  
RELIGIONS.*How They Benefit the Believer—Different Kinds Needed—The Great Solvent that Measures Them all.*

J. L. BATCHELOR.

Every person has to give some thought to the subject of religion. Our limitations and dependences constantly suggest a higher power. Our thoughts go out in search of this power, its mature purposes and requirements. The conclusion each arrives at is arrived at by different persons, vary from each other as much as do the mental or spiritual natures of those who make the religion. While the approval and sanction of our highest nature is given to the kind of religion that seems to be the divine truth, it is so given because in the highest judgment of the believer such religion will most effectually restrain the evil and encourage the good. It is this restraining and encouraging power, as the same appears to the believer, that constitutes the essential value of his religion. Every believer embraces his kind because of this belief in its value. To the believer it is above all price.

It is interesting to inquire whence, how, and in what way arises this estimate of the believer in the value of his religion. This estimate is the result of some power in the believer, operating in some way on something, somewhere, real or imaginary, resulting in the estimate as the effect. We cannot make something out of nothing. We can only use materials, whether real or imaginary, within our reach and supposed knowledge to construct the things or theories we approve and want, and we are limited in the physical world no less than in the mental, for thoughts and ideas are things that have fixed relations. While the believer accepts his religion because it seems to him to be the divine truth that will reform the wicked, this seeming arises not from any conscious knowledge the believer has of its adaptation to the wants of other minds, but from the consciousness of the wants of his own. Our intellectual constructions are always and of necessity made from materials found in our own minds. In the very nature of things we cannot use the ideas or thoughts of another in constructing our own theories. These when suggested to us, perceived and approved, become ours, and a part of our own mental stock but not before. Upon this rests the right and duty of private, individual judgment and responsibility in religious matters, which was the very foundation of the Reformation.

No man can have a real true knowledge of the impulses, emotions and secret thoughts of another mind. The most he can do is to conjecture, and to attribute to such other mind the impulses and emotions of his own, as these constitute his supply of material to work with. Our knowledge of desire and want, hope and fear, come through our own experience and not that of others. And in adopting a theory of motives for the government of others, embracing benefits to be secured, and evils to be avoided, the theorist simply reveals the emotional wants of his own mind, and shows the character of its receptivity and impressibility. Our laws reflect the standard of the public judgment. Our estimate of social relations crystallizes into common customs. This is so practically true that it is said to be a righteous judgment when we judge another by ourselves. The reason simply uses the materials furnished by the emotions. The heart furnishes what the mouth speaks. What affects and moves us, we always think and feel will likewise affect and move others. The man who prescribes the fear of hell as a motive to restrain others, is the very man who needs and feels the necessity of such restraint. These motives to his mind, arising from such considerations, are the strongest of all; and feeling himself restrained by their influence, he applies them to others. "With what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you." The italicized words are the extent and limits fixed by the divine wisdom or logic of our responsibility.

What the soul imparts becomes an operating cause for good or evil beyond its control, and qualifies, modifies and limits to the nature of the impartation, its capacity to receive. We must reap what we sow. But what it receives it may appropriate as intellectual food, or reject at will. We may refuse to sow what we reap. We can meet evil with good. We can turn the other cheek. The man who feels no disposition to trespass upon his neighbor, or wrong another, needs not the infliction of a belief in terrible penalties to restrain him from such acts. In the right itself, and in its ordinary good effects, there appears to him all the motive necessary for its practice. He needs no extraneous help, and so prescribes none for others. He is a law unto himself, and would limit the infliction of penalties as did the Master when he said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." There is enough of truth, religious and ethical, in this short saying to reform the world, and it would have done so long ago had it been understood and practiced. Look at it a moment with the eye of the spirit. The right to inflict punishment for sin belongs only to him who is without sin—who is perfect. Here is fixed a condition to the exercise of what is claimed as a right. Fixing the condition to its exercise tacitly conceives the right. But the natural effect of the completed condition upon every one claiming the right was to show the error of such claim so clearly as to take away all desire to enforce it. Each listener, vicious as he was, had within him an element impossible by that truth that requires us to "resist not evil, but overcome evil with good." See how skillfully the Master uses this higher element in the minds of the crowd to overcome their vicious impulses. His success was complete. This use of the materials found in the minds of those addressed, and subject to be affected, was just as open to them as to him, and as much within their reach as his. It was because he understood the materials used, and how to use them, better than they did that gave him the advantage, and made him their teacher. All this is no less ethical than religious, arising as much, if not more, from social than from divine relations, as was shown by the effect on the vicious crowd.

If the penalty of a wrongful act, consisting of something outside the natural consequences of such act, could only be inflicted by a being without sin, to what class, saints or sinners, do those belong whose highest conception of the divine government is that it punishes sin with an eternal pain, having not only no causal connection with the sin, but in a world removed from that in which the sin was committed? Does it not logically follow that the religion every person honestly believes is the very kind whose constant restraints and daily influences are necessary

for his proper government? While such religion is preached ostensibly for the benefit of others, it has no effect outside the believer. Its motives are appreciated only as they are responded to by the emotions of his own heart. These motives and the response are measured and determined by the same standard, and arise in the same plane of being. The lower these are the more effectually does the motives of hope and fear, reward and punishment to come from some external source appeal to the believer, and the stronger apparently is his faith, and the greater his reliance upon it for salvation. In this consists its adaptation to his wants. He feels it to be so. It is this adaptation to his highest wants that makes him happy in its enjoyment. It is his individual wants, not those of others, that are supplied. All this comes to the believer, whatever his religion, through his emotional nature. Argument and logic have little or nothing to do with it. His feelings dictate approval of what satisfies them.

Hence it is that so many kinds of religion are needed to supply the wants of the human family. Those of like emotion and impulse unite together for what they call worship, being their highest conception of emotional enjoyment. Each religion of the five hundred kinds supplying the individual wants of every believer, is to such believer the true, divine religion revealed right from heaven. The extent of his devotion to it and his reliance upon it is the measure of its necessity to him. Like the Golden Rule, it furnishes a self-adjusting balance in which the believer religiously weighs and measures himself. His wild judgment of the value of those considerations that would drive him away from the great divine centre, is fully met and equalized by his corresponding judgment of the good things promised and bad things avoided by his religion if he will only stick to it. The religious centripetal and centrifugal forces are balanced in him as the like physical forces are in the planets and comets, and however eccentric may be his spiritual orbit, the centripetal force never weakens or lets go, but brings the wanderer safely back. It is through this divine system of compensation and equivalents, as established in the nature of rational moral beings, that God is in the world reconciling all things to himself. Life is the school. The natural ordinary consequences and effects of our good deeds the text-book, of our bad deeds the chastening rod, and that germ within that makes us the image of the Divine, the great teacher. The term will not close till through the teachings of the textbook, and the chastening rod as enforced by the teacher, whose watchful eye is constantly upon us, every element of evil is fully eliminated from our being. Then will we graduate.

We measure the value of principles and doctrines by the good effects they produce and promise. This is a radical principle in the science of law, and ought to be in the science of theology. In determining the principles that apply in solving the problems of life the need of rational solvents is as great as in the material world to harmonize discordant elements that refuse to blend and unite. Elements so refusing are useful each in its own line, but the application of the uniting solvent transforms both into something higher and more useful than either. The application of a religious solvent, that will show the necessity, usefulness and good effects of all religions, as means to a great and good end, the perfection of human character, would certainly tend to that harmony and reconciliation which is the highest conception of a perfect life, here or hereafter. If every religious believer since religious emotion first moved the heart could have applied this solvent to all opposing faiths, and also to his own, the Jew would have said to the Gentile, the Christian to the Pagan, the Catholic to the Protestant, the Puritan to the Quaker, and all of every sect to each and all of every other sect. "Be true and honest in your religion, and it will save you as certainly as mine will save me." There would have been no use for the dungeon, the stake, the rack or the sword as a means of serving God. We are slowly but certainly moving to this result.

Clarinda, Iowa.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

INCIDENTS OF A COLLECTOR'S RAMBLES IN Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea. By Sherman F. Denton, Artist to the U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C. With Illustrations by the Author. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Pp. 272. Price, \$2.50.

This book of travel is dedicated as follows:

"Shelley went to Port Moresby with some men, carrying all our birds; and returned with ammunition enough to last us many days. I was out shooting when he reached the village, but I heard him fire several shots with his pistol, and hurried back to meet him. Before I reached the town, I met several women; they looked frightened, and I asked my guide what was the matter; they ran into the woods. Presently I heard Shaller shout, but his voice sounded wild and strange, and I ran on as fast as possible. When I came near enough to see him, he was weeping; and before I could speak, he was crying. "O Sherman, father is dead!"

"The news almost stunned me. My heart seemed to stop beating, everything grew dark about me, and I nearly fell to the ground. It was some moments before I could speak. Shelley told me, between his sobs, how it happened.

"The party had gone a long way inland, where father had contracted the fever; and after they started back, two more were also taken sick, the natives carrying them many miles on stretchers. They finally reached Barrigadai, where father died at seven o'clock in the evening, Sunday, August 26, 1883. The very day he died, we were at Shugary, only fifteen miles away, and could have seen him alive had we known where he was."

"Almost heart-broken, we went up to the town where Armit, reduced nearly to a skeleton, told us the sad story.

"Father was buried on the mountain-side by Hunter, with a few of the natives to help; and the earth was heaped above the remains to make a mound."

"Shelley and I never saw his grave; but we have heard from a recent traveller that the place is still well remembered by the natives, and that they have built a fence about it. We reached the sea-coast the day after hearing the sad news, and left the country by the first boat we could take to reach Australia, from which place we started on our long and tedious journey home."

DECISIVE EVENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777; With an Outline Sketch of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, cloth, 50c.

Lovers of history will welcome this little book,

## New Books Received.

The following from Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York: Lovell's International Series, comprising John Herring, by S. Baring Gould; Mehalah, by S. Baring Gould. Price each, 50 cents. Miss Kate, by Rita; The Fox Princess, by Florence Warden; The Wing of Azrael, by Anna Card. Price each, 30 cents. A Vagabond Lover, by Rita. Price 20c.

The Right Knock. By Nellie V. Anderson. Chicago: Christian Science Pub. Co.

Spiritualism for the Young. By Alfred Kitson. Home Rule and Federation. By A Doctor of Medicine. London: E. Truelove. Price 10 cents.

Report of the Committee on Territories on the Admission of Utah as a State, to the House of Representatives.

Pulpit Studies from Robert Elsmere. New York: J. S. Oglevie. Price 10 cents.

## June Magazines Not Before Mentioned.

The North American Review. (New York.) A short sketch of the life of Allen Thorndike Rice, whose brilliant and useful career was suddenly ended on May 15th, is given in the number. Mr. Rice superintended and directed the preparations of this issue on May 11th, and the contents is as follows: An essay on Wealth; Rev. Minot J. Savage contributes The Inevitable Surrender of Orthodoxy, and William Booth of the Salvation Army Religious Value of Enthusiasm. Notes and Comments is a department worthy of perusal.

The Century. (New York.) Mr. Keenan begins with this issue, an account of the most important investigations made by him into the Erie system. The famous French Artist Corot is represented in the frontispiece, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer has an article entitled Corot at Work. The Bloodhound is by an English author who places this animal in a new light. The series of the Irish papers are continued. Helen Campbell describes in Certain Forms of Woman's Work the Young Woman's Christian Association building of New York and the methods of work of the association. An American Amateur Astronomer; Italian Old Masters and many more readable articles make a most enjoyable number.

Psychic Studies. (San Francisco.) Number one of this monthly is out and informs the public it is to be devoted to Spiritual Science. Price, \$1.00 a year; single copies 10 cents.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The Eclectic for June contains a varied table of contents. Special attention will, no doubt, be directed to the discussion on Agnosticism, as Professor Huxley, W. A. Mallock, Professor Freeman and Dr. Weece have contributions on the subject in this number.

The Kindergarten, Chicago. The Unitarian Review, Boston. The Sidereal Messenger, Northfield, Minn. L'Aurore, Paris.

## Beecham's Pills cure sick-headache.

The benefits of vacation season may be greatly enhanced, if at the same time, the blood is being cleansed and vitalized by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A good appetite, fresh vigor, and buoyant spirits attend the use of this wonderful medicine.

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A pungent, pleasant, powerful, perfect pain-killer is N. L. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger.

Statuism, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Faheenock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French communists. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Tracts, embracing the following important subjects: The Summerland; The True Spiritualist; The Responsibility of Mediums; Denton and Darwinism; What is Magnetism and Electricity? Etc. A vast amount of reading for only ten cents. Three copies sent to one address for 25 cents.

Heaphy's Ghost.—A Startling Story! The London author's own version of an extraordinary affair, together with the correspondence between Charles Dickens and Mr. Heaphy. Only five cents each; the copies for ten cents. A good tract to circulate. Send in your orders.

Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists A good reference pamphlet, being short sketches of such prominent men as Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Robert Harde, Rev. S. Watson, Hudson Tuttle, Giles Stebbins, Rev. John Pierpont, etc., etc. Price reduced from 25 cents to 15 cents. For sale at this office.

Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

A new edition of Dr. J. H. Dewey's, The Way to Truth and Life is out. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success. For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.



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Entered at the post office in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 15, 1889.

## TRUSTS.

Just now some of the best minds of the country are directed to the question of Trusts. The mystery which has been maintained by the organizers of these tentative make-shifts to meet the demands of capital in its effort to advance the industrial interests of the country, has been a great drawback to any intelligent discussion of the grave points at issue. This secrecy has given the public room to doubt their purpose, and hence the widespread suspicion which has been generated—resulting in such legislation as was recently had in Missouri, and that lately defeated in the legislature of this State, now adjourned. The "Trust" people, we fear, have realized their mistake when it is too late. They have given unscrupulous demagogues a chance to play upon the imaginations, if not the prejudices, of the masses and thus to forestall, in measure, calm and deliberate consideration of the question. While realizing the fatuousness of the empirical methods of sentimental would-be reformers in dealing with economic questions, and fully believing that in the fullness of time the evolutionary processes everywhere prevailing would develop some latent principle which would solve important sociologic problems, we confess to having shared in the general misapprehension and distrust of the "Trust" system. But for the timely articles of a correspondent, we should probably have continued like the rest to fight "monopoly"—under the guise of "Trusts"—perfectly sincere in our opposition. But the four articles published in the JOURNAL, under the striking title, "The Devil," have set us to thinking and studying, and whilst we are not yet prepared to endorse the "Standard Combination" we have no hesitation in saying, as we have said before, that the principle marked out by this combination—to-wit: "E Pluribus Unum"—one-in-many—as applied to great business operations, is the true principle, and under proper guarantees for the safety of the people will evolve under the law of evolution vast and beneficent consequences to commercial and industrial advance. We are studying the question in all its bearings and hope ere long to give the results.

The numbers of the *Political Science Quarterly* (New York: Ginn & Co.) for September and December, 1888, contain each a notable paper by distinguished writers on political economy. The one in the September issue is by George Gunter, and entitled "Economic and Social Aspects of Trusts." In the December number Prof. Theodore W. Dwight treats at length "The Legality of Trusts." The first named writer discusses the question more particularly from the standpoint of competition, taking the ground of Solicitor Dodd in his argument on "Trusts," that the plane of competition is changing from the small dealer, with his costly intermediaries, to the larger corporations which are reducing competition to its minimum. He, like Solicitor Dodd, fails to see the trend of all this "Trust" evolution. It means something else if it means anything, and that just the reverse of competition. What that is, we can hardly divine at present. We are hopeful that it will be a larger gain to humanity than is presented in his narrower view. Prof. Dwight is more logical. He presents his case like a lawyer who believes in his cause, and consumes many pages of the *Political Science Quarterly* in his masterly argument. He thoroughly establishes the legality of trusts from the law side of the question; and if this side was all, his argument would be conclusive. But is it conclusive so far as

public policy is concerned? "Trusts" are becoming, like railroads, matters of public concern as well as of private interest. The public interest is paramount and will, in the end, prevail—either by wise laws or, in their absence, by an indignant public opinion. These discussions are therefore timely and should receive proper attention.

In a different field we are glad to note what a widely known and influential clergyman of the Episcopal Church has to say on the same subject. Rev. R. Heber Newton, in a recent discourse before the congregation of All Souls Church, New York, announces views more in unison with the higher moral and social phases of "Trusts." He looks upon them as the foreseers of God's great evolutionary law in society—bringing gradually peace and good will to man, and the final material redemption of the race.

Thus far, however, we see nothing advanced that meets the practical question. Irresponsible "Trusts," as they are now organized, are not what are wanted. As now constituted they breed distrust, create dissatisfaction among the managers of "Trusts" themselves, and do not organize business upon a scientific basis. The model marked out in the evolution of the Standard Oil Company is a true model, and if an Inter-State Corporation Law was passed by Congress embodying its ideas, with an Inter-State Commission similar to that under which railroads are supervised, the country would have something that the people could understand, something that they would sustain and uphold just as they now do the Inter-State Commerce Law. This was our original suggestion and we have seen no cause to change our opinion,—then very diffidently expressed. Certain it is we want no law, State or National, which legalizes the present so-called "Trusts," but instead we want the Standard principle—"One-in-many"—embodied in legal form. The business world then can go forward and organize its commercial and industrial life in accord with National life—"E. Pluribus Unum."

Talmage and the Johnstown Disaster.

While the country is appalled at the unparalleled disaster, which in an hour's time swept thousands of human beings into eternity and devastated one of the most beautiful valleys; appalled and stands in silence over the unspeakable horror of the scene, Dewitt Talmage, takes the occasion to execute one of his hair-raising dances before an applauding audience; and the whirling rush of his words is only surpassed by the flood of the doomed valley. With wild gesticulations, he cries out:

"The woes aggregate. The flames embrace the flood. The doomed valley becomes an uncovered sepulchre on which the filthy vultures swoop.... The two elements of water and fire are in contention as to which shall do the worst. Enough water to put out the fire, and enough fire to lick up the water, but they interlock their forces to destroy.... I will tell you what we will have to do, and that is leave all to God! This is a calamity too big for human management. Let no one say 'It was a judgment of God upon that people,' as often it is said in regard to such disasters. No, there are no better people under the sun than those last Friday slain. I have been in their homes and I knew them well. Besides that, there are hundreds of towns and cities by their iniquities inviting divine judgment who were never struck by lightning or washed under inexorable waves. If Brooklyn and New York had been punished for all their sins, the Hudson and East rivers would now stand higher than the piers of the East river bridge and the blue fish would be holding high carnival in our dining halls and pantries.

"Be careful how you try to handle the thunderbolts of the Almighty. God spare our homes, our cities, our nation from any repetition of such horrors!"

"Can that Conemaugh river be the one I have seen pronouncing its gentle benediction upon the farms and the homes on either side of it? Some demon of the pit must have seized upon it. With hands besoiled and wrathful it has clutched for all it could reach."

Talmage takes one step forward and relieves God of the responsibility, and then, at a loss for a cause, blindly strikes out and clutches at "some demon from the pit." But if God is all powerful, his allowing a "demon of the pit" to make a holocaust of ten thousand people as good as the preacher testifies those of the Conemaugh valley to have been, does not free him from the responsibility. "Leave all to God," cries the pulpiteer, and yet in the next breath declares if Brooklyn and New York received their just punishment, the waters would stand higher than the tops of the East River Bridge piers, and the blue fish hold high carnival in dining halls and pantries. Who knows best the sins of these cities and their deserved punishments, Talmage or God? While God might, but has not thus far desolated Gotham and its sleeping apartment annex over the bridge, Talmage thinks He may, and appeals to Him: "Spare our homes, our cities, our nation!" If some "demon of the pit" is turned loose, or if God ordains to destroy, will the contortionist of the Tabernacle turn him aside by a figure of rhetoric?

The occasion is one where trusting in God is the poorest of all trusts. The people of Conemaugh Valley trusted in God altogether too much. They trusted in God, and allowed a fishing association, to raise the dam, until without any adequate increase in its strength, the volume of water was quadrupled. They trusted in God and allowed a railroad company to narrow the already limited bed of the stream by their embankment.

God had by countless centuries of floods made a deep water way from the mountain summit to the great river. He had scooped it out to the rock and walled its sides; and the melting snows of spring, and the deluges of autumn rains found free course down the steep descent. Man came and in wanton av-

arice placed an obstruction in the way of the waters. Man came possessed of the power given by knowledge to dam the waters. He knew their power, and the strength of the dam he must use to bind them. He knew also that his dam was not strong enough if they asserted their full power, yet he trusted that God would not pour out the full measure of the clouds, and would temper the storm to the requirements of His creatures' neglect.

An awful responsibility rests on the owners of that reservoir, repeatedly pronounced unsafe, necessarily at best a source of danger. That responsibility is shared by every intelligent inhabitant of the valley, for not vigorously protesting and demanding its removal, that it might not jeopardize the lives of those dependent. Now it has come, the occasion is not "too big for human management." The charity of the nation will supply amply the demands made upon it, and sanitary science will not leave the wreckage to breed pestilence, as would have been done in past ages when "trusting in God" was the fashion to a greater degree than now. Too much has been "left to God" already, and the lesson has been learned by direct experience, that He has no supporting hand for blind ignorance or superstitions folly; no help for carelessness stupidity; nor does He interfere with results to those who take reckless chances.

If the Conemaugh disaster will enforce this truth on the minds of this generation, the awful sacrifice will not be wholly in vain. The "Trust in God" idea which creates the happy-go-lucky style so common, of half doing and shamming with poor material and no margin for contingencies in the calculated strength, should forever be relegated to the lumber-room of the world's cast-off superstitions.

No more weak dams, no crazy bridges to plunge the hurrying train into abysses, no frail contract houses run skyward on a foundation of half-burned brick; and above all, when the waters burst their barriers, trains are wrecked, or houses topple and fall, no "demon of the pit" to make a scapegoat of, no "trust in God," or "dispensation of Providence" to share the damning responsibility.

The Johnstown disaster is an object lesson, speaking in the awful tones of the roaring cataract and illuminated by the flames of the huge funeral pyre, telling us what is expected of us, and the consequences if we fail to apply the lesson.

## Joseph Jastrow—Libeller of the Dead.

Our readers will recall the fact that we paid our respects to one Prof. Jastrow some weeks ago for his ignorant assumptions, willful misrepresentations and downright falsehoods incorporated in a paper published in the April number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "The Psychology of Spiritualism." As a builder of "pot-boilers" this impudent output of some German beer consumer is fairly successful. Owing to his European education he is probably able to falsify in several languages, and although in English he does it bunglingly, yet he is shrewd enough to select a topic on which he is sure magazine publishers are profoundly ignorant, and hence unable to detect the imposition he is practicing on them—for a consideration. Jastrow is an industrious pick-up of other men's leavings. He can whip them into shape with facility, and by the aid of the Ph. D. label which he brought away from school, or bought somewhere, he is able to sell his pieces and thus keep the pot boiling. That he knows absolutely nothing of what he writes about is of no moment so long as his publishers are equally ignorant, and willing to take anything that pretends to be able to kill off Spiritualism.

Our attention is once more attracted to this individual by another "pot-boiler" which he has in *Harper's Magazine* for June, entitled *The Problems of "Psychic Science"*. The paper is merely the relique left over from the skimmings sold to the April *Science Monthly* and would be too inconsequential for notice except for the respectable channel through which it is imposed upon a long suffering public, and the further fact that he refers to his April effort for evidence of the "host of public and private exposures, including almost every known medium."

When we read Jastrow's conglomeration of pseudo-science, mendacity and presumption in the *Popular Science Monthly* we knew he deliberately and maliciously libelled D. D. Home in pretending to quote confession of fraud made by that honest man, superior medium and devoted advocate of scientific methods in the study of Spiritualism. We knew from our long and intimate acquaintance with Home and with his public and private history that Jastrow was falsifying, and felt sure he had caught up some incident related in "Lights and Shadows" and twisted it to suit his purpose. We called the attention of Mr. Hudson Tuttle to the libel and requested him to hunt up the story which the pseudo-psychic researcher had used to build his fiction on. Here is the libel referred to:

"Add to this the confession of an exposed medium, D. D. Home: 'The first scarce I held after it became known to the Rochester people that I was a medium, a gentleman from Chicago recognized me as a medium. He said, "I have come to you to tell you that your son is dead." I told him, "I have a small mustache with a flesh-colored cloth, and reduced the size of my face with a shawl I have purposely hung in the back of the cabinet."

Mr. Tuttle, unable to readily find it, wrote Mrs. Home inquiring if she could refer him to any incident recorded by her husband on which Jastrow's story may have been based.

Mr. Tuttle forwards us Mrs. Home's reply written at Geneva, Switzerland, the latter part of May, on the eve of her departure for Russia.

MRS. HOME EXPOSES JASTROW.

"The peculiar impudence of the story,"

writes Mrs. Home, "consists in the fact that it has been taken from one of the exposures of trickery published by Mr. Home himself, in 'Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism.' If you will turn to page 405 of the American edition of that work under the heading 'Trickery and its Exposure,' you will find the passage he quotes, word for word. It was taken by Mr. Home from an American (Spiritualist) journal of the year 1876, but as he purposely omitted the names of such persons, I do not know to whom it referred further than that the person's name was 'J.' I thank you for having called my attention to this falsehood and hope the details I here furnish will expose the mendacity of the story and of the person who has published it." On receipt of this information from Mr. Tuttle we turned to page 405 of *Lights and Shadows* and there found the record as stated by Mrs. Home. We also more fully comprehended the atrocious barbarity of Jastrow. *Lights and Shadows* is printed with type very closely resembling that on this editorial page. Mr. Home, giving a history of trickery and exposure and speaking of a materializer who was pursued by skeptical investigators at Rochester, N. Y., quotes from an affidavit given by the trickster after being caught. Mr. Home makes this quotation in a separate paragraph and in type similar to that used in the identical quotation hereinbefore inserted. The internal evidence of Jastrow's screed proves to a moral certainty that he had *Lights and Shadows* open before him when he abstracted this matter; and that he wilfully substituted D. D. Home in place of the trickster whose confession Home was recording in this book.

One can pity a sneak-thief, overlook an impetuous outburst of villainy, and imagine palliating circumstances in a burglar's crime. One can even admire the stupendous gall of a monumental liar who shows courage in the exercise of his mendacity. But for a sneaking, venal libeller of the dead, of a man than whom none nobler or purer or more devoted to spiritual truth has walked the earth in this century, for such a man the English language does not contain words of contempt sufficiently strong and incisive to properly delineate the depths of his depravity.

The American Society for Psychical Research, with the evidence before it of Jastrow's deliberate libel on the good name of the late D. D. Home, has a plain duty to perform which it cannot shirk and live. It should forthwith remove the libeller from the Council and strike his name from the list of members. If it does not do this it will never see the violets bloom another spring. We stake our reputation as a prophet on this!

## "Personality."

Those who inveigh so strenuously against personalities—meaning thereby the uttering of the truth, or what is believed to be the truth, concerning public characters and exponents of dogmas, may be arranged in three classes: First and loudest are those who, for cogent reasons, are averse to any inquiry into their own characters, and who thoroughly endorse the spirit of the Blavatskian obligation upon esoteric initiates. A beautiful woman who has talked most sweetly and convincingly to public audiences of the goodness of God, and that Christian Science without its theology is nothing, was always and everywhere teaching the heinousness of "personalities." To-day this brilliant Christian woman is practically and publicly enforcing the free love doctrines of Victoria Woodhull, and posing, as did Victoria, before the world as a martyr to her convictions of freedom. Lawyer Beggs, of this city, is another who agrees that personalities are the unpardonable offenses. He is a special friend of Alexander Sullivan, who shot to death a school teacher in this city some years ago in cold blood, and who is under suspicion of having been accessory to the "removal" of Dr. Cronin. Beggs indignantly protested against personalities while on the witness stand before the Coroner in the Cronin inquest. He was opposed on principle to personalities. The Chicago *Times* reveals his *raison d'être* in a leading editorial in last Saturday's issue, as follows:

A SPECIMEN BRICK.

John F. Beggs was "the senior guardian" of a Clan-na-Gael camp. His history was not unknown to the clan men who affiliated with him, to the politicians who associated with him, to the friends about whose name he was so solicitous. That anybody should be an "assassin of character" greatly disturbed Beggs. He couldn't think of permitting so gross an outrage, though it is matter of record that this senior guardian of camp 20 is a graduate of the penitentiary. He was tried, convicted and sentenced for embezzlement at Cleveland, O. He was divorced by his wife whom he had married under compulsion. His record was made known to persons in Chicago by Mr. Foran, who had been a member of congress from Cleveland and knew his worthless character. But Mr. Beggs loved Ireland so profoundly that he insisted upon serving the cause in a secret camp, and was horrified when an honest and aggressive man like Dr. Cronin should as much as hint that the money secretly raised was stolen.

Beggs's element is a secret society. The sworn companion of shady detectives of the Coughlin kind was balm to the soul of the Cleveland convict. With the secret society and its ramifications as an aid he might flourish in politics. Indeed, he was conspicuous at Indianapolis last summer as a member of the Irish Republican club. He was a guardian, the senior guardian, of a clan supposed to be laboring intelligently and disinterestedly for Irish Independence. The wretch who stole the money of one hapless girl and the virtue of another was a white-souled enthusiast consumed with patriotism and burning with indignation because any one, even in the sanctum-sanctorum of a guarded assembly, should be allowed to expose his secret.

Senior Guardian Beggs is typical of a class that has fastened itself upon the noble and upstanding aspiration of the Irish people for nationalism and has used the secret society as the best means of attaining selfish ends.

Second and only less emphatic in their protests, are the mesmerized followers of opposed-to-personalities leaders. They are fascinated by the magnetism, and claims true or false, of their heroes and heroines that

they feel these remarkable people should be permitted to be, each respectively, "a law unto themselves," or herself more frequently, the grand truths, or "unprovable pretences," they rate equally high with the faith. must be differentiated from the personality of the teacher, must be regarded as uncolored by the moral status of the expounder; an utterly unscientific as well as sophistical argument. Third and last is a very small body of thinkers who lead noble and very busy lives, and in their few hours of leisure take delight in dwelling abstractly upon certain doctrines, Theosophic, Spiritualistic, theologic, sociologic, *ad infinitum*, to whom the individuals formulating or re-stating in modern terms these doctrines are objects of indifference and seldom or never thought of in connection with the engrossing topic.

In addition to the above classifications there may be mentioned a few people so perfectly poised, so clear and logical in their mental processes, that they can with safety to themselves, and free from any shadow of personal bias for or against an individual, take up the teachings or utterances of any person and cult the crystal truth and in their mental laundry cleanse it from all the untruthful or immoral increment accreted during its passage. But such thinkers are very rare; too few in number to be called a class.

Nothing is falser in the actual experiences of life, however true it may be in the abstract, than the claim that a truth is truth, no matter who utters it, and that one can consider the subject matter of a doctrine or principle without being influenced by him who promulgates it. It were as sensible to say that "water is water, and therefore it makes no difference from whence it comes so long as it is cool and pleasant to the taste." Every one knows that water may contain the germs of the deadliest diseases which are only to be detected by analysis, or by their dire effects upon the ignorant and susceptible victim.

None should know so well the necessity of purity of life, both exoteric and esoteric, as Spiritualists and Theosophists, for they know, or are supposed to know, more of the invisible psychic and spiritual potencies surrounding human beings and saturating their every act and word. How often it happens that some preacher or public speaker lifts his hearers into a sweet, exalted state, filling them with peace and hope and noble aspirations—"by his words," as it is commonly expressed; yet when the sermon or lecture appears in cold type it is halting, discursive, common place. What was it that produced the effect, the words, the "truths" he uttered? Not at all! It was that unseen, unheard, psychic power loaded with balm, peace, hope, and aspiration, fertilized with an influx from the spiritual realms, and flowing through a pure and noble human instrument unable to concrete these subtle agents in fitting speech, yet saturating his poor and ill-chosen words with the divine essence straight from God's great laboratory. Again, an eloquent man with an unlimited vocabulary, quick imagination, finely modulated voice and perfect training as a public speaker or writer deals with a vital subject and utters truths clothed in the most attractive dress, yet fails to make any lasting impression; fails because the virtue is not in him. Another talks of doctrines and principles, possibly good and true of themselves, but impure himself, lacking in moral qualities, selfish and designing of purpose he charges his words with psychic poison; and with the subtlety of a Mephistopheles makes the worse appear the better reason; bewilders his followers with hellish sophistry, and leads them on by cunning devices, specious reasoning and loud pretenses through the quagmires of sensuality to the cemeteries of virtue and divine aspiration.

## The Great Internecine War.

It seems the JOURNAL has again wrought better than it knew in its exposure of Mme. Blavatsky's little game for coercing it. Lo and behold! in striking back openly, as is the custom of the JOURNAL, it precipitated an open war among the disciples of the sacred "Wisdom Religion," of which Blavatsky is the pope and general-in-chief.

The bushwhacking, stab-in-the-dark, stiletto-under-the-rib business which has, it would appear, been vigorously going on in the Brotherhood for some time, is now, owing to the JOURNAL's independent action, closed out. The opposing factions no longer profess overwhelming love for one another, but each has hoisted the black flag and is gathering its cohorts for a battle to the death. Well, well; it is only history repeating itself. If the JOURNAL has unmasked the "fine Italian hand," and broken the point of the stiletto, it will be better for all parties concerned. But it should be clearly understood that the JOURNAL is not a party concerned in the war among the Brotherhood.

In so far as Theosophy can help the world, that far the JOURNAL is and always has been an ally, with its columns ever serving as an open court at whose bar Theosophists had equal rights with all other advocates. When Mme. Blavatsky, not satisfied with privileges accorded to all, conducted herself in an unprofessional way, she was duly disciplined in a good humored way for contempt of court. That is the long and the short of it. Nothing more, nothing less. The JOURNAL desires to sweepingly declare the falsity of Theosophical gossip now current, to the effect that it is in league with Prof. Cones, or that the Professor is using it as a cat-saw to draw the chestnuts out of the fire for him. Dr. Cones doesn't indulge in that sort of monkeying, and the JOURNAL's cat is too old and experienced to be used for such purposes. The JOURNAL's cat is not that kind of a cat, as was shown last week. The JOURNAL's cat can scent monkeying afar off, and is more than a match for any other cat—even a Bengal cat.

The JOURNAL does not propose to be forced into waging a war against any individual Theosophist or body of Theosophists, as such. It has no desire to interfere with other people's business unless that business is detrimental to the public. The JOURNAL has a well-defined platform and clear cut principles. Whatever or whoever undertakes to knock the pins from under that platform or run counter to these principles must expect its vigorous opposition. But that opposition will be open and aboveboard.

The JOURNAL has many warm friends among Theosophists, and respects their friendship, and will continue to welcome them and all others of the Brotherhood to its columns, —only demanding that they come as free and independent thinkers with no collar around their necks and no brand of E. S. over their hearts.

## The Calvanistic Church.

It appears from the reports of the Presbyterian Assembly, which lately met in New York, that there is a remarkable falling off in the number of candidates for the large and conservative denomination there represented. While the number of ministers in all churches is yearly growing less in proportion to communicants, the organs of the Presbyterian Church are fair to confess, with sadness, that theirs is the chief sufferer of all. And by what cause? Why are not young men eager to subscribe to dogmas bearing such a venerable paternity? Why crowd they not in flocks to the labor of saving souls from eternal perdition? What special causes hinder when such tremendous issues are before humanity?

Simply because men no longer dare to stultify themselves. From the appalling horrors crystallized in the Westminster Catechism they shrink in consternation. It has come to be the promoter of doubt rather than of faith, of irreligion rather than of piety. He has a narrow experience who is not conversant with, even if he has not himself experienced, painful and prolonged spiritual agony, where the soul wrestled with hereditary traditions and teachings 'till they were overthrown once for all. Happy is he if the wrestling has not left him faithless; if like Theodore Parker, there still remains an unshaken belief in God, immortality and the eternal triumph of Good.

Out of such crises come, to the unspiritual, rank materialism. This world is all there is, and its deity is Money, Power and Pleasure, a triune god. In fact, it may be safely asserted that Calvinism is the parent of two-thirds of the infidelity of Christendom.

In spite of all the facts of the present and the signs of the future, the Presbyterian Assembly has refused to reconsider that monstrous catechism propounded by the assembly which convened in Westminster Abbey, by the order of Parliament, nearly 250 years ago. Yet it cautiously puts forward the following questions to the various Presbyterians:

1. Do you desire a revision of the Confession of Faith?

2. If so, in what respects and to what extent?

Even these queries are considered, by the organs of the Presbyterian Church, as a "treacherous admission," because they concede that "the standards of the Church are simply the opinions of fallible men, which other fallible men may properly revise, and even abrogate if they so desire. It takes the decree of the Westminster Assembly out of the category of inspired utterances in which they have been placed by vague tradition and assents to them a human origin." (!)

It is occasionally well to survey such fields

as these territories under Calvinistic jurisdiction in order to appreciate the fact that the Middle Ages are still to be found in the latter portion of the 19th century. No wonder that "the Presbyterian Church will soon experience a ministerial famine that may jeopardize its very existence unless something is done to check it."

"Total depravity is a very comforting doctrine if people will only live up to it," said an old lady. But they will neither live up to it nor preach it; hence the famine ministerial.

## Poet Whitman's Seventieth Birthday.

It appears from the Camden, N. J., Post, that a testimonial was given to Walt Whitman, the poet, in that city on the evening of May 31st, and it was said to be the greatest event in the history of Camden's literary and social life. Nearly 200 gentlemen gathered to congratulate the poet on reaching his seventieth birthday. They came from many quarters—east, west, north and south being alike represented. The guests began arriving shortly after four o'clock, and by 5:30 the spacious ante-rooms were packed and a minute later they moved to the banqueting hall. While the banquet was in progress, Mr. Whitman entered in his wheeled chair pushed by his faithful nurse, Edward Wilkins. As he passed the portal, a colored waitress rushed up to him exclaiming: "I must shake hands wid dat man," and true to his democracy, the emancipator gave her hand a warm clasp.

The arrival of the poet was the signal for tremendous applause. While he was lovingly escorted by the committee of arrangements to his place at the head of the table, the entire company stood in respectful silence. Our "Grand Old Man," whose verse has moved two continents to lay their tribute of admiration at his feet, sat enthroned among his friends like Viking king, his long white hair and beard falling like finely drawn silver over his shoulders and breast. Never was a scene more impressive. Every man there felt, when he looked upon his face and form, that he was in the presence of a master mind. To Mr. Whitman's most ardent admirers the scene came home with all the force of a great triumph, and an acknowledgment of their Nestor's worth and genius.

Mr. Grey announced Thos. B. Harned as respondent to the toast, "Our Distinguished Guest." Mr. Harned said: "In year 1873, Walt Whitman came to the City of Camden, poor and paralyzed. He had no thought then that his life would be lengthened to seventy years. He had devoted his best years to the sacred duty of nursing the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. No tongue can tell the extent of that ministry. With untiring devotion, vigilance and fidelity, without fee or reward, he served his country in the hour of her greatest need. The history of the war presents no instance of nobler duty or sublimer sacrifice. But the stalwart and majestic physique had to succumb to the terrible strain. The man we honor came among us to spend his last days with those who were near and dear to him. The man 'Walt Whitman,' is greater than his book or any book. He is made of that heroic stuff which creates such books. He, himself is the great 'epic of the senses, passions, and attributes of the body and soul.' Dear as he is to America and her democracy, yet he belongs to the whole world. We have seen him on our streets, or frequenting the ferry boats, or driving over the neighboring roads. His companions have been from every walk of life—and more especially the poor and humble. He has taken a personal interest in the welfare of many of our merchants, deck-hands, or car drivers. No person was beneath his attention. In nothing does he show his simplicity as he does in his love for children—they all know him. There is that about him which binds men to him. His life work is finished. He awaits the end with complacency. The consecration is complete. We crown him—poet, prophet, philosopher—the incarnation of modern humanity."

## The "Theosophist" and Christianity.

The JOURNAL this week republishes from the May number of *The Theosophist* (Adyar, India), an able reply to "A Christian"; an answer which is commended to all candid readers. *The Theosophist* it will be admitted offers a presentation that no Christian can successfully meet. The objects of the T. S. as set forth in the sixth paragraph are commendable. In declaring, as does *The Theosophist*, that it refuses "to be forced into the position of defender or champion of Theosophists in general," it takes a wise and sound position, though one wholly at variance with the obligations Blavatsky imposes on her Esoteric slaves. *The Theosophist* undoubtedly stands ready to defend any member of the cult when the merits of the particular case warrant such championship; but, like the JOURNAL, it does not propose to be forced by the outside world nor by those professedly of its own faith, into a defense of the vagaries, inconsistencies, tomfooleries and immoralities of people professing its doctrines. This is the strongest possible position, both wise and just; one that will be successful in the long run and carry its advocate on to victory, long after its contemporaries pursuing a different policy have fallen by the way.

## The Light of Egypt—Correction.

In making up the advertisement for "The Light of Egypt" the manager of our book department was at a loss to say who was the author, as the name could not be given; in this dilemma he used the word "Adept," sup-

posing that would cover it. Now comes a note from the author:

"...Duty compels me to request you to alter the advertisement as it appears in the JOURNAL. Strike out the word 'Adept,' and insert Initiate. I am not an adept, and certainly don't wish the reading public to purchase the book under any such false supposition. I like you, hate pretense."

We make the change with pleasure and say: All honor to the modest author, whose book will sell none the less readily for his disclaimer of adeptship.

## THE SABBATH OBSERVANCE QUESTION.

## The Movement Gaining Grounds.

In line with the policy inaugurated by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, and followed by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Bee Line, and other roads operating in connection with the Vanderbilt System, to discontinue, as far as practicable, all labor on their railways on the Sabbath, an agreement has just been reached to close all the city ticket offices in Buffalo on Sunday, beginning with June 9th. This will give a large number of men an opportunity to secure a well-earned rest, and the railways, interested are entitled to great credit for this movement. The example should be followed in every city in the United States.

Owing to the arrival of delayed trains it may be found impossible to close the depot ticket offices, but there is no reason why the city ticket offices of all the railways in the country should not be closed on Sunday. Chicago and Buffalo have adopted the "Sunday Closing" rule. What city will be next to have its name placed on the new roll of honor?

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe will lecture next Sunday at Benton Harbor, Mich.

*As You Like It* will be the next volume of Dr. Furness' "Variorum Shakespeare," to appear in the autumn.

Mrs. Amaral Martin of Cairo, our well known correspondent and contributor, has kindly remembered us by sending her cabinet photograph to be placed with our collection.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, who wrote the excellent sketch of the late Laurence Oliphant which appeared in *Blackwood*, is engaged upon a larger biography to be published in book form.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie will lecture in Cleveland the last two Sundays of this month. Between the 24th and 30th she is open for week-evening engagements contiguous to Cleveland. Address care of Mrs. Ammon, 1639 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

Mme. Blavatsky, the Theosophist, has explained the Keely Motor. She says: "The force is in Keely, is part of him and will die with him." The stockholders of the Keely Motor Company should get Keely's life insured for a large amount. Or does Mme. Blavatsky mean that there is no hope for the stockholders?

Thousands of people in all parts of the country knew and respected Prof. Wm. Denton. Tens of thousands have listened to his scientific lectures and to his words of burning eloquence on reform topics. Such will be interested in the book by his son Sherman, *Incidents of a Collector's Rambles, etc.*, more fully mentioned under the head of book reviews in this issue.

The four books that have had the largest circulation at the Mercantile Library of New York during the past year are "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and Motley's "Correspondence." We do not believe that any other public library in the world could show better evidence of progressive thought among its readers than this.

E. E. Bamforth, proprietor of the Bay View House at Queen City Park (Burlington), Vermont, is a model host. He is not only a clever fellow but knows how to keep a hotel. He has just issued a neat pamphlet setting forth the attractions of the place as a health and pleasure resort, which should be procured by those looking for these desiderata at a moderate cost. The Spiritualist camp opens July 16th and continues four weeks, and will be followed by the grove meetings of the Universalists of New England lasting to September 1st.

The death of Allen Thorndike Rice was a sad blow to the editorial profession which ranked him as one of its best equipped leaders. When appointed Minister to France Mr. Rice with his accustomed wisdom selected Mr. W. H. Ridings of Boston to take his place as editor of the *North American Review*. Mr. Ridings will edit the July number and probably continue in charge; this will depend upon the action of Mr. Rice's heirs, or his wishes expressed in his will if it shall be found that he provided for such a contingency.

Mr. U. D. Thomas formerly of Indiana, later of Minneapolis, has settled in Milwaukee. Mr. T. is a "mental scientist" and a clairvoyant medium, also a poet of considerable merit. His office is 470 East Water street. He is a great temperance man, and was in Chicago last week in attendance upon a convention of Good Templars. Chicago is by all odds the city for conventions. Big hotels, plenty of them, sight-seeing in abundance—and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. What more can visitors want?

## COINCIDENCES.

[The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincident may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

—97—

Medwin, in his conversations of Byron, reports Byron as saying (page 58):

"I was not so young when my father died but that I perfectly remember him; and had very early a horror of matrimony, from the sight of domestic broils. This feeling came over me very strongly at my wedding. Something whispered to me that it was sealing my own death-warrant. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction; Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Napoleon many warnings. At the last moment I would have retreated, if I could have done so. I called to mind a friend of mine, who had married a young, beautiful and rich girl, and yet was miserable. He had strongly urged me against putting my neck in the same yoke; and to show you how firmly I was resolved to attend to his advice, I betted Hay fifty guineas to one that I should always remain single. Six years afterwards I sent him the money."

On page 37, Medwin reports: "It had been predicted by Mrs. Williams, that twenty-seven was to be a dangerous age for me. The fortune-telling witch was right; it was destined to prove so. I shall never forget the 2nd of January. Lady Byron was the only unconcerned person present; Lady Noel, her mother, cried; I trembled like a leaf, made the wrong response, and after the ceremony called her Miss Millbanke. There is a singular history attached to the ring. The very day the match was concluded, a ring of my mother's that had been lost, was dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I thought it was sent on purpose for the wedding; but my mother's marriage ring had not been a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to be the seal of an unhappy union still.

"I told you I was not oppressed in spirits last night without a reason. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second sight. Rousseau tried whether he was to be d—d or not, by aiming at a tree with a stone; I forgot whether he hit or missed. Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water, to determine whether he was to prosper in some undertaking. Have you ever had your fortune told?" Mrs. Williams told mine. She predicted that twenty-seven and thirty-seven were to be dangerous ages in my life. One has come true." (He was married in his twenty-seventh, and died in his thirty-seventh year.)

Talking of romances, he said: "The Monk" is, perhaps, one of the best in any language, not excepting the German. It only wanted one thing, as I told Lewis, to have rendered it perfect. He should have made the demon really in love with Ambrosio; this would have given it a human interest. The Monk was written when Lewis was only twenty, and he seems to have exhausted all his genius on it. Perhaps at that age he was in earnest in his belief of magic wonders. That is the secret of Walter Scott's inspiration—he retains and encourages all the superstitions of his youth. Lewis caught his passion for the marvellous, and it amounted to a mania with him, in Germany (page 229). . . . On page 102 he says: You may imagine the fright the poor devil of a doctor was in; and I could not help smiling at the ludicrous way in which his fears showed themselves. I believe he was more pleased at my recovery than either my faithful nurses or myself. I had no intention of dying at that time; but if I had died, a similar thing would have been told of me to that related as having happened to Col. Sherbrooke in America. On the very day my fever was at the highest, a friend of mine declared he saw me in St. James's street; and somebody put my name down in the book at the Palace, as having inquired after the King's health! Everybody would have said that my ghost had appeared!"

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

## GENERAL NEWS.

Boulanger says he likes the Londoners, but he can't admire their climate and dinners. On his tour to Asia Minor and Persia H. Rider Haggard will be accompanied by an American negro. Rosa Bonheur celebrates her seventieth birth day this year. She is still painting industriously.—There is a story floating about in England to the effect that the new courier who accompanied Queen Victoria to Biarritz was a woman in man's attire.—President Harrison has given to J. C. Ward, who is going as a missionary to India, a letter of introduction to "his royal highness Assuf-Jah-Musuffer-Ul-Muek-Nizam-Ne-Dowlah-Meer-Mabaneh-Ah-Khan-Bahadur—Futch-Jung, G. C. S. J."—Joseph Jefferson gave a performance of his famous role, Rip Van Winkle, at Niblo's Garden recently to an audience composed of 1,500 orphaned boys and girls from the private and public founding asylums of New York.—William Roane Ruffin, who died at Valley Farm, Chesterfield County, Virginia, a few days ago was a great grandson of Thomas Jefferson.—Mrs. Cleveland has kindly consented to have her name used by Mrs. Chapin, of Brooklyn, as a "patroness" of a fair to be given for the benefit of the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives.

A common question now-a-days is, "What is Tar Old?" That this remarkable preparation is carrying favor is most apparent from the fact that it is continually invoking universal interest. Tar Old is an unfailing cure for "Piles," Sait Rheum and all Skin diseases. 50c. Of Druggists.

Mrs. Ward's article in *North American* on "Sin and Unbelief" shows the change that is going on in theological affairs. The only wonder is that by any method the popular idea became established that not to believe a doctrine involved guilt, and skepticism or agnosticism endangered a soul's eternal future. A few people may be left in intelligent circles who consider themselves safer for giving credence to what they can not demonstrate or understand, but the majority are no longer afraid to question, investigate and hold in abeyance. Mrs. Ward only voices the age.

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MATERNITY. A book for wives and mothers. By Mrs. P. B. Smith, M. D. Revised and enlarged. 150 pages. Contains over 750 pages. The most complete book of the kind ever issued. Treats all diseases and conditions of women. Gives complete directions for the care of children and disease. "In the hands of an intelligent mother this book is worth its weight in gold." L. W. Chamberlain, M. D., author of "Women's Health." Nearly 100,000 sold. Send postage and price of \$2.00. Intelligent ladies wanted everywhere to sell this book. \$2.00 a week. Write quick for catalog. 150 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

4TH OF JULY.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST OF FIRE WORKS

**Voice from the People.**  
AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

AS WE VIEW IT.

Wonder landscape, regal in its splendor,  
Smiling with a look half proud, half tender.  
Seems a shrouded corpse when dense fog rolls.  
Life is glorious when the rays of duty  
Shine upon it from a loving soul;  
But its hills and glades are robed of beauty.  
If a selfish mist hangs over the whole,  
Scorning this great fact, the base man loses.  
Truth's best diamond, priceless if he knew it.  
Life is good or bad, as each one chooses;  
Life is as we view it.

Wizened wealth of heart, the miser's treasure,  
Now too small to purchase lofty pleasure,  
Soon will be a deathbed pang, or worse.  
Love, contentment, goodness, hopes ethereal,  
Make the peasant, slender though his purse,  
Vastly richer than the whole material,  
Star-lit, unconscious universe.  
Mental wealth, whose very touch entrances,  
Boundless lies for all whose minds pursue it.  
Man is rich or poor, just as he fancies;  
Wealth is as we view it.

Life's flame, flickering feebly in the strongest,  
Often blown out, is soon burnt at the longest.  
Foul we live; we're nothing in our graves.  
Almost a sweat now, yet daily heightening.  
Is our power, that rides the foaming waves,  
Weighs the planets, grasps the lighting lightning,  
Changes fire and air to docile slaves.  
Man can humble Nature if she dares him,  
Set her some hard task, and makes her do it.  
Man is weaker than the steed that bears him;  
Death is as we view it.

Knowing not where Truth's first step commences,  
Since the sages say our very senses  
Teach but fictions, dark we live and die.  
Priceless thoughts that time in its long travels  
Through past ages gathered, open lie;  
Science shows the cipher that unravels  
Nature's secrets, writ on earth and sky,  
But the wondrous volume spread before us  
Needs eternity to read right through it.  
All is darkness! Floods of light float o'er us;  
Truth is as we view it.

One faint gasp, and then the low death-rattle!  
Then we end it, beaten by the battle,  
Locust all things with our parting breath,  
Life has glories, but intensely brighter  
In the gloom of a noble death.  
With the soul, it's load each moment lighter,  
Heedless now of what the vain world hath,  
Seeing visions, pain sublimely scorning.  
Feels the icy hand, yet dares to woo it.  
Death is starless night, or radiant morning;  
Death is as we view it.

—J. T. Chapman.

A Medium Among the Early Settlers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My father (Alanson Thomas) was born in Rensselaer County, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1789, and before he became of age, he worked in a little huddle, at what was termed an ashery—boiling potash. In the place there worked a blacksmith, Jo. Gaffield. Ere long it was noticed around that he could find stolen or lost property, and when any had mysteriously disappeared, it was the custom to call on him for advice. One man had lost a log-chain; could not find it, and went to see Jo. He told the man where to set a stake, and to go in a given direction so many chains and links and he would find the chain some five or six feet under ground. The stake was set, the line run as directed and it brought them to a house. A search warrant was obtained and the chain found in the cellar.

My grandfather had the misfortune to break his leg, and when able to get around on crutches, he had some bus'ness a few miles from home. On his way back his leg became very painful, and to rest he got off his horse, and holding it by the bridle sat on a little hillock. In feeding around him, a horse jerked the bridle away, and started off. An old gentleman being lame could not catch him.

Many days, though hunted for, he could get no trace of him. Finally he consulted the blacksmith. The advice was given to stop hunting for the horse, and send some one to stand on the "four corners" on a certain day, hour, and minute, and the horse would come along. Either the saddle or the bridle would be on him (I forget which), and the other they need not hunt for, they would never find it. They set finally arrived, and as there were notes to the whereabouts of the horse, and the place was but a few miles away, they concluded to follow the advice given. A man stood ready, and at the minute specified that horse came along, and in the condition foretold. The lost saddle or bridle was never found.

The country was new at that time (80 years ago) and "raising and logging bees" were frequent, and I suppose whisky was plenty; at all events it was a custom among the neighbors to come in during the evening and have a good time. After such an event, and at one of these gatherings Jo. Gaffield was present. His powers of divination (if that is a proper term) had given him such notoriety that the company wanted to see him. They blindfolded him, and kept him in the house while some on would take a piece of money or some other article and go out and hide it in a stump or fence corner, and when he came in, J. would tell any one of the company where to go and get it.

After a while Jo. said, "Gentlemen, I can tell you your thoughts." None believed this, of course, and they tested him for a while. My father's uncle coming in, one of the company said, "Mr. Thomas, Mr. Gaffield is telling us our thoughts."

"Well," said he, "you can't tell mine." After a moment he said, "Now, what did I think of?" "You thought of a gosling about half-way out of its shell," was the response.

"That is true," said Mr. T. "I thought I would think of something so odd and foreign to anything going on here, that you could not guess it." R. THOMAS.

Dr. Wilbur a Healing Physician.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your JOURNAL of the first instant I read a statement that Dr. Joseph Wilbur of Burlington, Wis., is dead. This was sad news to me as I hoped to see him again in the earth-life.

Dr. W. was formerly a resident of Detroit, Mich., where I first knew him about thirty-five years ago. He was then engaged in the stove business, which did not prove very successful. We often met each other for several years while he resided in the city, and were early converts to the truths of Spiritualism and mesmerism, and believed that the latter when the laws which controlled it were understood, would prove a very great healing power. This has proved to be true.

I was taken sick in the fall of 1854, and did not get well until the spring of 1855. Most of this time was treated by an allopathic physician. Finally a crisis came in my case, and my physician told my wife that unless she sent him to Dr. Wilbur, he would not make me die sooner. It so happened that this same night Dr. Wilbur called at my house, and said to Mrs. H. that he wished to see me on a little business matter. At first she refused his admission, and said that the doctor had directed that no visitor should enter my room. However, he urged so hard that he came into see me. I was pleased to meet him. He placed his hands upon my stomach and abdomen and in about twenty minutes I dropped into a quiet and happy slumber, from which I did not awake until morning. My regular attendant then came to see me, and feeling of my pulse, he said that I was much better, and that I would soon get well, and that his medicine had proved beneficial. I did not undervalue him, but I did not take his physic.

I am well satisfied that I would not be writing this manuscript if Dr. Wilbur had not seen me on the eventful night above mentioned. I last met him in Chicago in 1864, at his office where he was engaged in healing the sick by practicing an art known to our Savior over 1800 years ago. W. C. H.

Dr. R. P. Wright writes: I was glad to see the "exposure" of "Independent telegraphy." Such is the office of a paper like the JOURNAL more than any other paper. As I am one of the primary objects of every honest Spiritualist should be to expose fraud.

A dozen boys, rendered insane by cigarette smoking, have been admitted to the Napa (Cal.) hospital for the insane within a short time.

The Phantom Train.

The Detroit Tribune has offered a prize of \$5 for "the best Original Ghost Story," and the same sum for "the best Original Snake Story"—both offers under one head. Ghosts and snakes are of like value and interest, it would seem. Both offers closed last month, and the best of the many ghost stories sent in were published May 26th. Most of them have a five-dollar-written-to-order air, and are by no means as good as many like stories often seen in secular newspapers in these days. The offer is a curious sign of what the people want. Two only of the Tribune stories—all duly grouped under big capitals, "Ghosts, Spirits and Snakes"—have any air of verity, or any real interest.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

On the sixteenth day of October, 1888, I was employed as a night telegraph operator at \_\_\_\_\_, Ill., with hours from 7 P. M. to 7 A. M. On this evening I had been reading "Robert Elsmere" and had read, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty pages of the work, and had just laid aside the book to reflect upon the work when I saw it was nearly 12 o'clock. I answered a call that one of the "boys" "sprung" on me. After finishing up this work I looked out to see if everything was safe for the passage, saw that all switches were in position, all signals displayed, and was about to turn to the other business when I saw approaching what then appeared to be a train from the West. I looked in the other direction and saw another train approaching. This surprised me as I knew that there were no regular trains due until 12:35, and I had not heard of any extras on the road that night. As they came nearer I saw that the one from the West was a stock train, and the one from the East was a light train of only the engine, caboose and one freight car.

I noticed that I could see through the cars, that they were not solid as an ordinary train. In a moment more they had come together right in front of the window of the office, within ten feet of the chair in which I was sitting. There was not the slightest sound, but I saw the engine strike and stop; saw the cars piling up; saw one engineer attempt to jump, as he was caught by the cars and pinned against the bollerhead; saw a car double against the one that had caught the engineer in the same manner that the blade of a knife doubles as regards the handle; saw a brakeman caught between the cars that doubled up; saw one of them slide over across the other, forced by the cars behind; saw the nameless appearance of the man after this action; saw a car fall against the water tank and tip it over; saw a side rod break and go through the cab; saw a portion of the boilerhead or front detached and come with terrible velocity toward the window; felt the shock as it passed through the window and by the chair in which I was sitting; saw the surviving train meed as soon as the car stopped, begin to carry the dead toward the door of the waiting-room, through which they passed without opening the door or making a sound.

I started to go into the waiting-room, when I stumbled upon the body of a man lying upon the floor. I looked carefully, saw that he bore on his coat the pin of O. R. T., thereby proclaiming himself as an operator. As I looked I recognized the face of an old acquaintance, and operator from whom I had not heard of for a long time, by the name of Frank Willard. While I looked there came into the office two men who picked up the body, carried it to the waiting-room, where they saw them lay it beside those of seven others, but as I stepped forward to see who they were the entire apparition vanished. I looked out of the door, but there was no sign of a wreck, the track was as usual, but I noticed a very strong smell of smoke.

I then went into the office, looked at the clock, which marked 12:08 A. M. I sat down at the key, called up the train dispatcher, asked if there had been a wreck near that place in the last year, and he replied that the night man had been killed there about a year ago, in a collision. I asked my relief in the morning the name of the night man who was killed there, and he replied Frank Willard, and gave a good description of the man as I had known him. He also showed me a copy of the country paper, containing an article referring to the wreck and giving the names of those killed, and noting the fact that the wreck took fire and was burned, with the exception of several cars that had been near the water tank when it was tipped over and were so wet that they would not burn.

I do not, or rather did not believe in the existence of ghosts, but I think that in this case there is proof that on occasions, the spirit of the deceased visit the places of their leaving this life, and appear as they did at the moment of departure.

S. O. BLODGETT.

DEATH IN THE MINE.

Do I doubt that the spirit of the departed can return to earth and appear to man? No, I know it can. There was a time when I would have laughed to scorn the idea of spirit communication, but not since the tenth day of June, 1874. If I tell the tale I know that you will not believe it, but it is a solemn truth, and the scenes of that night are burned into my memory and will go down with me to my grave—a ghastly reality. At my old home in Michigan I had a friend—yes, more than a friend, he was a soul-brother. We were inseparable, and in our boyhood days owned all our toys in common. When we were children the older people called us David and Jonathan, names that clung to us through life. In fact that is all we can say of them.

Monroe.

The Wages of Greed.

The appalling disaster at Johnstown, unparalleled in the history of America, was not wholly a dispensation of providence. It cannot be justly charged up to God. On the contrary, it was due to direct and flagrant violations of God's eternal laws. Man foolishly built a wall of masonry to check the mountain torrent and trusted to his skill to withstand the force of gravity. The wrecks and the corpses strewed along the valley of the Conemaugh are the ghastly commentary of nature upon the folly that presumed to set metes and bounds to her inexorable activities.

But folly was not alone exhibited in that fatal valley. Greed had its place and played its direful part in the awful tragedy of that starless Friday night. The dispatches barely mention, they do not dwell, upon the fact. But it should not be overlooked. The guilt of it should be inefaceably fixed upon the soulless corporation upon which the responsibility rests. That corporation is the insatiate Pennsylvania railway company. Not content with its possessions along the margin of the Conemaugh, it secretly and unlawfully treacherously for space upon the channel which nature had cut for draining her mountain fastnesses. Little by little debris was dumped into the stream and little by little the Pennsylvania company broadened its track-room at the expense of the stream. The waters were forced into narrower limits and they and the people of the towns affected fretted and protested in vain. It was not until Friday night that the Pennsylvania company encouette a power superior to its own. Its inordinate greed brought it own penalty.

Unfortunately, however, that grasping corporation was not the only sufferer. Ten thousand astonished souls were swept shrieking to eternity before the awful torrent, whose natural outlet had been usurped to feel an insuperable rapacity. Millions of worth were buried by the mad deluge, as it is protest, against the stone bridge that spans the narrow cataract. A red carnival of fiends was the fitting climax of this stupendous sacrifice of life and property.

It is doubtful whether at the best the Conemaugh was adequate for the safe discharge of the awful volume of water let loose upon the valley by the broken dam, but is not open to question that the horrors of the catastrophe were multiplied as the result of the encroachments by the Pennsylvania company upon the river. Had that natural outlet been left as it was found, the havoc of Friday night would have been greatly mitigated; possibly it might have been wholly averted. In any event, it could not have been so overwhelmingly decimating as it was.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Hudson Tuttle's New Book.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I rise from the perusal of "Psychic Science" with delight. Veteran that he is, the author could have nothing to say that would not be both valuable and interesting, but this book is as fascinating as a novel. Embalmed like flies in amber are a multitude of facts illustrative of Psychic science, and they are facts which well deserve such a permanent record. They are typical and as such will be read and quoted by the students of occult lore.

While there is not a paragraph that is not eminently attractive, I find the closing portion, "Personal Experience," to be not only very beautiful but embody a vast amount of philosophy.

Permit me, however, to make one distinction in terms which Mr. Tuttle has failed to make. In his brief statements concerning Christian Science, Mind Cure, etc., he declares that "Theosophy states one fundamental doctrine on which its superstructure rests. This is the pre-existence of the soul or spirit and its repeated incarnations on earth."

Now while that is true concerning Oriental Theosophy, to which our brother evidently refers, it is incorrect concerning Christian Theosophy, which is now gaining ground in our country. Its chief apostle and teacher, Dr. J. H. Dewey, in his book, "The Truth and the Life," disclaims the theory of reincarnation and I know personally many who are students of Theosophy yet who do not believe in the re-incarnation of the individual. Neither do they believe in individual pre-existence. Only once, say they, do we spring into consciousness, individual existence, out of the universal ocean of spirit, yet we retain at times faint memories of our mortal experience which underlies all.

for home that night, secured the necessary funds and started for Arizona. I found poor Dave's body and the books just as he described them to me and confronted the murderer with the damnable evidences of his guilt; but had not a watch charm belonging to Palmer been found with the body he would never have been convicted, for no one believed my story.

"A strange coincidence," the judge said. Was it?

No. It was Dave himself, in spirit, though he has never come to me since. If any one doubts the truth of this let him address Judge Carter, of Tucson, if he be still upon the bench there.

W. F. B.

Giordano Bruno.

A statue in commemoration of the Italian philosopher, mathematician and astronomer, Giordano Bruno, who was burned at the stake as a heretic by order of the Roman Inquisition, February 17, 1600, is soon to be erected in Rome. The Pope is much troubled about the matter. A few days ago he uttered a protest against the erection of the statue as an insult to the Christian Church. He has now ordered that all the papal guards keep themselves within the Vatican upon the day of unveiling the statue. The Pope is to be puffed. He is doing his best to show that the Church has made no progress in the last century. No wonder there is talk of the "great serpent" on collective femininity. Nor does the world know of the "wise serpent" from the "Divine Illumination," "Wisdom from God," "Divine Illumination," "The Fatherhood of God," "The Brotherhood of Man."

There is still a Theosophical society in this country, founded by Dr. Elliott Coues, composed of intelligent, resolute people who are honestly and earnestly striving after real truths, as foundation stones of a solid building enduring structure. Witness such words as these: "Nevertheless, the precepts of truth: the maxime of morality, the example of virtue, the model of piety, the standard of every kind of life, not these good to be followed? And what else? Theosophy?" And again: "The spirit of this time is change, change, change; fit yourselves for new conditions or perish, for only the fittest survive." From all parts of the land, yes, from all lands, come such sharp warnings for every human being who can say, "Ohi! my prophetic soul!" a soul is illuminated with at least a spark of the Divine light.

In a book of the day we read: "The curtain is slowly rising on a new era, and listening to the solemn chords the world waits trembling to see what scene is set upon the stage." How much truth in the first part of this sentence; how little in the last; for the world does not listen, the world does not tremble, the world, the flesh and the devil!" (whoever and whatever he is) are as they always have been, too preoccupied to pay any attention to anything that speaks not of selfish gratification.

Though an angel with shining wings hovered over each town and community to warn and teach the multitude, would it not be still as it was when it was said: "Even if one came back from the dead they would not believe." Whether these are Christian masters or not, all dwellers in a so-called Christian land should know of the words of a "Master" who said, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" or of who taught of "the universal brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed or sex," one who denounced selfishness in all its forms, and worldliness in many of its phases; who proclaimed the great and universal law of "love," and propounded the downfall of the people who lived contrarily to this law. Is such teaching very different from the teachings of pure Theosophy?

Stands there not in the country of Madame Blavatsky the "city of the dead"? Whether they would not believe it, the dead would not believe it. Will the petals of all the flowers that have bloomed on the life tree of the age? So far as we can know, men have always advanced or labored laboriously the wheels of civilization to a certain height to see a cog slip and be whirled back toward barbarism.

Shall wise men, blind to the warnings written on the milestones of the centuries, continue ceaselessly, each one trying to make another, or others, see with his eyes and just in the way that he does; to argue endlessly on matters not much more important than the point discussed as learned by Theologians of old, as to "how many spirits can dance at once on the point of a cambric needle?" A few wise men are beginning to get a glimpse of the fact that their great show of leadership and authority has been destructive all this time; that the real leaders have been women, women the helpers of men in all things; good and evil women, apparently in subject; really winding men around their feet all along; women blinded by the ignorance in which they were kept for years until, "the blind leading the blind." Where these walk there will still be "pits" to tumble into.

Are they getting ready, these men, to cry out to women: "We will free you from slavery, give you the use of all your power, deny to you no longer the facilities of education, help you, hope through you, trust you to redeem a race failing, fallen through its own sins, to raise a disinherited humanity to its rightful place in the household of the Father?" Woman, the mighty Amazon, the giantess, who has been so long sleeping, chained, blind, unconscious of her strength, is to be called upon suddenly to waken, to rise up and battle with the gigantic forces of evil; but she is not ready; her armor is rusted, her true weapons defaced, her powers deteriorated by long disease and many a hard life, so long closed, are blinded by the light she is called on to face so suddenly. It is absolutely one working in a "universal" sisterhood that she can accomplish the great things to be expected of her.

To renovate society, that network of selfishness and lies; to restore religion to purity and strength; to clean the boards at which "counselors of state sit plotting, playing their high chess game whereof the pawn is man"; and to cleanse the Aegaean stable of the world, the female Hercules is needed, and can be Hercules by one great union. Are women ready? Not while a good man cries out in our midst: "You women are so brutal to each other."

There is but one way to set about the preparation for these great works, a way so simple, so near at hand,

## Higher Carelessness.

Theosophists believe there is a state of mind, by them the "higher carelessness," which is ultimate state realizable by man in the flesh, condition of the highest perfection possible to attain.

Though a creed that glorifies carelessness will not probably make many converts among such a painfully systematic and care-encumbered race as ours, yet there is a lesson of deep significance in the idea that will do us all good to study.

The gospel of prudence, of forethought, of pounds and pence, of providing for to-morrow and next year, and the next life, has been so persistently preached that the world perhaps needs not to have the gospel of unconcern presented to it. Every cemetery filled with unheeded graves of men who invested their crops before they were sown who fought the plow from their carts before their ship set sail, who pertinaciously heaped the burdens of next week upon shoulders bending under the weight of the burden of to-day. There are farmers who fight weevils in winter, and break roads through the snow-drifts of July. There are clergymen who preach their sermons Monday, and editors who get out day-after-tomorrow's papers in addition to the paper of to-day, at the same time worrying over the paper of yesterday. To such men as these to-day is a sun-glass held over their heads, in which is converged the rays of the past, the present and the future. No wonder their brains boil under this focalized heat and their nerves snap under its scorching intensity!

Nervous prostration never attacks men who live only one day at a time. It attacks those who are slaves of yesterday and afraid of to-morrow.

There are so many men who live as if they hoped by taking thought to add a cubit to their stature, and who have made the world into such a military barracks of discipline and duty that this Higher Carelessness of the Theosophists is just the kind of reactionary doctrine that we need. Who is right, the optimist or the pessimist? This is a question none of us can answer dogmatically in this life. Yet no one can doubt that the world would be much happier if there were more optimists. When a man is fully assured that everything is for the best—and is not this the essence of all religion?—there can be no possible misfortune for him!

To make life less wretched and blunt the edge of misfortune with a laugh, this is the effect of the philosophy of the Higher Carelessness, and a very good sort of philosophy it is.—*Globe, Boston, Mass.*

Dr. Talmage calls attention to the significant fact that the angel that rolled a stone set down on it. Other ministers have wholly overlooked this sublime fact. You see, he could just as well have shouldered the stone and carried it to heaven with him—but he didn't; he sat down on it. Having been born in heaven, the Doctor assures us that that angel had always had an easy time of it, and when he undertook to push that rock he found his mettle well put to it. But he did it, and then sat down to wipe off the perspiration. Since that he speaks of that wrestle with the rock as one of the big events of his angelic career. There is considerable talk nowadays about French realism, but it never approaches the fine, realistic style of Brooklyn.

Maine boasts of having a genuine native-born Mohammedan. He is a queer fellow, who finally became satisfied that the best religion in the world was that of the Arabic prophet. He is one of the few nonchristians who pray three times a day in an orthodox position, facing the east. At sunrise he rises from his bed, bathes head and feet, and hands and bows to the east. This he repeats at midday and sunset. From Saturday night till Monday he fasts, and at all times eats but twice a day. Well, he is quite as good a Christian as those who turn their fasts and prayers about to face different days and compass points. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind—so far as he has one of his own.

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Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets. If a man die, shall he live again? a lecture delivered in San Francisco, June 1887, price 5 cents, and a Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and any thing from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

The History of Christianity is out in a new edition, price \$1.50. The works of Henry Gibbon are clasped to standard books and should be in the library of all thoughtful readers. We are prepared to fit any and all orders. Price \$1.50.

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The President, while ashore at Leontine during his trip on the Potomac, met a local character known as Gen. Bayley, who told Gen. Harrison that he had been several times a candidate for the Presidency and always been knocked out, but that he would be willing to relieve Gen. Harrison if he should get tired of the place. "Well, I'm tired of it already," was the reply; but to Gen. Bayley's offer to succeed him at once the President rejoined that it would be necessary for him to go through certain formalities, and Bayley acquiesced.

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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLVI.

No. 18

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well-authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON'S LETTER.

Golden Words from the Golden State—Garnished with the Jewels of Thought and Laden with the Perfumes of Flowers from the Lovely Santa Clara Valley.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Hidden away here at the feet of hoary mountains, in a leafy solitude where scarcely a sound from the busy world ever comes, my thoughts are nevertheless with the multitudes that this day, May 30th, march to strains of solemn music, scattering flowers above the graves of our heroic countrymen whose precious blood was the price of freedom; and I am glad that love lives longer than hate, and that to-day finds fresh flowers above the mouldering forms that wore the grey as well as the blue,—while North and South unite in doing honor to their dear courageous dead. It is a beautiful ride and arouses a poetic sentiment in the sternest breast. There are no dead save the forgotten, and it is well, once a year, at least, to remember how much Union and Liberty have cost, the deeds of valor possible to men, and how sweet is peace compared to war! And I can but believe that on Decoration Day the two worlds draw more near. Do not the arisen souls of those sleeping forms smile above their kindred and countrymen, a little happier for the sweet remembrance? And while we scatter, flowers do not they breathe benedictions? Are they not glad that through them the earth has been partly rid of whips and chains and women's tears? True, we still weep; but what a difference there is in tears! Some scald and sear, and harden, rather than ease the heart, while others are genuine holy water, helping to sanctify and heal, catching the light of heaven in their crystal globes, and flashing God's love out upon the world!

When I wrote you last, our southern Spring had just unfurled her pale green banners on the hills and was softly trailing her flower-broidered robes a-down the sun-warmed valleys. Now her queen-sister, Summer, looks at us from serener skies, waving a magic wand which transmutes the air and sunshine into luscious fruits,—my mother birds preen their pretty wings proudly above nests that overflow with new-born melodies; the magnolias open their big white blooms like fragrant censers swaying in the wind, and a golden robin, up there in his great, leafy home which required more than a century to build, almost breaks his heart up in song, trying to tell me of the eternities of love and joy that are possible even in our old toilsome world. What changes that robin-song has rung upon my memory! I close my eyes of flesh and straightway little children, who were so precious to the heart of God that their white feet were taken from earth's thorny paths and set safely within the valedictory of the angel-world without a print of pain upon them, are dancing around my knees, and by the robin's notes I know that even so transient a thing as a baby's smile takes hold on immortality! And if the shadow of joy is not permitted to suffer death, how can the thing itself be ever lost?

Solemn anniversaries are coming to me in quick succession now. Every member of Flora's family, as she opens her perfumed life, then drops her head and passes, whispers some message of last year's love and sorrow, and when earth is at her fairest it would seem most fitting that the dear arisè should part the curtain of death a little way and make some sign to those who toil and wait in loneliness. How strange that a contrary notion should ever have gained credence! Without a single demonstration to rest upon,

the spiritualistic idea is too completely in harmony with nature's methods to be rejected by the rational mind.

And what ought to be is, at least as regards this need of the human heart; for daily, hourly, the immortal hosts signal us from the shining uplands of eternal life. In illustration of this fact, allow me to relate a circumstance of very recent occurrence. Mrs. H. E. Robinson, the remarkable psychic, whose intuitions rendered me very valuable aid in my late bereavement, was spending a few days of restful quiet here, during which time we had been almost continually conscious of spirit presence, although not "seeking after signs," and the morning of which I write we were sitting on the vine-wreathed verandah overlooking a scene of summer loveliness, our hearts full of gratitude for the ministry of peace and beauty, when Mrs. Robinson suddenly turned to me and said: "There is some one very dear to you who has been passing through great sorrow. I see him weight down with care, held a prisoner to distressing circumstances through the sickness, long and terrible, of some one belonging to him." She then described my dear brother, L. S. Lowe, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, minutely, and exclaimed: "Thank God, release has come! It is over at last!" And what she assured me were "happy tears" overflowed his eyes.

Within two hours my mail arrived, and the first letter I opened was from my brother. Imagine, if you can, what my feelings were when I read: "I hardly know what words to make use of to convey the news of Hattie's release from her long imprisonment! She passed to spirit life last Friday morning, and how my heart swelled with joy as I saw her breathe the last breath of pain on earth." For three years she had been paralyzed and suffered beyond words to describe, during which time, brother, no less brave on that battle-field than those where he had fought three other bloody years, had scarcely left her bed side! Oh, there is but one world, nature's own; one heaven, right action; one life, continuous, eternal, in which death is but an incident for which we often have reason to thank God, and out of whose white mystery there come to us solemn and tender strains of exultant song.

The fact that there are souls so steeped in selfishness and sensuality, so stone-blind to the beneficent but inexorable laws of being as to trade in human grief, simulating God's mercy, masking as ministering spirits and making false signs in the name of heaven, can in no wise controvert the truth; and while one such as Rowley is writhing over defeated lies, millions are drawing ever nearer to the eternal reality of spirit life. The frequent exposures of public mediums and the climax of fraud recently reached by Rowley, the telegrapher, have accentuated an assertion made by or through the writer several years ago, viz.: "Men will get nearer to the Spirit-world by the evolution of their own innate spiritual faculties rather than by the employment of physical agencies on the part of spirits. Mortals must become more sublimated, not spirits more materialized." Are not the "astrals" of the Theosophists simply the "aura" of spirits temporarily or permanently unfeasted? The old spiritualistic idea in a new dress? The soul can so far insulate itself from its gross surroundings as to sense or perceive the otherwise unseen, unknown. And the only desirable mediumship, in my humble opinion, is that state in which the subject becomes truly "superior," i. e., personally *en rapport* with higher intelligences.

Are not the frauds and charlatans in Spiritualism doing a very necessary work after all, in disgusting us with the show side of our faith? Ignorant image worship is hardly worse than the late mania after materializing kings, queens, Arab sheiks and other "ancient spirits." Is it not time to inquire what our faith is really based upon? I am frank to say that were our demonstrated facts confined to the physical phases of mediumship I should consider the ship we sail in a very leaky craft. But on the contrary our sustaining facts inhere in the very constitution of nature. The psychic side of life is continually vibrating to the touches of its incarnated kindred. The whole trend of religious experiences, from the earliest dawn of history to the present day is in favor of the foundation facts of all religions—immortality and inter-communion between the living and the so-called dead. R. Heber Newton and M. J. Savage, each in a frank and masterly manner, have emphasized the above statement. These men, standing on the highest watch-tower of a liberal conservatism, have discovered that even re-affirming, irresistible nature is pouring a mighty tide of living, vital truth against the creed-walled fortresses of the old theology, making a wide breach at the very garden of Eden, demolishing original sin, drowning total depravity, quenching hell, and humanizing Jesus; in short, the theory of evolution, supported by ever-accumulating facts, is revolutionizing the religions of the world; and thank God, there are men in high places too wise, too much in "vive with truth and humanity, to shut their eyes and withhold the blessed light from them" who look to them for hope and comfort!

There is far too much gross materialism among professed Spiritualists; a determination to wrench from the spirits a definite description of their country and habits in minute details—a perfectly preposterous proposition; but so persistently persevered in that we have, as a result, volumes of romantic rubbish, in which the Spirit-world is represented simply as earth on a holiday, every-

body clad like kings and queens at their coronation!

It is to be hoped that we shall soon see the end of this evanescent spiritualism, to give place to a rational conception of life in its entirety—content to develop the possibilities for beauty and joy in this world, realizing that each epoch in the soul's ever unfolding power is perfect of its kind, and that, even as the human embryo could not be made to comprehend what awaits it in the wider sphere for which it is unconsciously preparing, neither can we accurately conceive of the state of being into which death is the open door.

We have little reason to suppose that the purest clairvoyant vision is an actual seeing of disembodied spirits and their environments as they really exist. All we can aver with any degree of certainty is that our so-called dead are still conscious intelligences, with power to impinge their thoughts, pictures of their former selves and symbolical representations of their present existence, upon our atmosphere. The forces they employ, the laws controlling our intercourse with, and cognition of, them are almost unknown to us.

What is there in the realm of feeling which can fairly illustrate the marvels of light and sound, color and music to one born blind and deaf? No doubt the race, through evolutionary processes, is gradually unfolding powers of psychic perception hitherto confined to a few. Just as music and painting, or the power to conceive of and recreate beauty and harmony, is fast becoming universal; so the higher spiritual faculties are operative to a vastly greater degree than even a hundred years ago. To this fact do we owe the multiplication of "the gifts of the spirit" rather than to an advance of intelligence and power on the part of the angel world.

We are being prepared for closer contact with the higher life, and our heavenly prerogatives will increase in a direct ratio with our spiritual development. Nor shall we ever know what we are capable of being and enjoying until we practically acknowledge our mutual inter dependence as men and women, and elevate the entire standard of human living. History clearly demonstrates a close connection between physical and spiritual advancement. The way to heaven is not paved with the skulls of slaves, but with the deeds of free, well born, well-fed hopeful-hearted men and women!

Spiritualism is a natural, scientific religion. It reveals life as a divine unit. As in the sidereal universe there is no up nor down, no high or low except relatively speaking, so the true prophet of the new religion sees that body and soul, matter and spirit, are equally necessary, equally pure and divine. Away with the false doctrine that only some distant heaven is worth working for, and that angelhood and happiness are possible only after death! The religion of nature is shrined in every aspiring soul, in lowliest life as truly as among the stars!

God is in the infinitesimal, else is He not infinite! We need not travel far to see the working of His miracles. They crowd every corner of illimitable space. Nor do spirits—our veiled dead—smother back into mortality to make their changeless affection known.

They wait for our life-windows to open; they touch the hidden springs of our spiritual being; they breathe across the closed portals of the inner soul, and lo! we are with them; we lean outward, upward into their atmosphere, and so our hearts are cleansed and comforted, and when in order to complete the round of being we sink back to our normal condition, we never fall quite to the old level—somewhat has been added to our soul stature forevermore!

Spiritualists should not stumble nor falter when selfish greed masquerades in the white mantle of their faith; nor seek to shield or cover up a lie lest the dear truth suffer. That which is founded in the constitution of things will live—all else fades and passes.

The facts of Spiritualism are so plentiful, so constant in their recurrence, that all bolstering up of fraud is work worse than thrown away; and to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL more than to any other human agency do we owe the cleansing of our ranks from impostures of every sort. Ready to sustain and enhance every true spirit-work; insisting on fair play when a question of fraud has arisen; but always justly careful to guard its constituents from deceit—frank to admit itself mistaken when controverting facts are furnished—is it not the duty of every honest man and woman to whom spiritual truth is dear, to lend a hand and help to perfect the JOURNAL's work? And yet I received a letter this very day from Rochester, N. Y., in which a friend alluding to the Rowley episode says: "It is believed by some Spiritualists here that Bundy had been bought!" It seems incredible that any sane mind can entertain such a preposterous idea! Consider the long years of struggle the JOURNAL has had in order to place before the people a rational, scientific Spiritualism, replete with demonstrated facts; rich in philosophical inquiry; glowing with reverent faith in humanity; mounting to the very apex of religious journalism; an evangel of light to high and low, educated and ignorant, presenting to the army of malignant pseudo-mEDIUMS an impregnable front, yet tenderly considering to the victims of unfortunate circumstances—not always entirely forgiving toward the wrong-doer, but grandly true to truth. God bless it!

Sunny Brae has been having quite a pentecostal season within the past few weeks. First came the poet-singer, James G. Clark, author of "The Infinite Mother," a rhythmic word-picture of the universe borne on the

bosom of Infinite Love; it alone should immortalize its author, and, indeed, Mr. Clark seems immortal in the flesh, with a soul as young as ever and as full of song. On the waves of his melodious voice we sailed out upon a shining sea of prophet-thoughts, and felt the "good time coming" momentarily more near. Then a little company of earnest, congenial souls, headed by N. F. Ravelin, pastor of "The Church of Humanity," San Jose, came to compare notes with us, and take a bird's eye survey of the great field of reformatory work. Mr. Ravelin is doing nobly—ruining the saloons, it is said—at least diminishing their Sunday's evil gains, and I know of no higher compliment to be paid any preacher than that he is drawing men up to the levels of better thinking, away from alcohol and lust. O, the divine dynamics contained in one white-winged, heavenward-soaring thought! Give it time and it will lift the world!

Scarcely were my farewells spoken to these dear friends when I stood face to face with my old school-mate, Annie Herbert, author of "When the mists have rolled away," after an interval of twenty-five years. Fancy us scanning each other's changed faces in search of the changeless soul! and after the first baffled, disappointed glance, gradually to see the mists rolling away, the grey hairs and wrinkles giving up the familiar, persistent ego! How many coils of matter it had slipped, retaining through all the outer transmutations the *I am*—and will you believe that in a little while, we were so like our young selves to each other it seemed but a span of time since we were curling our brown and golden locks by the pebbly brook that mingled its music with our happy laughter in the long ago. Think of it, oh, ye disciples of Non-Egoism! Why, I am beginning to believe that Bob, the mocking bird, will be an everlasting mocker! In other words, that the universe retains the identity of its spirit parts forever! As I studied the pathetic lines on my little friend's face, I read the history of some of her songs of triumph over pain, and of longing love and hope. Most true poems are written in blood and tears. Stars shine brightest from depths of moonless nights. But I am trespassing on yon space and time, and yet I cannot drop my pen without attempting to picture my happy visit with Lizzie Doten, which was the climax of my spiritual feast. Miss Doten spent the winter on this coast, principally in the mountains with old Boston friends, and her visit to Sunny Brae was just prior to her return to her Eastern home. I know not why she should have been drawn to me, personally a stranger, unless it was because I needed her—we sometimes recognize that, in truth, God always gives us what we really need; but this I know, all Sunny Brae seemed holy ground while she tarried here; and Heaven was so near, its white light so all enfolding, that earth and human life, blood stained and sorrowing as they are, seemed near redemption! What soul ever attained a clear conception of God and the vision of this perfect love save through a school of sorrow?

We are being prepared for closer contact with the higher life, and our heavenly prerogatives will increase in a direct ratio with our spiritual development. Nor shall we ever know what we are capable of being and enjoying until we practically acknowledge our mutual inter dependence as men and women, and elevate the entire standard of human living. History clearly demonstrates a close connection between physical and spiritual advancement. The way to heaven is not paved with the skulls of slaves, but with the deeds of free, well born, well-fed hopeful-hearted men and women!

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ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.  
Sunny Brae, Santa Clara, Cal.

An eminent publisher tells a very curious literary incident. One of his authors—a lady novelist who has won at least two brilliant successes—had in manuscript at the time "She" was published a work based on the very same idea. It had been the work of years, but she destroyed it rather than appear to have plagiarized. M. Bourget has just related a similar experience. He had four chapters written of a novel for the *Revue des Lettres et des Arts* when *Mansant's Strong as Death* appeared with exactly the same plot. As the two writers had no communication, the incident illustrates how intangibly ideas float in the intellectual air, the same thoughts being suggested in different minds by reading or conversation or discovery.

JOTTINGS FROM WILLOW CREEK, NEVADA.

Ecclesiasticism and Patriotism—Roman Catholicism and its Pernicious Influence—Sex of Deity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The JOURNAL reached me in due course of mail. I need not repeat what I have often before stated, that it is always a welcome visitor to my camp, especially when it comes freighted with so much wholesome, interesting and instructive matter as the last number.

I believe I enjoy reading its pages, and making a few jottings thereon far more, situated as I am amid the mountain solitudes of Willow Creek, where I have few neighbors, fewer friends, and no sympathetic natures with whom I can intelligently converse on those subjects which are congenial to my mind, than if I resided in a crowded city. It is very pleasant, I assure you, Mr. Editor, to have my poor musings now and again revisit me in the pages of the JOURNAL in a dress of type. Though far from the haunts of men it seems to still connect me with the civilized thinking part of the world. Your space and my time both forbid any very extended comments on the contents of the last JOURNAL. It is full to overflowing with clean mental pabulum.

The leading article as usual deals with a vital and momentous subject—"Ecclesiasticism or Patriotism—Which?" This is a question in which I am deeply interested, and which it seems to me every lover of his country should be. I had almost said that in my opinion it is the most important subject before the country to-day, and on the settlement of which depends its future progress, freedom and glorious independence, or its total loss of freedom, downfall and destruction. I am dead in earnest, but I am no fanatic on this subject. It gives me pleasure, and it inspires me with hope, to see that our people are becoming more conscious of the terrible evil in the shape of Romanism, that threatens no less than to shackle us with an ecclesiastical despotism that is the ruin of every country where it now exists, and must ultimately, if successful, ruin ours. Oh! that all lovers of our country knew Romanism as I know it, that they had seen it in foreign countries as I have seen it in all its naked deformity and banefulness, methinks our people would be yet more strenuous in their efforts to avert this impending evil from our country. Will you permit me, sir, to say that there are few men living to day who know more, historically, doctrinally and politically, of that most terrible despotism of the ages, than I do? It is one of the grandest, profoundest, most potent, and subtlest that ever cursed humanity. I speak by the card. I know the full force of my language, and I mean just what I say. Thirty-four years ago I commenced in a foreign land to make war on this enemy of our race; since then I have never entirely laid down my arms, though circumstances have compelled me to be less active in the good service. Let me not be understood as saying, or even insinuating, that no professed Roman Catholic can be either a lover of his country or even a lover of freedom and progress. That would be as untrue as it would be unjust. But what I do most emphatically declare, is that no real Roman Catholic can be. Thank God there are many Catholics better than their creed, although few would dare to confess as much. If my memory serves me faithfully, Cardinal Newman in his "Apologia Pro sua Vita," makes this assertion:

"The moment that a Catholic doubts the infallible teachings of his Church, that moment he ceases to be a real Catholic."

And this not only as to matters of doctrine but discipline also. Whenever she speaks to the faithful through the Pope, *ex-cathedra*, her voice must be obeyed. Poor Dr. McGlynn found that out, whether to his advantage or not remains to be seen. What I have said on this subject of Romanism, so ably handled in the article referred to under the title of Ecclesiasticism, for they both mean the same thing, was not intended as any argumentation of its power of statement of facts, or the cogency of its logic, but as an emphatic endorsement of the all importance of the subject of which it treated, to emphasize it, and call the special attention to it of the readers of the JOURNAL.

I see that the Rev. Joseph Cook in his "Monday Lectureship" in Boston is adding his howl to those of some others as to the godless nature of the teachings of our common schools, and desires most earnestly to have the Bible introduced as a matter of education. I hope that will not be done in my lifetime; it certainly never will take place if it depend on the influence and logic of Joseph Cook. I do not wish to speak either unkindly or unjustly of that gentleman, but I must say he is the most blatant theologian I ever listened to. Rev. Dr. Miner, I think it was, who described him best when he, Cook, was lecturing in the same course about three years ago—the remarks appeared at the time in one of the Boston dailies: "Oh! Joseph give us less wind and a good deal of rain." But the sting of the matter of such talk about the godlessness of schools, is that it lends volume and Rome when she utters a similar

## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

- To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
- How long have you been a Spiritualist?
- What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
- What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
- Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
- What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
- In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws help to one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

## RESPONSE BY E. W. SHULTZ.

1. My parents belonged to the M. E. Church. I never belonged to any church. I was convinced under very embarrassing circumstances. From 1885 to 1887 I was a disbeliever in any futurity for the deceased human family, either in happiness or woe. I was an agnostic, or, as some would say, an infidel. In the summer of '85 my brother, who had been an invalid for sixteen or seventeen years, and who was a believer in the Advent faith at the time, came to spend a few months in Dakota with me, but was immediately taken sick. While sitting by his bed side in the morning, after he had passed a restless night, and thinking he was dozing, he suddenly called aloud, "Mother, mother!" Our mother had died in the early spring. I asked, "George, what is the matter now?" The answer was: "You have not spiritual eyes and cannot see." I remarked: "My dear brother, you must have waked from a sleep, and I fear that when you are dead you will be dead all over. I expect, when I bid you good-by for the last time on earth, that all there is of you will go back to the elements from which they came." He replied: "I certainly saw mother. Perhaps my former belief is all a delusion and a snare, and perhaps mother's belief was right after all. But maybe Spiritualism is right, and if so I will come back and let my presence be known to you."

I scouted the idea, very mildly, of course, and made remarks to which he smiled. He was determined to go to his home in Iowa, although he was hardly able to sit up. I got another brother to accompany him on the trip. He died in a month after reaching his home. I, of course, dismissed the idea of seeing our spirit mother, or of his coming back, as simple nonsense. He died in September, 1885.

In February, 1886, I was called away on business, and was out in a bad storm, going thirty miles by team, and I took a severe cold and was compelled to take to my bed on getting home. At night two of my little boys went to the barn to twist hay (we burn hay in Dakota), and get cobs out of the horses' mangers. The one getting cobs said: "Some one came in the barn with blue pants on; came between the horses, and took hold of me [he not daring to speak], and then jerked me from one end of the manger to the other." He then came to the house with his brother, who had seen nothing, and told his experience, which naturally gave me strength. I then told an older son, then sixteen years of age, to take my revolver, go to the barn, and if any one offered to harm him, to shoot him down and I would take the chances. He never having manifested any fear in his life, readily consented to go. In a few moments he came back and said: "The devil had hold of me." Unbuttoning his coat and shirt, on the back of his shoulder were the marks of two fingers, and in front or top of his shoulder was a thumb mark, all blistered to a white blister. He said the wounds did not hurt him. I got out of bed, dressed myself, took the revolver, my wife taking a lamp unlighted, the older boy taking his shot gun, and the next younger boy accompanying us. The oldest boy and myself went in the stall from which the younger boy was jerked, and the older one blistered,—my wife and the other boy standing at the back of the barn, twelve feet distant. We had not been in the stall but a moment, when the oldest boy who was standing by me, was hurled to the back part of stable like a shot from a gun. I grabbed, but in the darkness got a horse by the ear. I requested my wife to light the lamp, believing there must be some wild animal about. She did so, and nothing could be seen. I held the lamp at the bottom of a crib that made the east end of the barn, the oldest boy going out to see if he could see anything under it. He called out, "Halt! Who's there?" We heard him run. My wife stepped out, and then said she saw some one at the east end of the crib, and at the same instant the boy shot at what he supposed to be somebody at the north-west corner of the barn. I ran out to see what he had shot, and saw him standing as if amazed. He said that he shot through the object, whatever it was, but not a trace of anything could we see. We all went then to the east end of the crib. The oldest boy, Nathan, peered into it, but immediately jumped back gasping for breath. I walked up and discharged two shots from a five-chamber revolver, to make a flash to see if I could discern anything lurking in the darkness, but nothing could be seen. On coming to the house I discovered there were three cartridges gone from the revolver. Here was another stunner. We found the third cartridge in the morning lying at the crib, never being shot out.

The next night we determined to investigate further into the matter. I told Nathan to go to the barn and shoot down any thing he saw. He went, and was gone but a few moments when I heard two reports of the revolver. Calling him up to the house I asked him what he had seen. He said: "Some one choked me and ran his hand under my coat, and I shot through the string twice and then it run off." "But," said he, "I guess we will find something dead down there." I had Nathan come in the house to ascertain if he was hurt. To my astonishment and indignation there were the marks again of two fingers and a thumb blistered. The blood was running down his neck from the incision of the thumb nail. He said it was done so quickly that he hardly had time to think. I should have said the boy is a "dead shot," and very seldom does he pull a trigger and miss his game. I looked under his coat to discover if he was hurt in any other place, but he was not. But his watch was gone, chain and all! Well, his indignation was then aroused on seeing his watch gone. He was sure, and so were all of us, at some one was around to do us mischief, "taps" to scare us from our home; but we minded not to scare, but thought we would "taps" for fear people might think we wanted. We found a hole nearly the u arm, about midway in the hay top to bottom. Feeling in there e watch. It was running, and in

The next night Nathan, his mother and I went to the barn, she and I stopping a short distance at another building, part of which was used as a hen house, Nathan going on to the barn, revolver in one hand and knife in the other. We had been there but a moment when my wife said: "Run quickly; some one is choking the boy. I hear an awful scuffle." I heard nothing, but ran to where he was. He said he had neither seen nor heard anything. I started back to my wife, and heard some one running on the frozen snow. I then saw the boy running at the top of his speed, but could see nothing else. While running his foot caught under a crust of snow and he went heels over head. I had to laugh, for I could see nothing. The boy lay there panting, and upon my asking him what he was after, he said: "The blame thing took my revolver while I was trying to pull the trigger to shoot." He then put his knife in his pocket and got the ax. His mad was up for sure. He said: "I will split the thing from top to bottom now." I thought for the first time what brother George had told me prior to his demise, and that as the boy had shot four times and missed his game, that it might be a "spook," and fearing the boy might strike at some imaginary object and wound himself, I objected. Then I made the request that if it was any spirit friend wishing to convince me of a future life, that he would return the revolver back to the boy on his going to the barn. He repaired thither, not going out of sight, and returned with the revolver. That, of course, looked curious to me, an unbeliever. Consequently I said: "Nathan, it would be an easy matter for you to hide the watch and conceal the revolver to play a joke on us." He said: "Do you think I would or could choke and blister myself and make the blood run down my neck?" To be sure, we could not conceive how he could mature such plans, to be carried out in so short a time.

The next night my daughter, the second boy (Nathan was the eldest) and myself went to the literary society. I accosted Mr. L. with the question: Did you ever know of disembodied spirits moving objects? He answered in the affirmative.

I was fearful that something might befall the rest of the family in my absence, and persuaded my brother to come home with me, telling him what had occurred. When we arrived home we found that all were np, and in great glee. The chicken-coop door had not been closed, and Nathan went down to close it; did so, and started to return, when the door would be thrown down as fast as he would close it and step away; and a brisk conversation took place between him and his uncle George. My wife thought I had returned, and was talking to the boy, but regarded the conversation as peculiar. Finally she heard the voice say: "You don't believe it is George, do you?"

Nathan answered, "No," and said: "If it is Uncle George, throw some water in my face," and it was done. He was spattered all over with water. The ground was covered with frozen snow.

After brother J. and I came home, we, of course, wanted to hear the voice, and in less time than it takes to write this I heard my brother's voice as plainly as I ever heard it, and in a continued conversation of fifteen minutes. Then Nathan said: "Uncle George, I must say good night and shake hands with you," and there was a vigorous shake, the boy calling to John and me to come and see him. We ran, but all we saw was the boy jerked headlong into a straw pile up to his shoulders.

My prejudices, of course, had to be overcome. I could only account for the voice by regarding the boy as a natural ventriloquist.

Many have heard the voice and some thought as I did, and some did not. I then began tying him for a test; tied him in every conceivable way, and he would be loosened. He has been tied by a hundred people a thousand ways, and always released. We tried to keep the master still, for the reason that we thought the boy might be fooling us; but his object for doing that we could not see. It got out and into the papers. Then Mrs. S. told M. L., the Spiritualist, that he could tie the boy so he would stay tied. Well, Mr. S., two children, a sister, father and mother, and Mr. L., wife, son and two daughters came to ascertain the truth or falsity of the matter. I told them just how my wife and I felt on the matter; that some times we thought it might be spirits, and then we thought it might be the boy; but he was willing to undergo the most crucial tests. He then held out his hands to be tied with a waxed thread, and not a quiver was discernible in his person, while the gentleman tying him was in a tremble. The young ladies pitted Nathan, while he looked pleased and unconcerned.

It is time for the leading minds in spiritualistic ranks—among which I can not reckon myself—to call a halt, and to devote a little of the common sense used in daily business life to the analysis of the utterances of mediums and the conflicting views of alleged "spirits." Are you afraid of truth? Do you hesitate in case it should come in the process that your beloved dead will be removed a few steps higher, a little beyond the reach of your degrading desire to call them back to the mud and horror of earthly life before their cycle rolls round again? Such a fear vials the truth and belittles your manhood.

Judge the agony his mother and myself were in for fear the boy would be proved a fraud. The company formed a circle, my wife and I feeling too bad to have anything to do with it; but determined to find the truth, if possible. The circle lasted about 30 minutes. Mr. S.'s mother saying to her son that he had better look to his patient. He started instantly, and I followed, fearing the boy might have hurt himself trying to get loose. On going into the barn, and Mr. S. touching the boy, he instantly sprang up and walked one side, to our great astonishment, while Mr. S. exclaimed, "My God, where are those strings?" We lighted matches and hunted for the strings, but could not find them. Mr. S. and myself went to the house to inform the company he was loose. All but my wife went to the barn with a light to look for the strings, the boy coming to the house but not into it. When we got back my wife, who was putting the house to rights, and who had not been outside during the entire evening, held up two strings, asking, "Where did they come from?" The company decided they were the identical strings Nathan had been tied with. Where the knots had been tied was plainly to be seen. But how they came there was a mystery. One thing is sure, that after a year and a half of forced investigation, I was landed from agnosticism into the progressive camp of Spiritualism. I did not yield until I was obliged to. But the best and most profitable part of my life has been the experience which I have gone through with, and which has opened to view fields for the grandest thoughts, ever progressing onward to higher attainments.

Kimball, Dakota.

## RESPONSE BY GEO. H. JONES.

- Parents, Presbyterians. Both died at the age of 83. Spiritualists. I was never in fellowship with the church.
- Thirty-six years.

3. Knowledge imparted to me by strangers, through the means of raps, trance, writing and other modes, of which neither I nor they had any previous idea.

4. The materialization of my individuality.

5. No! knowledge. Webster says, "Religion is any system of faith and worship."

6. Common sense.

7. By aiding the development of knowledge, which is power.

"Let the answer be couched in the fewest words compatible with clearness." Perhaps the above answers are too much "couched." You can "uncouch" them, "couch" them still more, or cremate them.

For the Religious Philosophical Journal.  
THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

## A Theosophist's View of It.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F. T. S.

A natural preliminary question is: "What is the Astral Light?" It is a difficult question to answer; as difficult as that old one, "What is life?" One that can be answered at first only by illustration and analogy, which can be guessed at perhaps best from viewing results. There are certain phenomena, very well known to Spiritualists and to all persons of a psychical nature, needing a hypothesis upon which we may hang our facts and thus try them. Nearly all the phenomena found in the great record of Spiritualistic séance rooms for the past forty years need hypotheses more reasonable than those so far advanced, to say nothing of a classification which never yet has been undertaken by competent hands. Whether this classification will be done by Spiritualists themselves seems doubtful. If ever the scientific world deigns to carefully and seriously investigate these psychic occurrences, many theories now having their day in the ranks of mediums and their friends will be exploded, and then, perhaps the astral light and its place in the phenomena will be better understood.

The identity assumed so easily and quickly by a medium for an alleged spirit calling himself John Smith, would not be admitted at once if the function inherent in the astral light of retaining the image of John Smith for a vast period of time were understood; and then if it were discovered, as it could be by careful records and reports, that at the same time John Smith was declaring himself in a room in Boston through medium A, he was also asserting his identity in Florida, supported by identical proofs, through medium B,—some doubt naturally would surround the question of identity. Yet, just this is happening every day and especially in regard to alleged return of celebrated men to mediums, good and bad alike.

It is easy to prove this as far as the great dead are concerned, but until recording and comparison are undertaken it will never be known how often twenty different mediums in as many separate cities have given, at one and the same moment, messages from the one deceased person.

And this question of identification is one of the most important in all Spiritualism. Upon it the faith of thousands is built; through assumed proofs of identity many a doubter has become a believer in mediums. For we may see phenomena of a purely physical sort over and over again without being convinced of anything save the occurrence of a fact; but once we are persuaded that our dead friend has really returned to speak with us through an entranced living person, then all the rest comes easy; then we think that here is positive proof of life after death.

My contention is that this important point is built upon, believed in, and supported by flimsy proofs, and that flimsiness is due to ignorance of the astral light, its function and operation.

Furthermore, we can find in the reported utterances of "spirits" that there is great diversity as well as opposition in views. But it is apparent that whenever a "spirit" enunciates theories tending to upset preconceived ideas of Spiritualists on such points as identification, reincarnation, the astral light and the like, the "spirit's" opinions go for nothing.

Before me lies a pamphlet printed over 20 years ago by a medium, in which most extraordinary views are given of cosmogony, and teaching reincarnation, but these although given to the medium by his own trusted "guide" have never gained a hearing among Spiritualists; and although correct and well argued views respecting the astral light, supporting all that the ancient East has claimed for this tenuous interpenetrating medium, have been given by a well known "spirit," they have been ignored and lost sight of in the mad rush after the intoxicating pleasure of new supposed messages from a deceased mother, sister, brother or wife.

It is time for the leading minds in spiritualistic ranks—among which I can not reckon myself—to call a halt, and to devote a little of the common sense used in daily business life to the analysis of the utterances of mediums and the conflicting views of alleged "spirits." Are you afraid of truth?

Do you hesitate in case it should come in the process that your beloved dead will be removed a few steps higher, a little beyond the reach of your degrading desire to call them back to the mud and horror of earthly life before their cycle rolls round again?

Such a fear vials the truth and belittles your manhood.

But such is the weakness, the utter emaciation, of spiritualistic philosophy, I will venture a prophecy that even if the analysis and classification I have spoken of should never be attempted, the proper doctrines about these phenomena and about the "Spirit-world" would come to be ceased—not through any increase of real knowledge on the part of the "spirit" and "controls," but just when the leading minds in your ranks begin out of their own thinking to believe in the true explanation. That is to say, the best expositions given through mediums are never in advance—save in isolated cases—of the best thought of living Spiritualists; and this comes about, or fails to, through the action of the astral light as affected by living beings with all their acts and thoughts.

Before closing these general considerations, I would like to ask how any reasonable Spiritualist can be sure that he is hearing from a deceased friend or relative merely because he has from a medium, who never knew the deceased and never before met the inquirer, some circumstances known only to the deceased or to himself? This is the common means of proof, almost always blindly accepted. But there are many elements of weakness in it. We may teach a parrot or an idiot some few sentences, and if put behind a screen no one on this side can tell whether the utterances proceed from a wise man, a fool, an animal or an automaton. Then, again, if the proof be in the recital of some facts "long ago forgotten, and not known to the medium," we are touching upon the memory and its field of oper-

ation; a land as unknown as the south pole. The brain matter cannot hold the facts of a lifetime; where, then, are they held, and how does the possession of them by the medium prove anything save that fact alone?

Now does the taking on by the medium

of the exact physical conditions of the last moments of the reporting deceased one, prove of itself identity. We see hysterics, clairvoyants, sensitives and others in daily life, surrounded by living men, taking on the state or condition of some living person who has just been near and gone away. We might as well say that this proves that such departed living man is there present, whereas we know such is not the case.

And suppose we assume that the sensitive is also clairvoyant and we hear him using the words, tones and thoughts of this living person, are we to conclude that the latter is present before us in spirit? Such a conclusion is absurd, yet no more so than the other as to the identity of that one whom we know is really beyond the veil and whom a medium declares is speaking through her.

It is here again that the astral light comes

into play, its currents aiding the medium

to produce astonishment and confusion, or wrong notions. How much do Spiritualists really know about vital electric currents? Much less those swift and wonderful currents in the astral light? How many laws of those life currents have been revealed to us by a consensus of reports from the "Spirit" world? None. Forty years long since the first raps in Rochester, have the facts, the theories and the contradictions been piling up, but we are as innocent as ever of any authoritative and convincing statement of laws that will meet the facts. It is true a hundred systems have been evolved, living a brief life, each in their own little Bedford, but they are not accepted, and the most of them have been forgotten. All of this ground has been gone over by man in ages past, with the same struggles, the same confusion, the same heartburnings and mental ruin, and the record of the toilsome journey has been left, showing when light at last has broken bringing order out of chaos. This is the record found in India, Egypt and other older lands. Is it meet because we are American and free men that we should ignore this? Should not a patient hearing be given it in order to see whether the doctrines finally arrived at do or do not fit the greater number of facts and offer explanation for all?

I propose to offer a few explanations hereupon, trusting that intelligent Spiritualists will perceive a disposition to get at the truth, to exalt man to his rightful place and to prevent a fatuous running after the emanations of material and psychical corpses.

## DECEPTIVE SIGNS OF DEATH.

Life Often Exists In Spite of The Common Tests.

A Physician Describes the Usual Evidences of Death, but Explains Exceptional Instances—Precautions Against Being Buried Alive—Cessation of the Heart and Decomposition Not Positive Signs.

The startling and sudden removal from the world of Washington Irving Bishop has awakened widespread horror that he may have been in an unsuspecting manner killed. He visited the Lamb's Club, and for the amusement of the members and their guests proceeded to give a séance of what is called mind-reading. While thus engaged he became cataleptic, but undertook to exhibit his metier, and while so engaged he again succumbed to this nervous prostration. Remedies were applied both by those in the house and by other rentable and learned men who were called in. After some time, perhaps three or four hours, the undertaker was sent for, came and made arrangements to remove the body, which must in all probability have consumed another couple of hours. Then the body was placed in an ice-chest, and from this moment had there been life it must have been extinguished from two causes: absence of air or extreme cold.

The ice-chest is a barbarism. If only one person in a century is killed by it, that is one too many. It is an air-tight box into which the victim is placed; the cover shut down, the amount of respirable air within is probably sufficient for at most two or three hours; after that suffocation. But this is not all. This box is placed within another large box and surrounded on all sides but the top with broken ice and salt, which is known as a freezing mixture. Can a living being stand this treatment and live? Certainly not.

In view of the great public interest in the mind-reader's death, this question is one of no little concern:

What are the "signs of death?"

1. Entire Cessation of the Heart's Action.—Not for a few seconds only, but continuously. Merely absence of the pulse at the wrist, or even in other arteries, is not enough, as this may be found in cholera, abdominal collapse and other kinds of shocks, etc. Careful auscultation and palpation of the cardiac region, in a quiet room, can alone decide the absence of cardiac action. The employment of acupuncture of the left ventricle of the heart, and the stimulus of a galvanic shock to this region, are in order.

Dr. G. W. Belfont recommended very fine needles having attached little paper flags to their free ends. These are pricked into the tissue of the heart and its movement, if

fourteen hours after death, gave a rectal temperature of 89.2 degrees Fahrenheit.

The practical conclusions from the foregoing seem to be: First, that the human body takes generally several hours to cool down to the temperature of the surrounding air; second, the external temperature, the amount and kind of clothing, and the position of the body all modify the rate of cooling; third, age and sex appear to modify this but little, if at all, *per se*, although the new-born fetus probably cools more rapidly than older infants; fourth, the mode of death has far more to do with it. Large losses of blood are said to cause rapid cooling. Dr. Taylor has shown that this is not invariably true. Observations on temperature should be taken by a thermometer and repeated hourly. It is the progressive, continuous cooling, not the absolute temperature which indicates death.

Several minor phenomena or so-called tests of death have been observed and may be conveniently grouped as follows:

(1.) If sarcophores and cupping-glasses be applied to any part the blood will not flow freely, shortly after death.

(2.) Bright steel needles inserted anywhere in the skin will be found free from rust, even after some hours. This is untrustworthy, as it depends upon the amount of cooling and moisture.

(3.) Wires attached to these needles no longer affect a galvanometer.

(4.) It is stated that fire or heat no longer produces respiration. This is to be taken with caution, as it will in the young subject for the first day or in some cases longer.

(5.) The fingers and hands are translucent in life, but become opaque after death.

(6.) A string tied tightly around the finger of the supposed corpse will, if life be not extinct, shortly cause the finger to become bluish-red.

(7.) As the arteries are well known to be usually pale and empty after death, Dr. Davis has proposed to cut down on some superficial artery in doubtful cases to ascertain the color and contents. There are exceptions to this rule.

(8.) It has been proposed to inject liquor ammonia subcutaneously. In the living body, or in one just dead, a sort of port-wine congestion is immediately produced. In a body dead some hours or days scarcely any change is produced. The limbs and joints of the body become stiff. In other words, post-mortem rigidity sets in at a variable time after death. This rigidity or stiffness is a phenomenon belonging to the voluntary muscles, and, although much attention has been given to it, the subject is still involved in much obscurity.

There is a point to be mentioned here which is not generally remembered. In the death rigor, if the limb is forcibly bent, rigor is destroyed. In cataleptic states and in tetanic rigidity or the rigidity produced by poisons this is not true; the stiffness will reappear.

Pretrefaction, although usually a late, is perhaps the most certain sign of death we possess. But even this must be examined with caution. Because in a living body a portion may die, as in the case of gangrene of the limbs, or on the face, trunk, etc., after severe local injuries, or in certain feeble states of the health.

#### CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.

The public, as a mass, attribute all sudden deaths to heart disease or apoplexy. This is quite untrue. Among the common causes of sudden death, excluding violence and poison, we may mention:

Diseases of the heart, fatty degeneration, angina pectoris, aortic regurgitation, interstitial abscess, rupture of the heart or its valves, and some diseases of pericardium, heart failure, diseases of the blood vessels, aneurism, and thrombosis (the aneurisms most likely to end thus suddenly are intracranial, intraperitoneal, abdominal, and pulmonary; effusion of blood in the brain or its membranes; pulmonary apoplexy and hemithorax; the sudden bursting of visceral abscesses, as in the liver, brain, kidneys, etc.; ulcers of the stomach, duodenum, or other parts of the alimentary canal; extra-uterine fœtation, peri and retro uterine haematomas, apoplexy of the ovary, rupture of the uterus, flooding; rupture of the gall-bladder, or of some other viscera, from accidental violence; cholera and some other zymotic diseases, kill very rapidly; large draughts of cold water, when heated, or large quantities of spirits; mental emotions, fear, grief, joy, nervous prostration; foreign bodies accidentally swallowed, as a piece of meat blocking the pharynx and obstructing the glottis; some of the poisons, such as prussic acid, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, sulphuretted hydrogen, etc. It is therefore easy to see that "signs of death" as popularly regarded, may be shown by a human body which still possesses full life.—John W. Greene in the New York World.

The Shah of Persia can have a lively time in England if he cares to. Sixteen years have passed since he visited Great Britain, and he has improved in his manners since then. The Prince of Wales is inclined to give the Shah a jolly time, and other influential Englishmen are disposed to follow their future sovereign's lead.

Michael Saltykoff, the Russian poet who published his admirers once by publishing a particularly stupid article, and afterward explained that it was to illustrate the only class of literary productions that the Russian censorship would permit him to publish, died recently at St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Michael Hines of Waynesburg, O., fell dead from joy at receiving an unexpected visit from her daughter, whom she had not seen for several years. The daughter was so shocked that she was made seriously ill, and her recovery is doubtful.

Israel Putnam, a great-grandson of the Revolutionary patriot, died in Atlanta aged 57. Mr. Putnam was born in Georgia, and was a man of high character and splendid business qualifications.

Co-operation in order to be effective must take in all industries. One branch of industries uniting all the strength of its members to rob all other branches is queer co-operation.—National View.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor committed suicide Sunday in a New York tenement house because of extreme poverty. Her husband is a cigarmaker and a cousin of the millionaire Astors.

## Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

### WOMAN IN JOURNALISM.

Women were a long time in getting into journalism as a regular profession, but they have now won their way, in despite of all opposition, to an acknowledged position there, and have already given indisputable evidence as to the good work they can do, and the need that exists for them in that department of literature. And this in spite of the fact that according to the theories of some of our pseudo-scientists, woman is the one creature endowed with life in the universe whose nature and characteristics are set in unchangeable grooves. No evolution or adaptation for her! Men and animals may improve or change their physical and intellectual characteristics by force of new conditions or environments, but woman, like Tennyson's brook, must "go on forever" in the same old, weak, inferior way, whatever changes take place in the world, man, or civilization.

So these taunting, worried scientists, Hammond, Mansley, Delaney, Cope, Allen and Co., keep on protesting, proclaiming and growling—while unheeding, woman goes calmly on in the new paths open to her. In no other line of work recently entered upon by women do they show more strongly their adaptability to new conditions as in that of journalism. Horace Greeley, in his autobiography, relates that when Margaret Fuller was employed on the staff of the New York Tribune, and a member of his family, she worried him greatly, because in spite of all he could do or say, she could never be brought to write any thing however urgent the occasion, unless in the "mood" to do so; and he argued from that fact that women would never make good journalists, especially on daily papers which cannot wait for copy supplied by "moods."

But as ever, "new occasions teach new duties," and the grand army of women journalists of to-day have already given proof that business habits and methods—promptness, persistence, punctuality, order, accuracy, reliability, drill—are no more foreign to the nature of woman than of men. All women journalists, of those who have women journalists among their friends, can recall to mind many instances when such business qualities have been severely tested in them, and such tests have resulted in triumphant assurance of the possession of these qualities by women. Among the incidents of the kind which immediately recur to my own mind, are those of a young lady reporter of a city daily paper, who went out on the horse cars one evening to a suburb to take notes of an important meeting or reception which held until an hour so late that the cars ceased running between the places, yet late as it was she unhesitatingly walked alone the miles which lay between her and home, part of the way leading through low and dangerous localities, handing in her report in time for the paper, and how one Sunday morning in Boston, after the heaviest snowstorm of the season, the horse cars between Dorchester and Boston were blocked, yet one little journalist who had undertaken to stenographically report all of M. J. Savage's sermons, did not let the snow, piled several feet deep as it was, hinder her from her business. No vehicles could easily get through the drifts, so she bravely walked the intervening three or four miles, and got to the church in season to report the sermon which was preached to pews mainly empty. And I would like to relate in the same graphic way in which she told it, the story of a Western girl, educated, sensitive, refined, who determined to, and did, win her way to responsible position on a leading eastern daily, though at first she was the one woman editorially employed, and how she endured without protest or fault-finding the tobacco smoke and rough manners of some of her male associates, to neither of which had she ever before been accustomed. But she won their respect and good-will, as well as an honorable position in journalism. These are but a few of hundreds of like instances which go to show that women journalists at least can scarcely be held to be of the weaker sex.

Woman's possibilities in journalism are not limited to the easier or less complicated departments of that profession. We find women to-day in every position from publishers and business managers like Mrs. Frank Leslie and Madame Demorest, leading editors as such as the late Mary L. Booth of Harper's Bazaar, Martha J. Lamb of the Magazine of Fashion, and Madame Juliet Adam of the French Nouvelle Revue, to department editors, editorial writers, reviewers, reporters, printers, forewomen, and proof-readers. And many women well known to fame in different departments of literature, first began their literary career as journalists; while others are widely known because of their journalistic work and for no other reason. Like male leaders in journalism, they have won a proud position through the excellence of their work in that line. As instances, I may here cite, in addition to those previously mentioned, the names of Mary Clemmer Ames, "Jenny June" Croly, Jeannette Gilde of The Critic, Eliza Youmans of the Popular Science Monthly, Lydia Becker of England, Lucy Hooper, Olive Logan, Kate Field, Lilian Whiting, Sallie Joy White, and many others which will readily occur to the mind of the reader. The long list of Chicago women journalists would alone stamp woman's work in journalism as successful and fitting. To mention names would be invidious, but there is probably no leading newspaper of the city which does not employ women journalists in various departments of its work; while Chicago women are editors of journals devoted to law, temperance, education, etc., many of these have won a wide-spread fame for their good work in their own special phase of journalism. There is no notable gathering where they are not represented, and the Illinois Woman's Press Club is one of the most vigorous of the many wide-awake women's institutions of this great city.

What a power in journalism women have become within the last quarter of a century is, perhaps, best shown by that large and growing organization, the Woman's National Press Association. This beginning with a little company of six ladies, newspaper correspondents, who met in the parlor of the Riggs House in Washington, D. C., on the 10th of July, 1882, and organized themselves into a "Press Association," has now many affiliated societies, yearly increasing in numbers, influence and strength in the South, East and West.

Among the earlier women journalists of this country, we recall the names of Frances Wright who, in 1828, edited the New Harmony Gazette, and later The Free Enquirer; Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes-Smith, who assisted her husband, Seba Smith ("Major Jack Downing") in editing various papers; Margaret Fuller, employed by Greeley on the New York

Tribune; Ann S. Stephens, editor Peterson's Magazine; Jane Grey Swissheim, "Grace Greenwood" (Mrs. Sarah Lippincott), "Fanny Fern" (Sarah Willis Parton), who helped build up the fortunes of the Boston True Flag, and Bonner's New York Ledger, and Lydia Maria Child, whose ability as a newspaper correspondent is shown by the unfading charm of her garnished volume of "Letters from New York."

The work done by women journalists tends not only to educate and elevate themselves personally, but it broadens, deepens, and strengthens the womanly nature and character every where, and raises higher the moral standard of the profession they have chosen. May our women journalists whose thoughts enrich our current daily literature, and whose influence grows every year stronger and more wide-spread, continue to increase their ranks, and reflect grace and glory on their sex and profession by their work, in which all women are bound to wish them success.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

**PROFIT SHARING: BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE.** A Study in the Evolution of the Wage System. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.75.

This is a careful and apparently conscientious compilation of probably all of the obtainable facts in relation to the subject of "Profit Sharing." The author has evidently spared no labor to bring to bear upon this interesting subject all the light which past history or present experience can afford. The result is that Mr. Gilman has produced a book which will be of considerable value to all students of the labor problem, especially to those who look to co-operation or association as the ultimate solution. Profit sharing may be defined as a form of involuntary co-operation on the part of laborers; the wages system having been modified by the employer so as to permit the former to receive a certain percentage of the profits of the business in addition to their regular wages. It is thus seen to be a reform which originates with, and depends upon, the employing class. The most notable instances given where profit sharing has been instituted, are those of M. Leclaire of Paris and M. Godin of Guise, France, where the principle has been operated with marked success for over thirty years. A great number of other cases are cited in Europe and America where it has been adopted, with varying degrees of success. It may be safely said that the experiments thus far made have proven that the system tends to heal the antagonism between employer and employee, and promote peace and harmony instead. To the employer, usually composed of all labor reforms as "visionary" and "impracticable," it presents an inviting field for experiment at once safe and inexpensive. To the workmen who have been so favored by fortune as to have this scheme presented to them, it has undoubtedly been a great instructing and moralizing force, strongly illustrated in the instance of the employees of MM. Leclaire and Godin, especially in the latter, where the immense iron industry is gradually passing into the form of a magnificent co-operative institution. It is this phase of profit sharing which seems to the writer most hopeful.

The author of Profit Sharing wisely admits that there may be other problems to be met after this reform has been accomplished. As he has not said what he believes those problems will be, and as it may be well to consider some of the possible weaknesses of the profit sharing system, I will briefly point out some of the difficulties of the labor problem, which, if universally adopted, would fail to meet. Profit sharing, as thus far practiced by a few benevolent and far-sighted employers, has made labor so much more productive in those particular establishments as to give a decided advantage over the outside, non-participating world; just in the same way as the possession of some new labor-saving machinery enabled those particular employers to increase their profits in their form of "surplus value." It may be safely said that the experiments thus far made have proven that the system tends to heal the antagonism between employer and employee, and promote peace and harmony instead. To the employer, usually composed of all labor reforms as "visionary" and "impracticable," it presents an inviting field for experiment at once safe and inexpensive. To the workmen who have been so favored by fortune as to have this scheme presented to them, it has undoubtedly been a great instructing and moralizing force, strongly illustrated in the instance of the employees of MM. Leclaire and Godin, especially in the latter, where the immense iron industry is gradually passing into the form of a magnificent co-operative institution. It is this phase of profit sharing which seems to the writer most hopeful.

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It is not true that the most serious aspect of the labor problem, and one which makes it to some minds well nigh hopeless, is to see men vainly seeking employment, and sinking at last out of the ranks of labor only to recruit that of "tramps," and finally criminals? Is it not true that all, or nearly all, labor difficulties have been caused by the unemployed who must have work, underbidding and displacing others who, in their turn, must underbid again—or strike?

Any reform, then, which does not take account of this tendency of the competitive form of industry while it may represent a great and true principle, must certainly fail as a remedy for existing evils.

The great and burning question is what to do about our constantly over-stocked labor market; how to open up new avenues of employment without displacing others; how to provide the laborer with an alternative when underbid by his competing fellow laborer.

A solution of this problem should be seriously sought in the initial step in the improvement of laws and all properties that have a bearing upon it, it seems to the writer, well considered, no matter from whence they come.

The most hopeful, and, at the same time, most

practical remedy, is the single tax on land values, which aims at the destruction of land monopoly and thereby removes the bar to natural opportunities to labor.

Without entering upon a discussion of this, it only remains to say that when this or some other outlet shall have been provided for the constantly increasing labor surplus, what more natural than such modification of the wage system as the general application of "profit sharing?"

**PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.** A Course of Lectures through the Trance Mediumship of J. J. Morse. San Francisco: Carrier Dove Publishing House; England: H. A. Kersey. Pp. 160. Price, \$1.00.

Wm. Emmett Coleman introduces the book with a luminous preface, in which those who are attempting to cloud the fair face of Spiritualism with names and doctrines get a full measure of criticism. Mr. Morse has been before the public for more than twenty years, and for scientific accuracy, and plain speech, free from mystical rant, he is unequalled. He has none of the extravagances and perversions so common to trance mediums. If we were to criticize, it would be on the use of the word occultism, which seems out of place and misleading. In the sense the term is used by Theosophical writers, it assuredly is, for Mr. Morse, or his inspiration, is far removed from the mysticism which makes "occultism" necessary. The subjects of the lectures embrace the most profound in the range of Spiritualism, and embody the essential parts of its philosophy: The Trance; Mediumship; Magic; Witchcraft; Sorcery; the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State; the Soul World; its Hells, Heavens, and Evolutions; Life, Development and Death in Spirit Land, with answers to questions, the leading subjects.

The author is sound to the core on the agitated questions of re-incarnation, pre-existence, and the mysticism of Theosophy. What is wanted to-day is not the play on words of scholasticism, and endless twisting of meanings, making obscurity profound, but clear thoughts, clearly and incisively expressed.

In the latter method, Mr. Morse excels, and it is an excellence above all praise. Max Muller has advanced the theory that language came into being without words there could be no ideas; i.e., that we cannot think without words to think with. Yet the metaphysicians from immemorial time, and the Theosophists of the present, show that there may be huge vocabularies of words, and not the vestige of an idea. There may be endless talk and books without number, and no one be the wiser except in his own conceit.

"Practical Occultism" is a pleasing and instructive book, one which those who endeavor to keep abreast with the times cannot well forego careful reading.

**THE LITTLE PILGRIM: FURTHER EXPERIENCES.** Price 50 cents. Stories of the Seen and the Unseen. By Margaret O. W. Oliphant. Price \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

So constituted is the mind of man, and so intense is the desire of all humanity for continued existence—an immortal life beyond the grave—that anything that tends to demonstrate this truth is grasped with the utmost fervor; and so even what comes to us in the form of story is read with the greatest of pleasure. A few persons have been very successful in depicting the scenes in the other life; have made them so real that they are read over and over again. One of these gifted authors is Mrs. Oliphant. From time to time these delightful pictures have been brought to the fascinating public and read with great interest and profit, and many persons have written the most grateful letters to Mrs. Oliphant, thanking her for their first light, and when once *en rapport* with the subject, have found themselves receptive to this benign influence, and most astonishing experiences and personal demonstrations of a future life have been theirs. The Little Pilgrim and Old Lady Mary are two of Mrs. Oliphant's most charming stories, that have had a wide reading; perhaps more so than any others. These, with Further Experiences of the Little Pilgrim in the Land of Darkness and The Open Door, and the Portrait, have been gathered into one beautiful volume, under the title, "Stories of the Seen and the Unseen," and all who read it will be greatly benefited and comforted as well as entertained.

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The presence done by women journalists tends not only to educate and elevate themselves personally, but it broadens, deepens, and strengthens the womanly nature and character every where, and raises higher the moral standard of the profession they have chosen.

May our women journalists whose thoughts enrich our current daily literature, and whose influence grows every year stronger and more wide-spread, continue to increase their ranks, and reflect grace and glory on their sex and profession by their work, in which all women are bound to wish them success.

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Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

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Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 22, 1889.

## Psychics.

One of the most beautiful myths of the ancient world was that of Psyche, where in the garb of a lovely maiden the human spirit was represented, divine and pure in its origin, yet subjected in the body to the trials and temptations from the earthly side, and drawn upward on the celestial to gain at last a victory which would give it a place with the gods in the fields Elysian. All the wealth of imagination was lavished on the ideal of the immortal part, imprisoned for a brief day, but whose destiny was to be the companion of celestial beings. Read understandingly, the myth has meaning in every word, expressing its significance with the vivid imagery of poetry.

From the same Greek root comes the English word psychics. It has lain dormant in the dictionaries, limited in the scope of its meaning and a stranger to all but a few, until the conditions necessary to enlarge its significance and broaden its field should come. Within the past few years it has asserted itself, and, against the opposition of sectarian bigots in theology and Spiritualism has, with its kindred, taken a prominent place in literature. We have good reason for keen remembrance of the sarcasm and contempt heaped upon us by some of our esteemed contemporaries, and by partisan Spiritualists who, some years ago, we began to use this word and its family as better fitted for the scientific exposition of matters covered under the broad term of Spiritualism than the bastard terminology so long current. And it amuses us to see our critics now glibly mouthing and deftly manipulating for their use the identical words, for using which we were so severely handled and charged with being heretical and disloyal to Spiritualism a few years ago. Psychics is a most expressive word, and one which will retain its newly acquired importance, for none other can be coined in every manner answering the requirements. It is independent of all "ologies" and "isms." It is of itself grandly suggestive of possibilities beyond the range of what is called matter. It is not a newly coined word, but new in the field it now covers. This field, vast as it is in extent, is like some unknown region in the heart of the "Dark Continent," along the borders of which a few venturesome investigators have traveled, learning just enough of its geography and typography to show its undefined extent and surpassing attractiveness, as well as some of its dangers. In the minds of most readers on the subject there rests the haziness which invests the travels of Stanley, crossing forests, rivers; camping by lakes, and dealing with peoples whose strange names are unpronounceable.

An expressive name is desirable, one that does not carry with it a theory or conclusion, but will be permanent, however much views may in the future be modified. The old term psychology, although derived from the same source, will not answer the purpose, for it is limited to the manifestations of the mind, and by usage, to the metaphysical method of dealing with that subject. Aristotle was the founder of the method which makes the study an introversion of the mind within itself, and instead of observing mental phenomena, evolves conclusions from the interior consciousness. It is the mind looking within itself and observing what transpires. Understanding the processes within one's own mind, enables one to judge of others.

It will be seen that such a method was consonant with Greek thought, for that imaginative race had no science, in the sense that

word is to-day understood. The Hellenes had not the patience to observe the processes of nature and await in drawing conclusions for remote facts to be determined. Their fancy could not bide the sober restraint of research, and free from such restraint it indulged in speculation. The authority of Aristotle in the study of mind has been the bondage of a succession of great thinkers for more than twenty centuries. Psychology then would not be broad enough for the present purpose, as it embraces only the introvertive study of the organization of the mind, as though that were all of the spiritual side. Pneumatology, in that definition given it by Stilling, is a better term, but with the common meaning of that word as a discourse on gases, or what at the time of their discovery were supposed to be spiritual essences, the student is confused when he uses it in a higher sense as applied to spiritual substance. Even when well defined it is obscure, and does not include the science of mind.

Psychic science has for its object the correlation of all facts beyond the border of physical science, and the demonstration of man's immortality. It here blends with religion, and is the assurance of faith, and the philosophy of morality. In the study of this science not one patient toiler is to be neglected.

They may not have arrived at correct conclusions but their work is done, and with a corner broken off here, or a change there, is ready for the builder.

The difficulties the seeker meets are not from the narrowness of the field, but from its breadth and the fading of its outlines into the physical realm. It must also be borne in mind that as at present understood the threshold of its mysteries has been scarcely crossed.

While physics has received undivided attention of the best thinkers since Aristotle's time, and come to stand for everything, psychic phenomena were considered supernatural, matters of belief, a faith, and relegated beyond the limits of research. Not until the formation of the London Society for Psychological Research was any concerted, methodical and persistent effort begun towards a scientific investigation. That society numbers among its members men and women prominent in the walks of their respective scientific specialties, but it must be said that they have brought the old methods to the new task, and remind one of a microscopist dissecting an almost invisible monad, with the cleaver of butcher.

The training of physical science is not that required for success in the new field. Because a savant has given his life to the dissection of a caterpillar and can tell the number of muscles, their form, and the changes made in their modification to the uses of a butterfly, the form of a spot on the latter's wings, it does not follow that he is qualified for research in psychic science. He may give two score of years to the counting of stars unseen by the unaided eye, and yet be incapable of comprehending the conditions of psychic phenomena. The various scientific committees that have essayed the task, show not only the incompetency of the members, but the antagonisms of their favorite methods. They would carve their way to the mind by means of a handsaw to open the skull, and a dissecting knife to cleave the fibres of the brain. Before even they have broken the bars, the bird has escaped. They would weigh the living and the dead man, and because no pounds avoirdupois are lost, conclude nothing has passed away, and the mysterious phenomena of death are the result of the stopping of the machine!

After the autopsy of Guitean, it was painfully amusing to read how astonished the physicians were that they did not find any remarkable changes, or differences from the standard type of brain. Nothing, only a slight protuberance, the size of a small shot, which was abnormal, and by sage inference the cause of the crime. The "mind reader," Bishop, fell into a trance, and the scientific doctors thinking that they had before them the opportunity to make themselves famous by discovering how he performed his wonderful feats, hewed through the skull, and with bloody knife cut into the secret recesses of the brain. What did they find? What did they expect to find? One would infer that they regarded the brain as a machine grinding out mind, and that their victim had some extra wheel, or pinion, some re-acting gearing, or leverage not possessed by others. From the ghoulish sacrifice they arose no better informed than when they began. They promised themselves the most perfect examination ever made, one which would solve the mystery of thought transference, and be a revelation to physicians for all time. What they did discover was a somewhat congested state of the brain! They found that the bone-saw and knife are not the keys wherewith the sanctuary of the spirit is unlocked. They got no response to their fiendish questioning.

Psychic research societies have accomplished something and are doing better work than the physicists, although as yet blindly groping their way as they necessarily must do. In the voluminous transactions of the British and American societies already published, the action of mind on mind in the normal and hypnotic states, the wonders of thought transference, dreams, haunted houses, etc., have received more or less attention, and a great number of relevant attested facts are recorded; but distinctive spiritual phenomena have received little attention, and, it must be said regretfully, the slight attention given has been wrongly directed. Really it is this class of phenomena which are of paramount value, and toward which all others in this field tend. If they are not pointed with this significance they've little mean-

ing or value. The distinctively spiritual furnishes the key whereby the mystery of all others is unfolded and made comprehensible.

How is one to observe? It is constantly asserted that only trained scientists are qualified to investigate psychic phenomena, and that an ordinary person is sure to go astray. There are instances of too easy credulity, but it is through mistakes the truth is gained. Investigators are forcibly taught that they must be vigilant; and, as we have always declared, that each observation stands for and by itself; all-rejecting skepticism is as weak as all-receiving credulity.

Immortality, if established by scientific methods, becomes the grandest fact in human life. Everything sinks and fades into insignificance in comparison. That the dear ones who left us at the brink of the grave, live in realms of light, live and love us; that our destiny is measured in its years by the birth and death of solar systems, is worth all else the world contains. Men may be conscious of this grand destiny; men are conscious of it, but evidence is demanded. Admit immortality and the endless phenomena gathering around this central fact become explicable, and weave themselves into a system of philosophy.

## Honor to a Noble Martyr.

On the 9th ultimo, with imposing ceremonies, the statue of Giordano Bruno was unveiled in Rome. Marching in procession to the public square, thirty thousand people including students and deputations from various portions of Italy, came to do him honor who was burned at the stake in the Papal city nearly three centuries ago. Truly,

"The demons of our sires became

"The saints whom we adore."

And why such an ovation to the memory of a humble Dominican priest? What noble works were accomplished that, in sight of the Vatican arises a statue of one who for seven years lingered in the pitiless dungeon of the Roman Inquisition, who after degradation and excommunication was burned at the stake by the officials of the Holy Mother Church?

It is because Giordano Bruno is really one of the Saviors of the race. Brilliant, persuasive, enthusiastic, earnest, persistent, he saw a greater measure of truth than others about him and dared teach what he saw. A priest of the Dominican order at the age of twenty-eight, publishing tracts upon the times, lecturing, teaching, traveling to Venice, Geneva, Paris and England, the Italian monk became a light shining brightly amidst the intense darkness of the Middle Ages. Hated by narrow bigotry he was, for such minds always incur the enmity of those whom they would gladly make free. So it has always been and so it will continue to be.

A few years before the birth of Bruno, Copernicus put forth his theory of the solar system for which afterward Galileo fell under the ban of the church. To one hero it seemed self-evident. He went farther than Copernicus; that grand soul looked out on not one solar system but on many. He saw sun beyond sun, system beyond system; and so the Infinite Spirit containing and comprehending all, was he perceived, law, order and harmony. Leaping time and space he so far outstripped his contemporaries that they hated him because of it, for hatred and fear are the children of darkness. He was a light in the dim twilight, and eyes used only to murkiness shrank from the full glare of the day.

What seed he sowed in his journeys history cannot disclose. He has been likened to Socrates, but the Grecian philosopher, far happier in his environment, found pupils sufficiently developed and appreciative to note every word of their beloved master. Bruno published several books concerning "The Infinite Universe and Worlds," from which the student of the 19th century recognizes the priest of the 16th century as his peer, both in science and in morals. That any who heard him speak or read his writings understood the inspired philosopher, is doubtful. Galileo had accepted the Copernican system, but that astronomer had none of the moral courage and little of the grasp of thought of Bruno, and a few years after the martyrdom of the Dominican monk, Galileo was tortured until he recanted. In all the land the wisest and most learned were as children compared with Bruno. In all the Dark Ages there was none so inspired with grandeur of thought or love of truth. Like a solitary beacon set in midnight blackness, he saw no light answering unto his own. Yet how brave he was, how strong with the strength of the spirit! Barbarously burned at the stake at the end of seven year's incarceration, Bruno perished as he had really lived, alone and uncomprehended.

"His system," says Hallam, "may be said to contain a sort of double pantheism. The world is animated by an omnipresent, intelligent soul, the first cause of every form that matter can assume but not matter itself. In his own work, 'Dei Infinito Universo,' he asserts the infinity of the universe and the plurality of worlds. That the stars are suns shining by their own light, that each has its revolving planets, were among the enormous and capital offences of Bruno." Hegel says of him, "The leading characteristic of Bruno's writings is, at bottom a wonderful inspiration, the inspiration of a self-consciousness which feels the spirit dwelling in it and knows that its essence is one with all essence."

So it is that to-day the radical thinker is not so very far in advance of Bruno nor does he much differ with his conceptions. But the strangest circumstance of all connected with this prophet-martyr is that in the oration made at the unveiling of the statue of

Bruno, Deputy Bovio declared that "to-day there is born a new religion of free thought and liberty of conscience which would be worse for the Papacy than the loss of temporal power!" And this occurred in the very shadow of the Vatican; perhaps on the very spot where the philosopher and scientist was burned "for heresy and apostasy." It cannot be denied that the world does move.

The ceremonies of the unveiling were witnessed by the Syndic of Rome, the Government officials and a large number of Senators and Deputies. The celebration took place amidst great enthusiasm, in spite of the fact that 400 telegrams arrived at the Vatican deplored the unveiling of the statue and the great depression of the Pope. But it stands all the same, and of the one thousand who attended the banquet which closed the festivities, there must have been a few who truly comprehend the lofty and noble character.

## George Washington Again.

Shades of the departed, come to our rescue! With the commercial world organizing into trusts; the Presbyterian Church coming together with eternal damnation left out; with the venerable editor of the Chicago Tribune "congratulating" the union, and with all the other changes going on—this land-mark and the other passing away—the "piety" of George Washington has to go with the rest!

It is now claimed that he was more "moral than pious." We don't know what this means. Was it because he swore at Brandywine? Well! He swore to some purpose at any rate. The next thing we expect to hear will be that the story of the "hatchet," like the story of Pocahontas, is a "myth." Then our faith in human veracity will be extinguished. But our fears are relieved. *Unity* lifts the burden from the JOURNAL's throbbing heart. Its depression is gone. It swells again in adoration of the old faith in the father of his country. We don't believe he ever told a lie; we accept the hatchet story with all which that implies. Listen to what the "ethical" *Unity* has to say:

And though he was baptized in the Episcopal church and afterwards served as a vestryman, and usually attended the worship of that church when he went at all, yet Dr. Abercrombie, rector of the Episcopal church in Philadelphia, which he frequented, and who knew him well, said "Washington was a deist," and Jefferson said the same.

Once he is reported to have taken bread and wine in a Presbyterian meeting house. But he is not known to have partaken of the Lord's Supper more than once in the last twenty years of his life. Ministers have taken revenge for this omission, and have denied or doubted his religious character.

Charged with deism, guilty of deliberate nonconformity, what religious sect can with any consistency exonerate his character from the stain of irreligion? No church can do this which is not founded upon some broader basis than that of the creeds. Yet no Unitarian can for a moment doubt the profoundly religious nature and principles of a man like Washington. Only they are not seen in his belonging or not belonging to the Episcopal church; in his partaking or not partaking of the Lord's Supper; in his believing or not believing in a miraculous revelation; in his having or not having prayers in camp. But they are seen in that courage and confidence in a righteous cause, which never faltered in the midst of faithlessness and treachery, disaster and desertion. They are seen in that sacred fidelity which never betrayed a trust. They are seen in that integrity of character, that sense of justice, that modesty of personal claims, that ready sacrifice of self for the common good, that reverence for, and reliance on, the supreme and universal Providence, which in all ages have made men strong, have made men loved, have made men immortal in the annals of history.

## Joshua and the Sun Myth.

If science has accomplished nothing else it has driven to the wall the absurdities of biblical interpretation. The sagacious improvements of modern divines cannot save the old book to their failing cause. A more spiritual faith—mostly the result of Modern Spiritualism—is giving to all disputed passages a broader and more occult meaning. No one at all conversant with the deeper meanings of the Bible pretends that it can have relations to externality. It is a matter of the sublimest indifference, therefore, whether the sun stood still for Joshua or not, or whether it so seemed under the law of refraction. As showing the trend of religious teaching, we reproduce the following from the Kansas City Times:

At Christ Church Bishop Usher, rector elect took for his subject the so-called mistake of "Joshua Standing Still," taking his text from Joshua, x, 12-14. He showed that the error in understanding the passage grew out of the Masoretic interference with the original Hebrew in the year A.D. 500, when the vowel points were introduced. He gave the translation of the unpointed Hebrew by Dr. Pratt, an eminent Hebrew scholar, as follows: "Then spake Joshua to Jehovah, on the occasion of Jehovah delivering up the Amorites before the children of Israel, let the sun be obscured over Gideon, and the moon over the valley of Ajalon, and the sun was obscured and the moon also, while the people rose up against its enemies. Is not this written in the Book of Joshua and the sun remained in the clouds of heaven and shone, not rising like an ordinary day, and there has not been such an event as this before or after it, as to the reciting of Jehovah unto the voice of man, for Jehovah fought for Israel."

This translation does away with all the built-up difficulties regarding the arrest of planetary motion. The predictor, while admitting distinctly that he in no sense limited divine thought or power for a moment, that anything in the created universe was outside the limit of the fullest divine control, showed by scientific facts that the condition of the sun seeming to stand still, could be produced by refraction, and by his clear way of putting facts left no ground for the skeptic to stand upon.

All this is begging the question. Neither Joshua nor his sun would long "stand still" under the infliction of such irrelevant nonsense.

Lou Allen Sprint, a Baltimore child of 3½ years, is assisting at church entertainments and astonishing people by her proficiency on the piano.

While orthodox ministers frequently refer to the death of infidels by lightning and other casualties as a direct visitation of Divine Providence, to what particular supernatural agency will they ascribe the shock received by the Rev. J. C. Myers of State Line, Ind., who, at the request of Rev. Steele of the New Liberty Christian Church, Fountain co., Ind., filled the pulpit in that church, May 26th? During the evening services, about eight o'clock, a small cloud was noticed to overcast the sky. Immediately afterward a blinding bolt of lightning descended, struck and destroyed the church chimney. Following along the stovepipe, which ran around the room, it crushed the two stoves into fragments and tore up the floor. After leaving the chimney the bolt separated and a portion of it ran down the chandelier, over the pulpit, striking Mr. Myers in the back of the head. He turned a somersault, fell heavily to the floor and was thought to be dead. He laid in an unconscious condition for more than half an hour. Several persons in the large congregation were shocked into insensibility, but soon recovered. On the back of Mr. Myers' head where the lightning struck him, is a bruised place about the size of a silver dollar. His face appears burnt and his sight is nearly destroyed. He was brought to Danville, Ill., for treatment, and Dr. Poland, who is attending, fears that the loss of vision will be permanent and complete.

It is the custom among the members of the Society of Christian Endeavor, for the young men and young women to take turns equally in leading their meetings, and it is required of each member to take some part in each meeting, if it be only in repeating a verse of Scripture. At a church we know of in Newark, N. J., the programme for the year was printed, with the subjects and the names of those who should preside. When the programme happened to come under the eye of the elders they informed the members of the society that young women could not be allowed in that church to conduct a meeting or to rise and speak or pray. The utmost that would be allowed was for them to sing, to call for a hymn, or to repeat a verse of Scripture; but even so it must be done from the seat and not standing. There was a certain amount of pious indignation among the young folks, but they had to submit. In twenty years some of them will be elders and perhaps widows (if the solecism may be pardoned for the sake of the idea), and they will do these things better then. One needs now and then to see a concrete case of such archaicism to understand what was common in the times of our fathers. And it would be curious to get at the explanation why it is proper for a woman to repeat a verse sitting down, while she must not stand up and do it; or why she can stand up and sing a solo prayer and cannot say it; or why, any how, she is to be treated as an inferior, uneducated nonentity, not fit to give inspiration or instruction to her brothers. So far as we observe the young women in our Christian Endeavor societies, or in any other religious or social gatherings are, on the average, quite as well educated and intelligent, as fit to give help as the young men. Perhaps it is feared that they may find it out.—The Independent.

"The doctrine of re-incarnation," says



**Voices from the People.**  
AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal,  
**The Heroine of the Conemaugh**  
Flood.

EMMA TUTTLE.

[Mrs. Ogle, the manager of the Western Union office, who died at her post, will go down in history as a heroine of the highest order. Notwithstanding the repeated notifications which she received to get out of reach of the approaching danger, she stood by the instrument with unflinching loyalty and undaunted fearlessness, sending words of warning to those in danger in the valley below. When every station in the path of the coming torrent had been warned, she wired her companions at South Fork: "This is my last message."—Report of the Conemaugh Flood.

Room for another savior! On the scroll

Recording those who died for human kind

A woman's name goes next. Her royal soul

Went up through crazy waters and mad wind.

Wrote it in lines of light, "She died for men!"

She could not be disloyal to her trust:

She would not leave her wife—most needed then

To warn and save. O, woman true and just!

Whe through the city doomed a horseman dashed

Shouting, "The dam! the dam is broken! Flew!"

And with mad speed the oncoming water crashed,

She kept her place: "Warned must the valley be."

Tell it with joy, oh, woman! and resolve

To be more noble, for the sake of One

Whose grand equality has solved,

And adoration, high and holy, won.

When all the towns were warned the little hand

Ceased its last work to save. The precious head

God circle it with lilies in Heaven's land—

Swept down the river with the drowned dead.

Berlin Heights, O.

**A Forgiving Spirit.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the early days of spirit manifestation, when the amazement at the movements of tables and chairs was gradually giving way to a rational and serious interest in the intelligence displayed by those movements, a few friends, among whom was your venerable contributor, David Bruce, were accustomed to meet at my house in Brooklyn, N. Y., for investigation, one of our number being an excellent medium for table-tipping. Among many good tests and messages, we were startled by one from a woman who gave the name of Annie. She said she had been murdered by her husband, whom she named, and begged us to inform the authorities and have a search made for her body, which would be found buried in the cellar of a house in the upper part of New York City, giving street and number. Not caring to apply to the police on such information we thought no more of it. The next Sunday it was repeated with great urgency, saying that she had suffered much in the Spirit-world, and was willing to suffer more if she could be revenged on her murderer. The matter was dropped and almost forgotten by the one who even a few months ago, sitting with me, knew nothing of the above mentioned message. I was once more startled by the following message through the psychograph, evidently from the same spirit Annie, of the olden time in Brooklyn, and the second message from her after an interval of more than thirty years:

"A long time ago I communicated through the table to you, and told you that I had been murdered by my husband and wished you to send word to the authorities. You did not do so and the murderer is still at large. I had not lived with my husband. I had fallen into bad company and soon lost all respect for myself and all connected with me.

"I feel now that I can forgive my murderer, and wish to tell him that I forgive him. He has suffered more than he made me suffer, and when he reaches this side he will suffer more. I wish that I could reach him to tell him that I forgive him, but I fear that is impossible."

ANNIE.

The puratorial discipline of many years has greatly changed Annie, and the malignant thirst for revenge on her husband, even at the cost of greater misery to herself, has now given place to pity, and anxious desire to alleviate his deserved suffering. How great the contrast between her progressive condition, and the eternal torment of the orthodox hell, falsely imputed to a God of love. WM. H. MILLER.

Cairo, N. Y.

**Out of the Deep.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Out of the agony of the Johnstown calamity comes the many-voiced cry, (poor little Lizzie's) "Will God take care of me now?" as her agonized mother launched her lonely plank on the awful waters. It is the lingering cry of the old faith. As a sense of the realities of the terrible cataclysm lies heavily upon us, we cry out, "Cui bono?"—of what use is it all? And in the impotence of despair we feel a fierce rebellion against we know not what! Out of the silence, sadly, yet with hope floats an answer: "Are not human hearts the world over borne on high: tides of tenderness and human love by this great sacrificial at-one-ment of human woe, this lavish on-rush of human evolution?" We know that in the mighty movement there is no economy of material, and again our hearts cry, "How long must these things be?" How long must the cold and cruel brute force crush warm and loving human hearts?" More assuredly now is made answer: "Until there are human gods, and god-like men; until in human kind has evolved prescience, not only of events but of presence and of power to take the old way of the past into the hands. There is growth in these terrible souls—sheaves. Through the grinding and the growing comes the time when all power will be destroyed—death."

M. W. MOORE.

Ancoa, N. Y.

**Note From An Investigator.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am not a Spiritualist in the full sense of the word but earnestly desire to become one; but it will take positive, indisputable evidence to accomplish the desired result. That many have, or at least imagine they have, received such proof of future existence, I am fairly convinced, but without direct personal experience to that effect there remains with me a lurking doubt as to its verity. One objection which naturally arises in my mind is the fact that mediumism is so rare. Among all my acquaintances there is not to my knowledge a single medium. Possibly this may be accounted for from the fact that it is not cultivated; but aside from these considerations I feel, though not positively convinced, that the spiritual philosophy must be true. It satisfies both the head and the heart. It supplies a needed incentive to moral heroism and self-sacrifice; in short, if fully established will take—yes more than take—the place of dying Christianity; it will be the religion of reason and fact. O hasten, glad day, when faith shall give way to knowledge; when heart-repressing doubt shall give way to joyous conviction of immortality. In my judgment such knowledge will do more for the moral renovation of mankind than all other ages since the world has ever seen. Were I not measurably assured that such knowledge will ultimately be reached, I should fear for the moral destiny of our posterity; for it is the fiat of the Autocrat that the earth only shall stand; but surely truth cannot be at variance with the highest, holiest and clearest of all human hopes.

LEROY L. CALDWELL.

Warned by His Mother's Spirit.

The following strange letter was received by a Pittsburgher Wednesday from a German friend residing in Wheeling:

"Dear ———: I went to Johnstown when I left your house, and expected to stay a week or so, but I was not happy there. Something came to my bed and told me the first night in my hotel to go to Wheeling; that it would save my trouble. You can call it what you like, spirits or ghosts, but I know it was my mother who came to me. I am safe now, but I had it said in Johnstown that I was dead Dutchman. I had all my goods there, and had my board engaged for a week at the Merchants' Hotel, but my mother came to my bed and told me to go. How do you account for it? Is it 'Spiritualism, or what?' I know you will all laugh, but I can't tell that, and I never told anyone I will always follow my ———. A. W. P., in Pittsburgh Dispatch."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**Children.**

NUMBER TWO.

Are we sufficiently aware that children must know for themselves and gain their own experience? If we tell them a fact they are obliged to take our word for it, and that will either not satisfy them or will enslave their child's minds. Are we to lay any one's word for what we can find out for ourselves? No; not often. Better, then, with patience, spend a few minutes more and let the child see, or feel, or listen to the full and truthful explanation of the question in hand, that he may either know through the senses, or the reason. Should the child be put off with an evasive answer, he feels the implication falsehood, and his confidence in you is weakened, to say nothing of strengthening a like deceptive quality in his mind. If you undertake to grant freedom of individuality to a child as you do to adults, you can no longer demand the surface manner of respect toward yourself, which has been so long conceded as the child's almost greatest virtue. It is pleasant to be treated as a being superior, and obeyed the slightest ways as if it were a crown on the head. Truly, what have you done to merit such homage?

When we attempt to place action upon its proper base, and its grant truth its unrestricted action, whether it will or whether we know it or not, we must be willing to brook the consequences and homage will spring only to greet the face of its worth. We pay heartfelt homage to that which is superior to us, and of constant inspiration. Turn the child's mind inward to contemplate the great father-mother life of the universe, and you are no longer a little family god or goddess. Every weak, pernicious speech or act from you will receive the child's contempt, and do not complain if he show it in expression of face or indignity of act. Remember like bring him, and he only correlates with that spirit in you or some one else. Should the child be shown an inadvertent injustice, his indignation responds, and he may put up his lips at the testimony of competent and truthful witnesses, and "resorting to all sorts of dishonest evasions and Jesuitical quibbles to keep herself at ease in her impervious and beggarly condition," in regard to the spirit. He says the Church should accept spirit manifestations as a reality, but preach that they have neither: a divine or a merely human, but a Satanic origin." In a similar manner the Rev. Dr. Sabin, some years ago, enjoined upon his clerical brethren to preach the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism and attribute them to the devil; but the Rev. Dr. Buckley sought to show, in the *Christian Advocate*, the impolicy of such a course, which he wisely said, would be essentially giving up the contest; since those who heard the messages and communications, could not possibly believe them to emanate from a Satanic source. Thus "evasion" and "quibbling, and bold denial of 'facts'" are all that is left to those who are determined to reject the modern spiritual revelations. Hence, Dr. Austin Phelps' injunctions were unheeded, as those of the Rev. Mr. Andrews will be. It is obvious, not a question of truth or the preaching of error, but of finding the means to sustain ecclesiastical institutions in which great worldly interests are involved. Was it not this that caused the rejection of the Christ by the upholders of the Jewish Church, and led to his cruel and ignominious execution?

Mr. Andrews has, in most caustic terms, denounced the course of all other churches than his own in regard to modern Spiritualism; but it is a curious fact that one who sees so clearly the important office performed by the *Charismata*, the spiritual gifts of the early Christian, so emphatically commanded by St. Paul, should indiscriminately condemn the same gifts when exercised now!—as if the spiritual laws of God were not so operative at this time as in the past. Logically, Mr. Andrews will be obliged to review either his opinion as to the source of Spiritualism, or as to the character of his Satanic Majesty.

"Is it of Satan, or of God?"

This is the title of an able paper contributed to the *Hartford (Conn.) Times* by Prof. Kiddie. It is a reply to an essay by Rev. W. W. Andrews of the Catholic Apostolic Church, in which the verity of spirit phenomena were admitted but declared to be the works of the devil. We have only space for Prof. Kiddie's closing paragraphs:

The character of the mind, its prejudices and propensities, its kind and degree of culture, and its associations and habitus, determines in a very great degree the result of an acceptance of spiritual truth, and, indeed, of every kind of religious doctrine. Do we not see an example of illustration of this in the case of the Rev. Mr. Andrews himself? How different with him and the Rev. Samuel Watson, or the more recent convert, the Rev. Sidney Dean, or the Very Rev. J. P. Newman, or the Rev. Heber Newton, of New York, or the Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston? They see the light of God's truth, and an indication of His goodness and wisdom in this spiritual dispensation, the divine answer to a present need in support of spiritualism against the spread of atheism, irreligion, agnosticism, and the rankest scientific materialism or mere *sensus*, now rampant in the civilization of this time; while the apostle Catholic sees only the malevolence of Satan, trying to thwart—indeed, to a very great extent actually thwarting—God's benevolent purposes.

What a conception of the divine character and power does this present to a reasoning mind! How greatly is a theodicy needed against so really impious a stigma upon Him who is declared to be infinite in power as well as in love!

Mr. Andrews justly arraigns the Christian Church for "shutting her eyes to the most palpable facts" of spirit manifestation, and "closing her ears to the testimony of competent and truthful witnesses," and "resorting to all sorts of dishonest evasions and Jesuitical quibbles to keep herself at ease in her impervious and beggarly condition," in regard to the spirit. He says the Church should accept spirit manifestations as a reality, but preach that they have neither: a divine or a merely human, but a Satanic origin." In a similar manner the Rev. Dr. Sabin, some years ago, enjoined upon his clerical brethren to preach the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism and attribute them to the devil; but the Rev. Dr. Buckley sought to show, in the *Christian Advocate*, the impolicy of such a course, which he wisely said, would be essentially giving up the contest; since those who heard the messages and communications, could not possibly believe them to emanate from a Satanic source. Thus "evasion" and "quibbling, and bold denial of 'facts'" are all that is left to those who are determined to reject the modern spiritual revelations. Hence, Dr. Austin Phelps' injunctions were unheeded, as those of the Rev. Mr. Andrews will be. It is obvious, not a question of truth or the preaching of error, but of finding the means to sustain ecclesiastical institutions in which great worldly interests are involved. Was it not this that caused the rejection of the Christ by the upholders of the Jewish Church, and led to his cruel and ignominious execution?

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HENRY KIDDIE.

**Whose Mind Acted?**

Since the death of Laura Bridgeman the story of her life has been retold many times in the newspapers. The public has been led to believe that her mental and moral faculties were developed by her gifted teacher, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, till they were as acute as those of most persons who have the aid of all their *senes*. No one will desire to lessen public regard for the "Cadmus of the blind." Dickens and Whittier have rendered his name immortal, and thousands of unfortunates will keep his memory green through time and eternity.

Still, in the light of modern psychical science, there are good reasons for believing that Dr. Howe did not accomplish what he thought he did in developing the mind of his most famous pupil. There is strong evidence that he unconsciously acted as her "control" in regard to many things that she was credited as doing by her own volition. It appears, by all accounts of her life, that her progress in acquiring knowledge and in expressing ideas was greatly checked during the time Dr. Howe was absent in Europe for a long period, although she had the constant attention of the best assistant teachers in the institute where she was receiving instruction. A more important piece of evidence on the same matter is furnished by her speedy decline in intellectual activity during the period she was absent from the institution, visiting her parents at their home at Hanover, N. H. It was expected that she would remain with them permanently, but she relapsed a few days to such an extent that her benefactor visited her, brought her back to the school where she had been trained, and, in order to render her permanent home, set apart a sum of money for her support during life.

Are we, then, to let them grow up unbridled? What do you call "unbridled"? Do two wrongs ever produce a right? Does it help our child to be do to what our mortal light is to be wrong? Can you logical or concretely do more than you hear? Father does it? Who is old God tell you to dominate your child? He is our example. Shall omnipotence err? He sets us as Agassiz did his son, in the presence of nature on his soul's "observe." War inspires to war; dominance to dominance; anger to anger; gentleless to gentleless; patience under wrong to a like patience; calmness under impudence to calmness there and amid blame; constant high ideal and appreciation of good in all things by you, will help the vision of the child to enlarge in that direction. Do the high angels do more than guide us? Can you do more than guide your children? God is the Father of your children; you are their guardian and guide. Is the child too young to listen for the voice of God about him and in his soul? Try it and see. Perhaps if we keep back the presumptuous hand, we shall find that voice of scripture true which says: "Their angels do always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven." God is the giver of life and sex to the child; you are the means for working out the divine design. Keep your place, then, as a subordinate, and only play the Christian part of the revelator of the Father to the child. In this capacity, I think we shall find our souls borne upward, and lift it, through the accelerating power of the child's superior conception of truth; and again is true, "A little child shall lead them."

Could your judgment grow good, or would you be happy, if some commander (other than God) were to stand over your thought, and every time you strove to feel a little into the dark for individual knowledge? He were to abort the act with a "Thou shall not?" Would you not, sooner or later, revolt from the restraint and exclaim: "I will do it;" if not now, when I can; I have a right to know? Do you wonder that the "well managed" child becomes a foolish or arrogant young person, and oftentimes an unkind or vicious old person, with his rightful lesson learned—where? Not in the youth of his faculties; he was not allowed, as a child, to rot freely and deeply into the father, that he might draw direct inspiration for the time of trial, and when he came to stand over him he fell helpless, and wills under seeming adversity? With a deep personal root in the being of life, what seemed pitiless adversity, would become only the sun of opportunity drawing us to further growth, and finally to that moral condition containing the seed in itself.

M. D.

**E. Fulton Lukens writes:** The Keystone Conference of Philadelphia will soon send forth in the field to lecture its most talented speaker, Hon. Daniel Bright; intellectually bright as well as by name; loved by his president and all scientific people. Mr. John Robotham, the president of the Keystone Conference, with a number of others highly recommended Mr. Bright as a scientific spiritual lecturer and magnetic healer, and a good, sober, moral man, worthy of the notice of the public and readers of your paper.

Two boys who live in a small town near Pleasanton, W. Va., had a banana race the other day, in which one ate forty and the other thirty-eight in twenty minutes. Both were awfully sick the next day, and don't want to see any more bananas.

**The Eclectic Medical Association.**

The following Preamble and Resolutions were read at the annual meeting of The Eclectic Medical Association of the State of Pennsylvania, held at Philadelphia, May 1st and 2nd, 1889, by Henry B. Piper, M. D., of Altoona. On motion of Dr. J. M. Dunn, the Preamble and Resolutions were adopted. One thousand copies ordered to be printed.

Whereas, the recent conflict in the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, has been no less than a high-handed attempt of the Allopathic physicians and Medical College of the State to trample upon and overturn the natural and personal rights of all who do not belong in their ranks;

And whereas, this conflict is but one part of a general conspiracy to impose a medical yoke upon the people of the United States—a yoke which our fathers refused to bear;

And whereas, similar conflicts have been undertaken against personal and professional freedom in the Legislatures of other States of the American Union under the false pretense of a purpose to elevate the standard of medical qualifications, but actually to crush out dissenting opinion and rival schools of practice.

Therefore be it

Resolved, That the State Eclectic Medical Association of Pennsylvania hereby congratulate our medical brethren, our colleges and our fellow citizens, that the selfish and iniquitous effort at the present session of the Legislature has been utterly defeated.

Resolved, That we felicitate the friends of freedom

in medical practice and in government in Maine,

Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New

York, New Jersey, Ohio, Wisconsin, and we hope to

be able to name Indiana and California, that they

too have defeated the common foe to American

freedom

## Suggested By Dean Swift.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
The following is from Hon. Samuel McLean, now over eighty years old, of El Cajon, California, and was suggested by Dean Swift's famous sermon he is said to have preached to a friend, who was anxious to hear him, upon the highway, which was as follows:

"Our ingress into the world is naked and bare; Our progress through the world is labor and care. Our egress out of the world is no one knows where. If we do well here, 'twill be well with us there, And I can't preach you more truth, if I preach a [year]."

As rendered by Judge McLean:  
"Our ingress to earth-life is helpless and bare; Our progress through it is encumbered with care. Lest we ingress from the right we should beware, For things which in outward appearance are fair Are often deceptive and sometimes a snare, And trap the incautious before they're aware, And those who transgress must the consequence [share],

For each one his self-imposed burden must bear, And Justice le're varies the breadth of a hair. As regret is possible do not despair. Revenues from the home of spirits declare Our mistakes made here may be rectified there; The prodigal may return from the air, And God ever listens to penitent prayer, And readily answers it everywhere.

And Wisdom exclaims for your egress prepare, Repent and reform, to do right always dare. What sin has disordered good deeds may repair. Of life everlasting each soul is an heir. In our Father's house is enough and to spare, And if we the white robes of righteousness wear, Ambrosia and nectar shall then be our fare, And nothing be able our bliss to impair."

By using in addition the words "transgress and regress," which the Dean did not use, Judge McLean has written very prettily in rhyme an excellent sermon.

J. D. LEGG.

Long Eddy, N. Y.  
A Norristown (Pa.) father, on making his nightly census of his nine sleeping children to see that all was serene, found that one was missing. After a rigorous and exciting hunt of the house and neighborhood the lost one was discovered peacefully sleeping in the family washbasket, into which it had crept to play.

The hunters of Paris, Ky., are engaged in tracking a strange animal that a number of them have seen once. It is described as being long, black, with small ears, large mouth, flat tail and measures from seven to eight feet length. It has a fondness for small pigs and lambs, and the farmers about there have suffered greatly.

A young man living near St. Paul upset a small kerosene lamp, which exploded and completely saturated with burning fluid the furry coat of a cat sleeping on the floor. The tortured animal sprang into some lace curtains, setting them on fire, then ran to the barn and plunged into a haystack. Luckily the hay did not catch on fire.

Planetary Evolution or a New Cosmogony, being an explanation of Planetary Growth and Life Energy, upon the basis of Chemical and Electrical relations of the elements of nature. There is a great demand to illustrate the process of Evolution and this work may assist the reader to better knowledge of Natural Laws. Price, cloth, \$1.00, paper 50 cents. For sale here.

Illustrated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana, by Siddhartha Saky Muni. The original doctrines of "The Light of Asia," and the explanations of the nature of life in the Physical and Spiritual worlds. This work was recently published and the preface informs the reader was originally written in India it being so intimately connected with the present religious ideal of America and Europe an edition in English was the result. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50 cents. For sale here.

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Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets. If a man die, shall he live again? a lecture delivered in San Francisco, June 1887, price 5 cents, and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and any thing from his pen on this subject is most interesting.

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## Jottings from Willow Spring, Nev.

(Continued from First Page.)  
peal to the incoming president to issue a proclamation calling upon all the citizens of the Republic to observe the 30th of April 1889, as a day of National Thanksgiving? This is the spirit of Romanism without the exact form thereof. Romanism under the guise of Protestantism is much to be feared. It is being wounded in the house of our friend. Ecclesiastical Despotism, whether it be embodied in a Roman Pontiff, or in an organized church, or in any body of men, for which we have no name, it is equally the enemy of our country's weal, to be watched, fought and defeated.

Apropos to this same question is the move to have God and Jesus engrafted into the constitution. The *Christian Register* aent this makes, I see, a very pertinent suggestion: "It would be well for many of the devoted women of the W. C. T. U., who are anxious to have God and Jesus engrafted into the U. S. Constitution to first settle the sex of their Deity and the number of persons in their Godhead." I have the greatest reverence for that "Nameless One" whom we call "God," and also for the name of "Jesus of Nazareth," and no word of mine has ever been uttered, and I trust never will be uttered, that could be fairly construed to mean disrespect to either of these, to me, sacred names; but I confess I can see nothing that deserves the name of "blasphemy" in addressing the Deity as "Our Mother God," either from a scientific or Biblical standpoint. As to the scientific aspect of the matter I would simply remark that scientists and philosophers are pretty well agreed in stating that there are two great elements, or principles if you will rather, that seem to dominate the universe, so far as we know it, and to which they have given the name for lack of a better, "negative and positive," or in other words, "male and female." Now it is believed by the most orthodox of Christians that God is in all, through all, and in a certain sense may be said to be all that exists; indeed the only real existence. He is the noumenon, all else is but the phenomena of that noumenon. I cannot, therefore, see any approach even to blasphemy from this aspect of the subject in saying, "Our Father and Our Mother God," nor to address the Deity in these terms does it seem any more blasphemous, either from an Old or New Testament standpoint, for they both appear to perpetuate an old tradition of the "androgynous" nature of the Deity. "Let us make man in our image," and he did. "And God created man in his image," "male and female created he them—and called their name Adam." That man at one time of his existence is believed to have been androgynous is clear from another tradition perpetuated in the same book, that woman was taken from man. Of course were I skeptical on this point, the fact of its being recorded over so plainly in the Bible would not of itself necessarily induce my belief.

Here I can not forbear to mention a little circumstance that transpired many years ago that had a considerable influence in making me what is called a "Free Thinker, and shows my present position with regard to all so-called "Revelations" and all kinds of books in general. The first time I ever saw that grand old man, now gone to glory, Henry C. Wright, I was then toiling in the ecclesiastical harness. In course of our conversation some disputed theological question came up. I do not now recall what it was. I pelted Henry hard with many and divers texts of scripture, to all which he for some moments listened very patiently. At last looking at me kindly enough, he said: "Young man, one thing I would have you remember in your after life; that is, that not any one thing is either true or false simply because it is written in a book." This for the time being silenced my scriptural gabble, although it did not make the impression on my mind then that it did in after years. I could not forget it.

Now a few words more on this curious question of the sex of the Deity. I think the influence of the same tradition may be found in the New Testament, both in the language of Jesus and St. Paul, and perpetuated somewhat indirectly in the doctrine and teaching of the church of Rome. It is well known to every Latin and Greek scholar, that there are two words in the former language by which man is designated, namely, *vir* and *homo*. The former means a man as opposed to woman. The latter may mean either man or woman, or both combined, namely a human being. Answering to these two words in Latin, we have two in Greek; *Anēr*, a man as opposed to a woman; *anthropos*, a human being either a man or a woman, or both combined, as in the former case. Now Jesus makes use of the expression many times: "I am the son of man." "The son of man," etc. Now, it is somewhat remarkable, at least a little curious, he never uses the word *anēr*, but invariably uses the more comprehensive word, *anthropos*, human being. Nor do I this moment recall any instance in which when the expression, "Son of man," is used of him, is the word *anēr* ever used. The whole phrase then is: *Eimi ho huios tou anthropou*, which seems to have been exclusively and constantly appropriated by Jesus to himself.

Now, granting this to be true, and that there is any special significance in it, what inference may we draw from it? That Jesus believed himself to be a perfect type of what humanity once was and of what God is respecting this combination, in one person, of the male and female elements. And observe how this seems to be manifested in the life of Jesus, so far as we have any record of it.

He plays the woman with Mary as she tells him of the death of her brother Lazarus, and mingles his tears with hers. Before Pilate he plays the man, the *anēr*, the hero, and sets his authority at a dignified defiance. Women are his most constant companions from the cradle to the cross. There was something in the nature, as well as in the word and works of Jesus, that drew to him magnetically, as it were, both men and women. Saint Paul says Adam was a type of Jesus, and both were made in the similitude of God. "In Jesus there is neither male nor female; neither Jew nor Gentile, bond or free; all are one in him." All the ancient religions taught the doctrine of the double sex of the Deity, and hinting "just as the Bible does," at a time when it was believed that man originally was androgynous. Nor is this so very absurd an idea, and without analogy in nature. Are not some flowers double sexed? and some animals, too, for that matter? Are not the drones in the hive the product of the queen-bee before connection with the male? What mean those atrophied remnants of the feminine nature that still cling to man? If they mean anything that we can understand, they all point to the possibility, I shall not say probability, of the androgynous nature of humanity, at one period of his existence. The Romish Church is the only Christian Church, with the exception, perhaps, of the Greek Church, that indirectly teaches the twofold nature of the deity. The Virgin Mary makes up the female side of the Deity. There was a felt

need for this belief of a feminine element in God, and that church thus supplied it; and that is one of the strongest bonds that binds women to that church, and, in some measure, men, too, for that matter. A Catholic woman will suffer you frequently enough to speak against some of the most sacred doctrines of her church, but you venture to say anything disrespectful of the blessed Virgin, and it will be safer for you to leave than remain. I speak from experience.

Romanism is essentially feminine; Protestantism is essentially masculine. The latter cast aside the reformation the worship of the Virgin Mary, and put no other feminine element of worship in its place. I have no objection to pray, "Our Father and Our Mother God." It is probably philosophically true. If the testimony of the Bible be worth anything on the point, it is probably Scripturally true also. And in this sense, *tertius ultimus*, I can understand how Jesus might be called par excellence, the "Son of God." Had the complete nature of Jesus been fully recognized and taught by the early church, the Virgin Mary had probably never occupied the position in the Romish system that she does to-day. But I must draw my remarks to a conclusion, that I may not too much try the patience of the reader. This whole subject in question is to me interesting, but not vitally important. If the theory of the double sex of Deity, and of Jesus of Nazareth, was knocked, as we say, into a "cocked hat," I should feel neither grieved nor angry. The truth will ultimately prevail. But I do not wish Mr. Editor, any Deity, male or female, or both, put into the constitution. I think it is too small a place for one. By the by, if Deity has been out of the constitution all these many years, who has been filling his place, I wonder? The Devil? If so I hope he still keeps his position, for he has done remarkably well for the last hundred years. So much has this godless country, and our godless schools, prospered, that all the God-fearing nations of the earth are flocking to our shores, and calling us blessed, and are envious of our prosperity, notwithstanding we have kept him out of the constitution.

W.M. L. THOMPSON.

## SHE.

A Piquant and Picturesque Portraiture of the Russian Sphinx—From the Pen of a Sister Theosophist.

*Teaching Abstinence From Meat, She Devours Liver Without the Aid of Knife or Fork—Advocating Altruism and Brotherhood She Interferes with Domestic Harmony, and Plays the Old Harry Generally.*

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have for several years been deeply interested in the underlying philosophical principles of so called Theosophy. These principles have made plain to me much which neither science explains nor revelation reveals. Much which has come through this channel has appealed not only to my reason, but also to my experience. Because this is so, I have used every means in my power to ascertain the real truth in regard to the movement as inaugurated by H. P. Blavatsky, and not without a fair measure of success. I feel sure that many honest seekers after truth will find the following facts of singular interest.

I will say at once that I have been willing, nay, anxious to believe the best that could be demonstrated of Mme. Blavatsky, and although I have persistently held myself in reserve in regard to her, it would have given me most sincere pleasure to have found her as honest and worthy as she is talented.

So happened that, after hearing much which convinced me that while she possessed remarkable powers, she by no means possessed the powers she claimed, I became intimately acquainted with a person who lived in the house with her when she was in New York. This lady, for personal reasons, was and is very friendly toward Mme. Blavatsky, and is a person of well-known probity. From her I learned that Mme. Blavatsky, while teaching the faithful to abstain from a meat diet, was in the habit of devouring huge plates of flesh and of liver in the most primitive fashion, without fork or knife, but only with her fingers and her bad, unsteady, fang-like teeth; that her personal habits were filthy and her language vile. Also that it was her wont to play "occult" tricks—she was quite an expert at legerdemain—on Col. Olcott, and to constantly call him a d—d fool, and to quarrel with him in the fiercest manner. Furthermore, that she deliberately broke up several families by professing to have some occult knowledge which must lead to that result.

One day my acquaintance, who was at that time Mme. Blavatsky's neighbor, expressed an ardent desire to see one of the mahatma brothers; soon after, when she was in the madame's apartments, she requested her, as she was passing, to look into a room in which there was no window. There, remarkably garbed, sat a Mahatma. Presto! if Mme. Blavatsky could really show a Mahatma to this honest, though certainly credulous person, why could she not show one to Mable Colling and convince her that from him she derived the inspiration which enabled her to write "Light on the Path?"

While, what I have mentioned, and a great deal more in the same line, I learned from this lady who knew Mme. Blavatsky in an every day fashion, for many months,—I on the other hand became convinced, from what she told me, that Mme. Blavatsky was a woman of extraordinary acquirements, of splendid ability and unusual resources. I found that she derived a part of her influence from newspaper work. She was a regular correspondent of several famous foreign journals. She has two sisters, one of whom is very wealthy.

Later I was told by a famous medium, with whom Mme. Blavatsky lived in London, that she constantly consulted mediums and that she derived much information and direction from this source. This statement was substantiated by several reliable, trustworthy people who knew that Mme. Blavatsky consulted mediums, both in London and New York.

From a lady of culture and high social position, who was a friend of the late Frederick Hockley, Esq., of England, than whom there has been no more profound occult student, I learned that Mr. Hockley refused to call upon Mme. Blavatsky, and declared himself as considering her beneath the attention of a true occultist. Moreover, I was informed by a doctor of divinity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was for some years resident missionary in India, that during the time he was there he knew an aged Pundit who had stated to him, and since put the statement in writing, that Mme. Blavatsky had come to him for instruction, which he had refused to give her, on the ground that she was wrong in motive from the very beginning, and was not a fit person

to be intrusted with the knowledge she sought to obtain. The Rev. Doctor who imparted this information spoke of the ancient Pundit, who gave this testimony in regard to Mme. Blavatsky, as a man of the most wonderfully amiable and charming character; of marvelous and subtle wisdom and of deep spirituality.

However, more significant than all of these facts is the solicitation sent out last fall to Theosophists requesting them to sign a paper pledging themselves to sustain and obey Mme. Blavatsky in all matters pertaining to Theosophy, and also the later manifesto urging all good disciples of the cause to wage war on certain critical editors. Were she sustained by mahatmic power certainly she would not be reduced to so belittling measures as these. Surely any one who is not predestined by a bigoted desire to be deceived, may see the trend of this short-sighted, word-vaillant woman's effort and the source of such power as she possesses. And most surely all who seek the truth at any cost and the highest and best that can be attained at all hazard, may see how she, in her self-serve, is being made the instrument in the hands of an all-powerful good by which the attention of very many true and earnest men and women is being called to the grand revealing truths of "The Wisdom Religion."

I will say that I am ready to substantiate all I have written and much more, that my name and address is in the hands of the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and that I am in good standing.

F. T. S.

## CONSCIOUSNESS OF LOST LIMBS.

## A Remarkable Story.

DEFIANCE, O., May 26th, 1889.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dear Sir: I had occasion some time since to try a case at Fort Wayne, Ind., and came across a curious incident of psychical phenomena which brought to my recollection the case of George Dedlow in the *Atlantic Monthly*, published some time in '67, I think. The "victim" of these experiences is a sober-minded deputy clerk or assistant in the office of the clerk of Superior Court in Allen County, and is thoroughly honest and reliable and he has no tendency to superstition as it is ordinarily defined.

There are, I presume, a large class of such phenomena, which, if carefully collated, would make something like a strong body of evidence to establish some one of the theories of a triple or septuple body....

Yours, BENJ. B. KINGSBURY.

FORT WAYNE, IND., Oct. 9th, 1888.

MR. BENJ. B. KINGSBURY:—Sir. Yours of the 7th inst. came to hand in due time. I should have answered sooner but time would not permit. In reply to your inquiry I will not attempt to explain what to me is a profound mystery in regard to the peculiar sensation as to my feet; but it will afford me great pleasure to give you my experiences in the matter, and leave the burden of an explanation with you.

On the morning of the 10th day of October, 1876, I met with a sad accident by being run over by a railroad train, which necessitated the amputation of both my feet, one about four inches above the ankle; the other at the instep, allowing the heel to remain. The next day my father called to see me at the hospital, and asked the privilege of preserving my feet, which request I granted. From that time I experienced severe cramps in my feet, sometimes almost beyond endurance. My father remained but a few days and then returned to his home in Ohio. About three weeks later my mother visited me. I told her the circumstances; told her I could scarcely endure it; that I believed father had the feet doubled up (as they were badly crushed), and asked that he would straighten them. She told me the feet were in the possession of a friend in this city, preserved in alcohol; but as the jar was too small the feet had to be doubled. She agreed to send for a larger jar and have them transferred and placed in their proper position. In a few days thereafter she returned home.

About ten days later I felt some one take hold of my left foot, as perceptibly as though it were real, and straighten it; press the toe to their proper place and positions, and then the same operation was performed with the right foot. I was somewhat alarmed and surprised, and, as it were, involuntarily reached down as if to take hold of my feet, but it was but an aching void. During all this time, and for several hours I suffered the most intense pain. After it had died away, I experienced no more cramps, and my feet felt more comfortable and natural.

About ten days later my friend called on me, and I thanked him for the favor. He at first denied any knowledge of the whereabouts of my feet, or that he had done anything with them; but when I gave him the exact day and hour that the matter occurred, and which foot he had taken first, and how he did it, he acknowledged that the whole transaction was as I had stated. He also stated to me that he was alone at the time, the rest of the family having all retired, and that he had told no one, but could not understand how I could know. He became suspicious, and said he would never touch them again.

After I recovered I procured a pair of artificial limbs, and about eighteen months after the accident a friend of mine volunteered to go with me and carry the jar containing the feet to my own house. In doing so I was walking, or endeavoring to walk, by his side on a smooth walk. I soon found that it was almost impossible for me to walk at all. I had no control over them. Sometimes the toes were in front; sometimes the feet were turned around and the toes were behind. It sickened me, and I was forced to ask my friend to support me. Soon after this I moved with my family to another house. During the transportation of my feet the same experience was had as above stated. I then ordered them to be placed in the rear of a deep closet, and forbade their being moved under penalty of severe punishment. They then remained undisturbed until about two years ago, when I again moved to where I now live. At this time in removing them the sensation was much reduced; all that I experienced was like the pricking of needles, or as though my shoes were full of chestnut burs. For the last year it has required considerable disturbance on their part before I can notice any peculiar sensation. I can, however, feel them, and move my toes and ankle as well as ever, except that they feel very stiff. About all the pain that I have had on account of the amputation, was and is in the feet, and not at the point where the amputation was made. After the amputation, when suffering severe pain in the feet, by putting my hands over the end of the stump or wound, the pain would apparently leave the foot and locate itself in the wound caused by the amputation, and upon remov-

ing my hand the pain would immediately return to my foot.

In about six or seven weeks after the first amputation, it became necessary to amputate the right limb the second time. Having been amputated at the instep the first time it was now taken off about four inches above the ankle. The piece thus amputated was purloined by a young medical student, who enriched his knowledge in the anatomy of the human frame by dissecting it. In doing so I could distinctly feel the operation, and a very painful one it was, especially when he removed the marrow from the bone. Not knowing who it was that had committed the outrage upon me, I accused several, but all denied having done it, except one who told me it was as I had said, but refused to give me the name of the perpetrator. Since then I have frequently suffered severely with rheumatism in this ankle and heel, and of such power as she possesses. And most surely all who seek the truth at any cost and the highest and best that can be attained at all hazard, may see how she, in her self-serve, is being made the instrument in the hands of an all-powerful good by which the attention of very many true and earnest men and women is being called to the grand revealing truths of "The Wisdom Religion."

In very cold weather I suffer much with cold feet.

These curious sensations are a deep mystery to me. Some, however, can be easily explained. I have endeavored to avoid all imagination, but have given you the facts. I have frequently told these experiences to others, but was looked upon as one telling a falsehood. It has been a pleasure to me to grant your request, hoping that the mystery may in some way be solved. Any further information you may desire, will be cheerfully given. Hoping to hear from you again, and that you, or some one, may be able to throw some light on this subject, I am

Your humble servant,

D. W. SOUDER.

FORT WAYNE, IND., May 23, 1889.

MR. B. B. KINGSBURY:—Sir: Yours of the 14th inst. came to hand in due time. Pardon my delay. In answer as to the names, I would say that my father is Geo. Souder, living at Shelby, Richland Co., Ohio. My mother is dead. Israel Lee, now deceased, was the person who straightened my feet. Harrison Dehaven is the one who carried my feet from Mr. Lee's residence to my own. He is now living in this city on Holman Street; cannot give the number of residence. Dr. W. H. Myers of this city amputated my limbs, but I was afterwards attended by Dr. Frezzi, who soon left here, and the last I heard from him he was in the Missouri State Prison for stealing a span of mules.

A Mr. Loser, son of Christian Loser, of Oberly, Ohio, had his arm caught in a clover huller. After amputation it was buried. He complained of worms in it. His father took it up and found it as the boy had said. He then put it in alcohol, and whenever it was disturbed the boy knew it. This, I understand, was frequently tested, unknown, however, to the boy. He invariably complained at the exact time that his arm was being tampered with. Others have come to my knowledge but I made no particular note of them, hence cannot give names or dates correctly.

Should you receive any light on the mystery, please let me hear from you. I shall be at your service at any time.

With kind regards I am yours,

D. W. SOUDER.

COMMENTS ON THE CASE BY PROF. WM. JAMES OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

DEAR COL. BUNDY:—I enclose you the interesting narrative of Mr. Souder, on which you ask my opinion. In Number 3 of the proceedings of the American Society of Psychological Research, I published a paper on the Consciousness of Lost Limbs, based on accounts of 185 cases which I had collected. Amongst them were about a dozen which told of pains, due to events happening to the buried or preserved extremity. These were, however, so vaguely told (with one exception of which the account unfortunately got lost), and were evidently so unscientific that I had to say that I could draw no positive conclusions from them. Amputated stumps give rise to so many sorts of painful hallucinations that it would be strange if some of the neuralgias and feelings of cramp, formication and twitching in the lost parts did not occasionally coincide in time with actual experiences of the cut-off parts.

Mr. Souder's case is by far the most striking one which has come to my knowledge. I can only regret that after such an experience as he relates, he did not deliberately experiment with the preserved parts by causing some friend to manipulate them, whilst he, in an adjoining room, noted his sensations at the time. Apparently it would now be too late for such an experiment.

I have nothing more to add, except that if there be anywhere a fitting sort of object for telepathy it might be expected to be one's own cut off feet. Very truly yours,

WM. JAMES.

## THE WESTERN EDGE OF LIFE

Finds many people feeling a lack

# RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLVI.

CHICAGO, JUNE 29, 1889.

No. 19

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religious Philosophical Journal.  
REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. Philbrook—Mediumship and Epilepsy Contrasted—Where is Dr. Hamilton?

W. H. CHANEY.

Judging from the scores of letters which I have received from entire strangers, since my communications in the JOURNAL of April 4th and May 20th, there are at least a few persons who were interested in the subjects which I discussed, and so many questions have been asked, one question by at least a dozen persons, that I must petition for a brief space in which to reply. The prevailing query is thus stated by Fisher Doherty, of Crawfordsville, Indiana:

"We who are living in the valley, look to you on the mountain for light. I want your opinion on the merits of H. B. Philbrook's revelations. Are the views advanced by him in harmony with the facts in astronomy, chemistry, physiology, etc., etc."

My thought has been to answer "no" to each querist, and let the matter end there, but that would be dogmatizing, and Spiritualists are the last people in the world to respect a dogmatist. Therefore I will try to be logical and philosophical.

I know nothing of Mr. Philbrook's private history, but will venture to suggest that he has inherited epilepsy, a disease of the brain. This is one of the most deceptive and insidious of all cerebral diseases, seeming to be equally allied to sanity and insanity. No person can claim immunity from its attacks. I have symptoms of it myself, but in a mild form, unaccompanied by the least physical pain. Excessive anxiety, nervous prostration, mental exhaustion etc., in my own case, are superinducing causes of the attacks. I am not in the least unconscious, yet what I see and hear seems perfectly real to me, while at the same time I am conscious of the hallucination.

Emanuel Swedenborg inherited epilepsy of the brain from both father and grandfather. Edgar A. Poe was a victim of the same disease. Swedenborg, during his attacks, had visions of God, heaven, the devil, hell, spirits, etc., all of which were remembered after the attack had passed and seemed perfectly real to him. He fancied that God had called him to explain the meaning of the Scriptures, just as Esdras (see Apocrypha) fancied that God had called him to write up the Old Testament, which was lost, and he dictated it in forty days to five scribes, only a short time before Christ, and that is how we came by the old Bible. Swedenborg was just as much inspired as Esdras, and wrote in language far less filthy. The father and grandfather of Swedenborg were clergymen; how natural, then, that he should inherit a mania for expounding the Bible.

In Edgar A. Poe we look in vain for symptoms of a tendency to either pound or expound the imaginings of the epileptics which had preceded him. His mania was intensely dramatic and poetic. When the fit was on him his visions were most weird and startling. These were remembered in his normal state and afforded plots for his writing the most strange and thrilling prose sketches as well as poems.

I cannot truthfully rank H. B. Philbrook as the intellectual equal of either Poe or Swedenborg, yet he was naturally endowed with a fine quality of brain, and if not large, intensely active. In his youth he acquired a fair education and subsequently studied law. He possessed a brain power superior to the average of lawyers, but it was by no means adapted to the practice of law. His clients knew this, if he did not. Hence, his failure to gain a good practice, and hence his strug-

gle along the ragged edge of poverty. No doubt his privations and anxiety hastened the development of his cerebral ailment. Then came the vision of a great work which he was called to perform.

I have examined many cases of incipient insanity and in every instance found this unerring symptom—a great work to do! Furthermore, I have never yet found a case where the patient was not more or less a medium. Educated, but idiotic physicians, have read from books that one possessed of the idea of a mission to fulfill is on the verge of insanity; also, that epilepsy produces visions of airy nothingness, which to the victim seem a reality, and putting the two facts together proclaim that mediumship is nothing but a cerebral disease or derangement.

Mr. Philbrook's visions did not take the form of those of Swedenborg, or Poe, or Joan of Arc; nevertheless he felt sure that he had received a "call." Among his earlier writings are so many evidences of sanity, especially his "Cause and Cure of Disease," that on reading it, before I had seen him, I did not suspect the least cerebral derangement. This shows how insidious and deceiving are the workings of this mysterious disease.

The cause of an epileptic fit is the rapid and involuntary demission of nerve energy from the centers to the surface, producing a wild action of the muscles, contortions, convulsions, etc. This action is general—the whole man being affected, and hence unconscious. Mind is an effect, the cause of which is the action of the brain. When the brain action is involuntary, the mind is uncontrollable by the will, and hence the strange involuntary thoughts; the sounds which are heard; visions that are presented, etc. These phenomena are mere chimera of the brain, yet they seem as real as reality itself. In the case of spirit control a force is projected upon the brain by a spirit, producing an involuntary demission of nerve energy, when there will appear what is termed clairvoyance, clairaudience, and so forth. It is a contradiction of terms to talk about "independent clairvoyance." There can be no clear seeing, or hearing, unless some power outside of the individual's will acts upon the brain; a boat, when rowed, might as well boast of its independent power to move.

The reader may now conclude that the phenomena of epilepsy of the brain and spirit control, are so nearly the same that it is impossible to distinguish between them. This is the position of physicians who deny spirit manifestation, and the position seems so logical that the uneducated in nervous diseases accept of their *ipsi dixit* as unreservedly as the ignorant believers in orthodoxy accept of all priestly assertions. But even if there is no difference, is it logical to accept of an assertion because Dr. Hamilton, Surgeon-General of the U.S. Army, and a specialist in all nervous diseases, has said so? I think not. I hate authorities for anything, and whenever one quotes the opinion of some great man in proof of an asserted fact, that circumstance alone excites my suspicion. Truth needs no support. It is capable of standing on its own merits.

An epileptic vision may be compared to the normal, ordinary dream, when the action of the brain is not under the direction of the will, but "running wild," as a railroad man might say. The dream, with all its absurdities, is remembered. But there is another sort of dream, of which I will speak hereafter, which takes rank with spirit manifestations. Poe's epileptic visions must have been of the very wildest, and yet in his written sketches, of which they constitute the plot, there is a vein of reason, logic, and philosophy which continually surprises the reader. But his visions were not all epileptic, and herein Dr. Hamilton errs, because he precludes the case, putting what he don't know with the vast amount of what he does know. Whoever studies "The Raven," free from all prejudice, will find many pointers showing its spiritual and intellectual origin, such as are never found in the visions of an epileptic. But it is time that I describe how to distinguish between an epileptic vision and a spiritual impression.

In the normal dream we fall over precipices uninjured, witness the metamorphosis of a goat into a wolf, a beautiful child into a fly, etc., etc., without experiencing any astonishment at the absurdities. This is because the engineer, Reason, and the conductor, Will, are not at their posts and the brain is "running wild." Thus it is with the vision epilepsy. Hence the absurd fancies which are conjured up. Of the same type are the fancies of the victim of the delirium tremens. Let us summarize:

1. The healthy dream which is pleasant and agreeable.
2. The unhealthy dream, engendered by illness, nervous exhaustion, overloading the stomach, etc.
3. The epileptic vision.
4. Delirium tremens.

These differ in degree rather than in quality, being nearly of the same type. They run the gamut something like hydrogen gas, vapor, water, ice. In all are found a lack of intelligence and surfeit of absurdity.

I have dreamed thousands of dreams, yet all were of the common sort until I was 38 years old. Then, while writing a serial story which ran thirteen weeks in *The Spiritual Age*, entitled "Minnie the Medium; or Spiritualism in Germany," I had two dreams—they seemed like dreams—wherein I saw and talked with my father, who passed away when I was nine years old. He told me of a certain mortgage for \$500 which the mortgagee intended to make our firm pay, and assured me that we were not liable for it. At

the time I had never had a doubt but what we were liable, but the sequel proved that the supposed dream was true. This happened in Gardiner, Maine, in 1859, and since then I have had but one other dream of the kind.

In these dreams was manifested a high degree of intelligence, not my own, for I never had such a thought, and on awakening after the first dream, laughed at its seeming absurdity and would not investigate until the dream was repeated. I will not presume upon the ignorance of the reader by attempting to point out the difference between these dreams and the normal dream.

Action of the brain produces consciousness, or a manifestation of the five senses. But if alcohol, mince pie, or disease causes that action, there will be a lack of reason and intelligence in the manifestation.

This is the foregoing dialogue is purely imaginary, yet the facts set forth in my interrogatories are true in every particular, and it fairly illustrates the treatment we receive from the educated noddles who deny the manifestations of the sixth sense. Trusting that the readers will be able to clearly comprehend my comments concerning Mr. Philbrook, I will now return to that unfortunate gentleman.

That H. B. Philbrook is a medium, I feel well assured, not only from reading his works, but from personal acquaintance. In his early writings are numerous evidences of spirit control, sandwiched between the faint glimmerings of epileptic visions. As he proceeds the spirit power steadily weakens while the power of the visions increase in proportion.

Coming to his work on "What and Where is God," the evidences of spirit control are exceedingly rare. He remembers his hallucinations as he would a dream, or a spirit communication, and sincerely believes that he derived his impressions from the Spirit-world. He has a vision of God, a spirit that pervades all space, at once the most subtle and most powerful of all things. This is a fair description of electricity; ergo, God is electricity. He has a vision of crocodiles on the banks of a river in China, and straightway the crocodiles are metamorphosed into Chinamen, just as metamorphoses occur in our dreams. He remembers, after the fit has passed, and believes it a divine revelation just as much as the epileptic John, on the Isle of Patmos, believed that he saw a "beast with seven heads and ten horns," which is just as absurd as to suppose that man was made of dust, woman of a rib and a Chinaman of a crocodile.

As he progresses in his work, "What and Where is God," the epileptic increases in its power. At last, from having been a chosen servant of God, he imagines that he is God, just as the epileptic Schweinfurth, of Rockford, Ill., imagines that he is Jesus Christ. Wonder if Philbrook would be willing to acknowledge this Dutchman as his illegitimate and "only-begotten son?"

As God, Philbrook left Chicago for the East, the whole continent shook beneath the weight of this God as he was borne along in the cars. There was a smoke in the air and the very elements held their breath to do him obeisance. Wherever he went there were following in his wake, cyclones and terrific clamor, the reaction of the awful silence which greeted his approach. All these things, and probably much more, were real to him. In like manner his interpretations of science, whether declaring that God was electricity, or that a stalk of the blackberry bush grew into a black snake, was real to him. But we must not accept them as true any more than if he declared that the moon was made of green cheese.

Yet men like Philbrook and the Dutchman always find followers. The rods of Moses and Aaron were turned into serpents; so were the blackberry vines of Philbrook. The coincidence is very striking. How can we believe one and disbelieve the other? One is scientifically true as well as the other. But is either in accord with science? First, let us inquire the definition of that much abused word: Science is a collection of facts which have been systemized and verified. No one can complain of that definition, yet we are constantly hearing things called "science" which have never been verified any more than the scientific (?) facts that dust was turned into lice, or that Jonah lived three days in the stomach of a fish where he had no oxygen.

I think I must have made the matter plain to even children that the imaginings of Philbrook have no more relation to science than the tales of Munchausen have to standard history, or Ezekiel's cake. [See Ezekiel IV, 12] to the best style of French cooking.

In conclusion, I desire to again call attention to the conditions of mediumship, as differing from epilepsy.

Individuals possess psychic powers as diversified as the mental powers. Manifestation of the sixth sense seems to be the normal condition of some, while it is only abnormal in others. I have always found the former able to become passive, while the latter are positive. My friend, Dr. Sanger, of whom I have made mention, was intensely positive. When in health and strength it was simply impossible for spirit force to produce a motion of his brain so as to give him an idea outside of his will. But when worn to a skeleton, when reason had vacated her throne, when will lay dormant, spirits caused a motion of the brain, knew what was passing outside the house, and exercising his vocal organs, it seemed as though it was Sanger who spoke. But it was not. Apply the battery to a corpse; see the eyes open; see the arm raised. No one supposes that the corpse makes these movements, for it is spirit acting upon matter. So it was with my friend as he lay there perfectly helpless. He was not dreaming; it was not epilepsy of the brain; there was no cerebral disease, for he was too low for any of these manifestations.

If it was not spirit force outside of the man, then what was it? Where is the learned Dr. Hamilton?

I have admitted that epilepsy and mediumship are often present in the same

individual. But this does not prove them identical any more than that bronchitis and diphtheria are identical because both attack the same person. The passivity of a healthy brain results in mediumship, the manifestations of which are characterized by intelligence.

Epilepsy of course is a diseased condition, resulting in an involuntary demission of nerve energy, the manifestations of which are characterized by a lack of intelligence and an excess of absurdity.

It seems to me that the difference between the two is far greater than the difference between bronchitis and diphtheria. But suppose some non-professional person should tell Dr. Hamilton that both diseases were the same, how disgusted he would be at the man's ignorance. Yet the great physician is as ignorant of science spiritual, as the man would be of science medical.

The old school doctors have dogmatized from time immemorial. Dr. Harvey discovered and demonstrated the circulation of the blood. The old doctors ridiculed the idea, and not one who had attained the age of forty years ever acknowledged that Harvey was right. They had postulated that the function of an artery was to admit air through the system, and hence the name "artery," which means windpipe. They scoffed at the idea of blood circulating through these windpipes, for they had dissected many a subject and never found blood in the arteries. Therefore it was absurd and preposterous.

In our enlightened age we laugh at these dogmatic old fogies, yet the position of Dr. Hamilton, when he declares that epilepsy of the brain accounts for what we call "spirit impression," is just as ridiculous as that of the opponents of Harvey, and the time is not distant when medical students will wonder at the dogmatic stupidity of Dr. Hamilton.

St. Louis, Mo.

LIGHT OF EGYPT.

Herewith are extracts from the "Light of Egypt." The reader will observe that only hints are given from chapters which are exhaustive on the subjects treated. No one can fully appreciate this work without careful study. As stated in a late review the author discusses questions from a new standpoint. He will interest, if he does not convince, the most skeptical.

No allusion was made in the review, nor is there in these extracts, to the "second part" of this work, it being astrologic. As the gleaner knows but little in this direction he prefers that the reader may judge for himself as to the value of this section.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

THE REALM OF SPIRIT.

"Being, Uncreated, Eternal, Alone," says Dr. John Young, when speaking of "the Creator and the creation," and certainly no inspired writer ever penned a more sublime truth than is contained in the above words.

Pure spirit, per se, is diffusive, non-atomic, uncreatable, formless, self-existent being. Silent, motionless, unconscious, Divinity; possessing in its sublime purity the one sole Deific attribute expressible in human language as absolute and unconditioned potentiality.

CREATION BY INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION. The processes of creation are dual, and consist of Involution and Evolution. The one is inseparable from the other. Paradoxical as it may appear to the uninitiated, it is, nevertheless, a divine truth that the Evolution and Ultimation of spiritual life is accomplished by a strict process of Involution; from the without to the within, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small.

MATTER.

Matter per se is the polar opposite of manifested spirit. It is energy in a state of rest. It is force and motion in an exact state of equilibrium; in short, matter sir'ly means solidified spirit. When two imponderable forces equal each other, both powers become polarized, force is resolved into inertia, motion is transformed into rest; in other words, spirit becomes matter, its refinement or its density depending upon its degree of etherealization.

SEX.

Briefly stated, here is but one law, one principle, one agent and one word. This sacred law is SEX, a term wherein may be summed up the grand totality of the Infinite Universe. Sex is dual, and finds expression in the *yoni* and *phallus* of animated nature. This same sexual law operating throughout nature limits the sources from which our knowledge of nature can be obtained; in other words, there are but two sources from which knowledge of any kind is received: one is subjective, the other objective: the former gives us knowledge of the spiritual or causal side of the cosmos, the latter the material side, which is the world of effects, on account of its being evolved out of the former, as the poet hath said:

"The outward doth from the inward roll,

And the inward dwells in the innocent soul."

MAN, THE MICROCOSM.

Man, in his physical body, is a perfect epitome of the planet upon which he lives, while the celestial worlds find their perfect expression in his soul, and these worlds, in turn, are but the higher and more interior

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?

2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?

3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?

4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.

5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.

6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?

7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws end to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

## RESPONSE TO QUESTIONS SIX AND SEVEN BY

S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

The greatest need of Spiritualism today is spirituality among its adherents. "A tree is known by its fruit." Spiritualists want a better understanding of their situation. They should ask themselves, "What am I?" "Where am I?" and "Why am I here?" All religions have taught that eternity for each soul begins at death. Spiritualism corrects this mistake of the ages, by teaching its followers that each soul is launched into eternity at its birth, and that what men call death is only the changing of the soul's apparel and mode of expression. We are in eternity now. It lies all about us with its myriads of inhabitants.

Spiritualism teaches that the home of the soul is not far away; that our dear ones have not gone to any "bourne from which no traveler returns," but are ever with us, we can see or know all we do, say or think. Spiritualists must recognize this as a fact, not as a beautiful theory, as the Christians do. They must realize that they are never alone; that though spiritually blind, they are at all times and in all places surrounded by a "cloud of witnesses," to whom the night shireth as the day; that no act can be performed, good or bad, but is observed—not by the watchful eyes of an awful God, but by those of our own household: an indulgent father, a devoted mother, a loved brother, sister, wife or child, or an adored sweetheart who has passed from mortal ken, but who knows all we do or say, rejoicing at the good and mourning over the evil.

Suppose that each Spiritualist, or all who claim to be such, for many, alas, are only such in name, could become perfectly clairvoyant for one hour, and could be shown the pictures of their own past lives in all their startling reality, what a change it would make in their future conduct. We will cite such an instance:

A young man who had been well raised, living in one of the Eastern States (he shall be nameless here) had at the time we write a good old father and mother, a lovely sister, and a very near and dear friend—in fact an affianced wife in the spirit-land. To this young lady, a lovely girl of seventeen, he had promised eternal fidelity, but two years after her death he fell into bad company, visited saloons and gambling houses, and eventually one time when among a lot of boon companions and under the influence of liquor, he was induced to still further overstep the bounds of decency and enter one of those gilded dens of vice and prostitution with which our great cities abound. In the dim light of the following morning he left the house of "her whose steps take hold on hell," and his conscience upbraiding him for his evil conduct (this being his first sin of that kind) he sought the saloon again, thinking to drown the "still small voice" in drink. There, meeting his companions of the previous evening who had preceded him, the brandy and sugar soon put shame to flight, and he with the others were laughing and jesting over their "lark," as they lightly termed it, and planning for its repetition.

An hour later he was walking along the planked space beneath the shedding of the Union Depot, so close to the rail that the locomotive attached to a freight train coming up from behind, almost touched his elbow as it passed. "Look out! Look out!" was dinned into his ears, but his brandy-muddled brain acted too slowly, and in a moment more the corner of the first freight car struck him, hurling him to the ground. Kind hands took him up and placing him tenderly on a mattress in an express wagon, he was borne to the hospital, where his wounds were dressed. His head was badly cut, but the skull was not fractured. His left arm and three ribs were broken.

He lay for hours as if dead, and when at last consciousness returned, fever and delirium followed, and for days he raved almost incessantly. We were obliged to fasten him in such a manner that he could scarcely move on account of his broken bones. In all his ravings, the burden of his grief seemed to be a picture. "That picture!" he would cry. "Oh! that dreadful, dreadful picture!" Then he would struggle to tear some imaginary picture from the wall until he became exhausted; then he would lie and cry like a child until the opiate given at the commencement of the paroxysm caused him to fall asleep.

Thus he continued for weeks. At last my morning round found him free of fever. He looked at me sadly and said in a faint voice, "I've been pretty bad, haven't I?"

"Yes," I answered, "but you are better now, and will be about again soon. Be quiet now and sleep."

When I made my evening call I found him sleeping nicely, and the nurse said he had slept most of the day. The next morning he was much better and talked quite freely. "To your skill and care," he said, "I owe my life. I knew you were with me every day, and I have something I want to tell you. It is about that dreadful picture."

I saw his rising agitation, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder I said: "Not now, now. You are not strong enough yet."

A week later he left the hospital. About a month after, as I was sitting alone one evening in my private office, my attendant ushered into my presence a tall, pale young man with a very sad countenance, whom I immediately recognized as my former hospital patient. I placed a chair for him and he sat down. He then related to me the history of his life up to the day of the accident that sent him to the hospital.

Now comes the strangest part of this "o'er true tale." He drew his chair up close to me and spoke hurriedly and with considerable emotion. He said:

"When the car struck me down I seemed to jump up immediately, and entirely unharmed, but was surprised to see my body lying still and bleeding on the ground. I went with it to the hospital and saw you and the other physicians dress my wounds, but was unable to make my presence outside of the body known. After the physicians were through with their work and my body seemed to be made comfortable, I heard you tell the nurse what to do when I came to."

"Then a hand was laid on my shoulder and I turned and beheld an uncle of mine, who had died when I was about ten or twelve years of age. I knew him at a glance, though he looked younger and better than I ever saw him in life. He said, 'Come with me and I will show you some pictures.'

"We then seemed to pass rapidly through space, and a moment after we were in a gallery filled with pictures. These pictures in some way seemed strangely familiar. Most of them were bright and beautiful, but now and then a dark, ugly one appeared. The room or gallery seemed to be a long hall, and we had entered at one end. The pictures began with my birth, and as we passed along I began to recognize one occasionally, or rather, to remember the circumstance it represented.

"Every act, good or bad, was there portrayed; even my thoughts seemed to have a place, or to serve as a shading. I noticed, too, that there were hundreds, yes, thousands of people, looking at these pictures—some attentively scrutinizing them.

"I was represented as a babe, a child, a boy, just as my photographs represented me. Then manhood's picture came. Oh! how familiar the scenes were growing; the deathbeds of my parents, of a dear sister, interspersed with other incidents of a more cheerful character. Then came an impressive scene, the death of my dear Ellie. She was lying on the bed, and oh! so pale. Her large blue eyes seemed to be searching my very soul as I stood by the bedside and held her frail hand in mine. Her every word seemed to be repeated to me. She was saying: 'Now, Herbert, I must leave you. Promise me you will always keep your life pure for me sake.'

"Oh! how hollow my own words sounded in my ears as I stood before that sad picture. 'Ellie, for your sake I will.'

"Again we moved rapidly on. Scene after scene flashed upon my vision as we sped past: saloon bars with their drinking crowds, gambling tables with their eager excited occupants.—I being always the central figure—passed swiftly by. Oh! how those scenes pained and shamed me, yet my eyes were riveted to them with a strange fascination. I could not have turned away from them if I would—would not if I could."

"Finally we came to the last picture,—a large one. It at first seemed all dark, black as night, but gradually my eyes got used to the shadows. The faintest outline of a room appeared with its paraphernalia of dressing-case, wash stand, with bowl and pitcher, two or three chairs and a bed. When my eyes grew stronger or became more used to the darkness I saw a group of sad faced figures, with tear-stained cheeks, standing around the bed and gazing mournfully at it. I tried to look at the object which seemed to rivet their attention, but could not. Soon I recognized my father and mother in the sad-faced group; then, my sister, and then my own dear lost love, Ellie. But what a world of sorrow her beautiful countenance expressed, as she gazed intently at that bed, just as one might suppose a fond mother might gaze at her infant child, were it burning to ashes before her eyes and she powerless to save it. Oh! the helpless, hopeless agony, of that look and attitude, can I ever forget?

"Again I tried to look, but a cold cloud intervened, and I could see nothing. I glanced around the room, and saw a vast throng all about me, among whom I recognized many of my friends who had passed the bournes, dear friends, ladies I had respected and relatives I had loved were in that throng.

"Once more I bent my eyes on the bed, the sight of which seemed to sadden the faces of all present. The cloud was gone. Now I could not help seeing. Oh! God of love and mercy blot it out! Blot it out!"

Seeing that he was becoming terribly agitated, I begged him to be calm and continue his story. Thinking this description he was trying to narrate, must be the death-bed scene of some very near friend, I was anxious for his sake to have it over.

By a great effort, he mastered his feelings, and with a deep groan he said: "Oh! that picture, that dreadful, dreadful picture, will it never be effaced from my memory?" Then he spoke hurriedly: "I looked," he faltered, "and recognized on one pillow two passion-blotted faces. One was that of the vile inmate of a brothel, and the other was—my own and, oh! to realize that she, my Ellie, was there, and saw it all!"

He sprang up and with clinched hands, and streaming eyes turned heavenward, he cried: "Oh, shame! Oh, degradation! Oh, misery! Oh, despair! The poor, blind children of earth, will never know what foul dregs their bitter cup contains, until they see their life-pictures on the walls of their eternal home."

Overcome with emotion, he sank to the floor insensible. I raised him gently, and placing him on a lounge, bathed his face and brought him a cordial, which when he revived, I induced him to drink. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he staggered to his feet, grasped my hand and pressed it. Then without a word he passed out and was gone.

Again, one may join the T. S. and be finally convinced that the leaders and a good many of the members are playing a big farce, a "fatuous fake," to no classical Sanskrit, I can conceive that possible. This would either locate the individual among the aforesaid utilitarians, or it would very seriously impeach the integrity of the leaders and members who thus played "fake," and in that case resignation from the T. S. would be in order for any honest individual.

But suppose an individual joins the society, giving full assent to the obligations of loyalty to truth and universal brotherhood; pledges himself to refrain from everything that should bring discredit on himself or the society; professes himself a member and a leader of the society, and yet believes the whole thing a roaring farce, and does his best to make it a "fatuous fake." Truth a lie, brotherhood a sham, while loudly professing loyalty to both. Which would bring the T. S. soonest into disgrace? and every member thereof into ridicule and contempt? the honest though undeserved ridicule of an outsider, or this obligated Theosophist masquerading under false colors?

Let us be just, truthful, exact and charitable. None of us are perfect. Some of us may not clearly see duty and propriety; let us dispassionately seek to know them.

I am not the authorized representative of Madame Blavatsky, nor do I think her conduct needs any defense, it needs to be understood; when that is done, those who have misrepresented her will doubtless change their minds and "rise to explain." For every honest man and woman among these, we can afford to wait. But, Mr. Editor, I am a member of the obnoxious "Esoteric Section." One of the "sucking doves" with the "cellar around my neck." Had you, Mr. Editor, known the facts from the inside, instead of guessing at them, or judging merely from surface indications, you would have seen a different picture. I believe we agree on many subjects even nearer than you suppose; and pardon me if I add, that I think I understand your position better than you do mine. Let us see. I know you do not question my right to take any obligation I choose, though you would bluntly add, "I would not be such a fool." Wait a little. When I joined the society twelve years ago I received a printed prospectus, setting forth the plans and objects of the society. The society consists of

For the Ballito-Philosophical Journal.

## "FATUOUS FAES."

J. D. BUCK, M. D.

The motto that every week heads the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL deserves to be written in letters of gold, and set with jewels; and yet in its simple garb of German text, for him who looks and listens it would not be adorned be more expressive or more beautiful. "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor appliance; she only asks a hearing." That truth therein named is the same truth I referred to last week when in "Personalities" I said, "truth is truth." I did not say "a truth" is "a truth," therefore my truth, your truth; and therefore in personal sense, that one truth is as good as another. I referred to that Truth which no man comprehends in part; to that sum of all perfection and all knowledge which for man, is, and ever will be, an Ideal. That ideal truth is not a "fatuous fake." It is not what Heine would call a "warmed-over joke of that ancient Aristophanes," the Jewish tribal deity, Jehovah; nor do I believe for one moment, Mr. Editor, you regard it, or intend to make it so. If any one were to speak of that motto in such terms, and declare that both it and your whole life work under that motto is a "fatuous fake," you, well, you would not like it, nor would I blame you for resenting it; and I suppose you would have to resent it in your own way in your own words. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I think you have made mistakes; since both in public and in private you have frankly admitted such a possibility; and I have strong fellow feeling with you at that point; neither do I assume the prerogative of correcting your mistakes for two good reasons. First, I have quite enough of that sort of corrections to do for myself; and second, you have expressed a willingness to correct your own errors whenever they appear to you in that garb. Again we are at.

The motto of the present Theosophical Society reads thus: "There is no religion higher than Truth." The Truth here referred to is the same ideal truth referred to in your own motto. By any fair construction this motto means the same as that of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and again I say it is not a "fatuous fake." Every one who reads the papers is aware, whether a member of the T. S. or not, that the society is organized under this motto, and that every one admitted into the society is required to give his consent to the principle of the universal brotherhood of man, unqualified; and promise to exercise that principle to the best of his ability and understanding. From this point individual responsibility begins. If every member of the T. S. were straightforward to repudiate truth and brotherhood, that would not make truth a lie, nor brotherhood an everlasting sham. These two principles, Truth and Brotherhood, are not identical with, or the exclusive property of the T. S., nor have I ever known a single member of the T. S. to claim that they are. I never heard of any member in joining the society being required to declare his belief in Col. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky or in any Mahatma, or in the possible existence of such beings, for the simple reason, that freedom to think and act is considered both brotherly and essential to the individual in finding and serving the truth. The same may be said of the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation; they are not "dogmas" in the T. S.; every one is free to accept or reject them as he pleases; and allow me to say in passing, that I have read a good deal on these doctrines or theories during the past twelve years that I have been member of the T. S., and I have never seen an attack upon them that was better than a caricature; not one of these attacks states or shows capability of stating, the theory that most Theosophists accept in lieu of actual knowledge or a better theory. These writers simply create a caricature of their own creation; and of course these caricatures are damned as they deserve to be.

Now, Mr. Editor, I frankly admit that any outsider looking at the T. S. as above outlined, has as much right to ridicule it as anything else. He may be perfectly honest in so doing; he may even think in so doing "he doeth God service," and I have no more quarrel with him, than he has sympathy with the T. S. The whole thing to him may be a roaring farce, and I know several just such individuals. "There is no money in it," they say, "you are only ridiculed, and pelted with mud, what the d— is it good for?" I have neither answer nor contempt for such people. I am sorry for them, that is all.

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a great misfortune impending. What nature was, of course, I did not know, but there was clearly impressed and defined in my mind the idea that the trouble, whatever it was, would affect me, not immediately, but ultimately. Such premonitory feelings were by no means a new experience to me. I have known them ever since my earliest boyhood, and could, were I not entirely averse to publicity in the matter rehearse a thousand instances to you. At that time I was still suffering under the shadow of bereavement, my wife having died only a year before, and when the sense of this impending trouble came I thought at first it was something pertaining to my children. Of course I felt very miserable about it, and went right home that night and told them. On the following night, Tuesday, they met me when I came home, and asked if my premonition had come true yet. I told them no. It was still weighing upon me, and I was miserably despondent. Again Wednesday and Thursday they inquired. Still there had nothing occurred to make good my fears, and I was still gloomy about it. Friday night we had some company and the girls forgot to mention the matter, but on Saturday night I brought home the miserable news to them. These facts my daughters would make affidavits to were it required. Well, the dam at Mill River had broken away, and in the general destruction the great mills of Haydon, Gere & Co. were wiped out of existence, as if they had been so much brown sugar. The strange part of my premonition—that the injury to me would be ultimate—was verified. They rebuilt the mill, but afterwards became involved in financial difficulties, of which that flood was the beginning, and eventually went to the wall."

When asked how he accounted for his strange forewarning, Mr. Royal smiled and said: "It is something I do not try to account for. It is a power or a force, a quality, if you please, that I am in no way responsible for. I used, as a boy, to astonish my mother with instances of that delicacy of sense and intuition. If I should tell of them a great many people would pooh-pooh them, and I do not care to enter into any argument upon the matter. One man may appreciate Beethoven; another, equally intelligent in every other respect, will not be able to tell the "Dead March in Saul" from "Yankee Doodle." One man has artistic sense, the other is color-blind. I believe some minds have the faculty of reaching out of themselves, out of the mere concrete. Others have it not, but in evolution, which I believe in that sense will be recognized, and there is no limit to its development; but a man who proclaims such a theory now is set down as a crank. Hamlet, when he said: 'There are things in heaven and earth, Horatio, that are not dreamed of in your philosophy,' was philosophy, altho' I should be called, as I was in the abolition days, a Tribune fanatic. But for any one to laugh at my credence in the evolution and existence of this sense is as absurd to me as to laugh at Beethoven."

"What do you consider the origin of this sense in you?"

"Perhaps hereditary in a degree. But though my mother possessed it, it was in no such strong measure as in me. A single instance illustrates her possession of it. My father was long a member of the old Volunteer Fire Department in New York. One Fourth of July morning he went to a fire in Delancey street. While sitting at the table at home there flashed into my mother's mind the conviction that father had been hurt. He had been to a hundred fires before, and she never had thought of it. So firmly was it impressed on her mind that she put on her things and hurried to the fire. Passing her sister's house on the way, she told them father had been hurt. They laughed at her, but she went on.

"Drawing near the scene of the fire she met two firemen, one of whom said as he passed, 'They've got them all out.' The wall had fallen in, and when she reached the place they were taking my father into an adjoining yard. He was terribly bruised about the body and arms, and suffered from the effects for years

## Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

## THE UNPAID LABORER.

For the benefit of the future historian of the woman's movement, I want to call attention to the Nancy Miller case. Sometime in the progress of public sentiment it may be thought best to raise some sort of monument to the brave women who struck the first blow for liberty in any department of that movement, and the free wives of a coming day ought to know the story of Nancy Miller, so that they may be sure to insist on her name being deeply engraved on such monument, as the woman who asserted her right as a working wife to wages for her work, and appealed to the law for protection of that right. That she appealed in vain, does not detract from the bravery of her appeal, nor lessen the justice of her demand. The case which was tried before or decided by the Supreme Court of Iowa, is thus stated by a Chicago daily paper: "The case was that of Nancy Miller versus her husband for breach of contract. The two had had quarrels, as husbands and wives often do. To prevent their recurrence, they agreed that if Mrs. Miller would look closely after all the wants of the family he would pay her \$200 yearly. Past rows were to be forgotten and peace and harmony were to prevail in the future—all for \$200 a year, payable monthly in advance. Mrs. Miller did her part, but her husband failed to pay, and she sued for the money. The court held that the contract was void, because against public policy, and that it imposed no duties not in the marriage contract."

If Mr. Miller had made this contract with a male business partner and had refused to fulfil his part, when his partner had faithfully complied with the terms of the compact, would there have been any hesitation in the mind of the judge who heard the case, as to Miller's obligation to pay? None at all.

One of the questions which must be faced and solved in the interests of pure justice in the future, is that of the pecuniary independence of wives. Its solution involves the failure or success of the marriage relation. It sounds very sweet and sentimental and vicariously altruistic to declare that love is the coin woman likes best to be paid in, but though that is true, it is also true that when other human beings are peculiarly benefited by her willing service, justice demands that she be paid a certain percentage of that benefit, so that selfishness and greed be not too much encouraged by her generosity.

There has yet to be a great revolution in public sentiment in regard to the duties, position and rights of wives. Civilization has been slowly righting wrongs, and step by step adjusting woman's position in society, so that her position originally that of a dependant inferior should not appear too glaringly anarchistic or recall too strongly the fact of sex-slavery. As in pro-slavery times in America, the negative virtues of a few too indulgent masters were often quoted and highly lauded as emblematic of the paternal spirit of slaveholders generally, so that awakened spirit of justice in mankind which makes so many American husbands and some of other countries magnanimously indulgent to their wives, is taken advantage of those less generously just to decry any attempt to legalize justice to wives in general. The Iowa Supreme Court decided in the case of Nancy Miller, whose conjugal quarrels were very evidently the result of her husband's mean parsimony, that the contract between them "was void because against public policy, and that it imposed no duties not in the marriage contract." And what of the duties imposed by the marriage contract on the husband? We are not given the particulars of this case, but it can be fairly assumed that this was but one of thousands never brought before the courts, where the husband with plenty of money at command yet stinted the money allowance of his wife while demanding of her services which had been his hired servant the two hundred dollars per year, promised but not paid her, would have been but a small part of the wage legally her due.

If marriage were in reality the equal partnership in money matters and in all else which it is sometimes represented to be, then the Iowa judge's decision would not be so unjust. But nowhere is it such equal partnership in law. While there are hundreds of husbands whose own natural sense of justice causes them to give their wives unquestioned disposal of the family funds, yet in these cases it is still a gift and not a legal right, while there are, on the contrary, thousands of husbands who, taking advantage of the sanction of law, and the laxity of public opinion on this subject, commit cruel injustice to their wives, such injustice that if they did it to any other than the woman they have sworn to "cherish and protect," their names would become a byword and a disgrace among their fellow men. And this injustice is not confined to the poor and degraded; it pervades all ranks of society and is practised by rich as well as by poor men. It is the embodied outward expression of the spirit of injustice in our laggardly progressive laws.

There is no community which cannot produce shameful and widely known instances of this; there is no man or woman of sympathetic soul and wide acquaintance who has not been made the confidant of secret sorrows, and the outpouring grief of women whose lives have been made bleak and bitter through lavish dependence on some thoughtless or mean-souled man for the money for their immediate needs. Worse still, this grasping spirit engendered in men by the unconscious consciousness that their wives are their slaves to give to, or withhold from, without being called to account often allows them to take from those wives their personal earnings, their inheritance, or their gifts, for the husbands' own use. I recall in this connection the story told me by a woman who was once the wife of a well-to-do western farmer, but who was forced by his cruelty to get a divorce from him after years of suffering and after having borne him several children. She said she could never get a cent of money for her own use, even the "egg money" which she thought she had a right to, was rigorously demanded from her, and once when nearly in rags for want of proper clothing, her husband when on a visit to his father—another prosperous farmer—was given five dollars by him "to buy Mary a dress," but the husband never mentioned the matter to her until the father called, and asked her what sort of a dress she had bought with the money sent. Then after pleading with her husband that the money was sent to her, and how much she needed it, the next time he went to town to sell the butter she had made, he brought her eight yards of cheap calico of a figure utterly repulsive to her tastes, "for a dress," and that was all he would give her of the five dollars. I know of a woman who in her youth was a capable, high-spirited, handsome girl, earning a good salary as a teacher, who married for love, a young lawyer with a

good practice, but he seemed to have no idea of a woman's need of money, and she having been accustomed to earn and handle her own funds, could not for a long time bring herself to ask him like a beggar for what she felt she had an equal right to, and when at last she humbled herself to do so, her requests were met so often with question, argument, and cavil, that she at last gave up in despair, and is to day a spiritless dowdy woman, too proud to complain, and only looking forward heart-brokenly to relief in the grave. The wife of a very wealthy man whose rich and tasteful attire was the envy of many of her women friends, confided to one of these—a woman whose own husband's means were limited, but so far as they went were at her command—that in spite of her own fine array she envied such women as her confidant the free use of money which she was never allowed; that while bills run up at dress-makers, milliners, and drygoods stores were paid without a demur when sent in, yet every demand made by her for cash was met by her husband in spirit of fault-finding, quibbling and questioning, so that it always resulted in a quarrel—"but," she laughed, "I just take it out of him in good clothes—I wouldn't be half so extravagant if he would give me a decent money allowance."

When justice prevails in our law-books, it will be made part of the marriage contract that a certain percentage of the husband's income will be held to be the wife's right; her wages, if you choose, "to have and to hold"

"A Bird of Women—pleasant, patient, bright,

"With eyes our hard lives never once made bold."

The party rested near a forest pool, a group of Brahmins, rich folk and proud, hard by. A little two-year old maid crept over, found the singing-girl, and nestled in her arms. The angry mother ran up and snatched the babe away, taunting the Nautch-girl with her trade:

"Which hath no good, nor grace of children's love?"

"We were worth," says Dilazar, "and would have fallen on them," but she merrily laughed, and said:

"Let be!

The Brahman mother hath much right to scorn!"

Both parties had set out on their way when, later in the afternoon, the father of the babe ran to the other party with alarm. His wife had laid the child to sleep by the tank in the temple-yard, while the rest were bathing, when a great, gaunt tigress came from the wood, sniffing the steps, and had crouched down, watching the infant.

"SAHER.—Note, Gulbadan! how well this tale is told. Why should you draw your sari o'er your face? Are you not trembling for the pretty maid? Would God I had been there nif in hand!"

"That had been death to the sleeping child, replies Dilazar. There was one hope. The singing-girl. She murmured:

"The baby is my baby of the morn

Who wound its arms about my neck, and kissed

My mouth with innocent lips! See! I will go

And take my friend from the tiger's mouth,

If God shall please! And if He shall not please,

Why, 'tis a singing-girl the brute will eat.

And not that tender one born to live pure!"

Walking straight to the spot, eying the fierce beast all the time, herself afraid, she gathered up the child and brought it to the porch. That instant the tigress with a roar sprang at her passing over; but wounding her with a claw, and then fled to the jungle. That Brahman mother had recovered her babe, a gift from the Bazaar-girl!

The Saheb remarks that Gulbadan shows by her averted head, her disbelief of the tale. In answer Dilazar removing her garment off her shoulder, cries:

"...There's the seal,

The Tigress stamped upon it—for—it was she!"

[Both the men rise and make salutation to Gul-

Mirza.—Afridi! O Girl! an old man honors thee!

While I have thought to play the teacher here,

Reciting Ishk, and all our stanzas,

And how men pass from low to high, and learn

From Love to conquer love of self, and come

Nearer to Him, the Friend, who is Love's self,

Here is a singing-girl turns my last page!

And teacheth Sa'di! Gulbadan. Salam!"

Nor is the Saheb less demonstrative. He salutes her as "Dear Gulbadan, brave, loving, Gulbadan," promises a golden armlet for that arm which bears its red wood like a rose of God; and asks the Munshi, whether what she did and forgot,

"Is not this also Love,

As true as Majnum?"

With such gems the poem goes on to its ending. There are those who will not be content till they read it all; and the half has not told them. Nor are foibles overlooked; this brave Gulbadan screams at a moth flying in her neck. But none the less, Mirza makes this, too, the text of a wise lesson, and even the admiring Saheb chaffs her a little, and then follows the discourse of the moth and the lamp.

Finally the morning dawns and the reading is at an end. The English Saheb eloquently acknowledges the service of Mirza, and then addresses the two girls:

"...But now dance

The Nautchnees use at parting Gulbadan!

Then will I tell you what our Hindoos say—

The pundits of the Poons and the Ved—

Touching this Love in Life, and all it means!"

It is a curious dance to Occidental taste—to lay off the chador and veil, glide to the host and "gaze eyes into eyes," put on the garments, step away and hiding the face as the music softly dies down. The song is like its fascinating, plaintive, subduing. Then the Saheb quotes a Sankhya maxim from Kapila, which compares Nature to a dancing girl in this very song, concluding:

"And then an end for him since, soul is taught."

But Gulbadan will not leave the matter here.

"Ah, English Lord," she cries—

"But those that teach the Soul,

Obeying Nature, or hard need, or fate;

Or set to this by what-so force or fault;

Have you no happy wisdom, too, for us?"

In this appeal we may read the prayer of the beloved of many creeds and faiths—Brahman, Buddhist, Muslim, Jewish, Parsi, Occidental—a divine mercy for the unfriended outcast. Nor does he repeat her. Certainly she loved much and with self-abnegation; her sins, however many, were no more. He assured her hopefully:—

"Heaven hath its sch me for you,

Its pity, and its pardon, and its love.

Even as for queens....Inshallah! be well-pleased!

Would I had such good hope as Gulbadan!"

Then to a question of the bright Dilazar, he gleans for themselves "three wiles ones," the summary of the whole—Beauty and Love, their offices in life, from charm of man for woman and woman for the man, through all the links of human relationship, the marvels of the universe, to "that last large joy of all."

"Trust in the goodness and the love of Him

Who, making so much well, will end all well."

And those who study deepest learn the most.

That Love hates naught except self-love,—will have Self-Love upturn, disdained, slain, cast away;

Will have no learn in Life's great book to be

Patient and reasonable, kindly and mild.

Led always by the hand of what we love

Nearer and nearer to the Loveliest,

The Largest, Highest, Fullest, Happiest, Best."

Mirza signifies his approval: "Well hast thou

gathered, sir, and truly heard the Sams, that deep

murmur of the truth."

And then, in true Oriental style, with suitable words and other accompaniments, the poem of the walkers "with So'di in the garden," is brought, as if reluctantly, to an end.

"Mirza—in all the markets daughter, where they

sell

Black snow, cold fire, dry water, and such goods;

For this thing cometh not of golden gifts,

Nor marriage-brokers, nor with bartered hearts;

But by Kisan—and the grace of God,

And bringeth where he will."

Then to a question from the Saheb he declares that "the lover may learn infinite things beyond that thing he sought." Beauty is a perfectness of Allah showing himself, and the soul seeing this by vision of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in turn," whence comes the human crave for household, wife and child; then, past that, the passion to draw near Heaven's perfectness, to lose the self in it.

"So'di means—that, lost in love,

The heart's-foot walketh yet a rightful path,

All is wasted for sovereign Love."

DILAZAR.—"Will men waste much for Love?"

Gulbadan replies to this with the tale of Hatim and his priceless steed. The King of Boum (Ikon-

ium) testing his reputed liberality, sent a message asking for the animal. It was a night of tempest when the party arrived, the herds were distant, and Hatim's stores were exhausted. Yet he failed not to entertain them with true Oriental hospitality. Next morning the envoy told his errand. "Hatim sat mute, gnawing the hand of thought with the teeth of lamentation." He had killed the horse for their repast!

In this way the readings and the interludes continue through the book.

Mirza tells the story of Shah Jahan's perfect love for his Queen, so that a Rajpoot infinitely beautiful failed to divert it, and of Arjamand's rare clemency because the girl's rash attempt had revealed to herself her lord's devotion. The gentle Gulbadan marvels and praises them, but mourns plaintively because all such goodness and deserving are withheld from her class.

"The Mohsinat, the women who are wed, The proud and happy ones with faces veiled, For them, born on the lap of Rectitude, Is comfort here, and after—Paradise; But for us contumely, and after—Hell."

One, she feels, might do queenly deeds, if nurtured a queen. But Dilazar knows a singing girl with a heart as large as Arjamand's. She and her company were journeying "two rains ago," and with them their chiefest singer,

"A Bird of Women—pleasant, patient, bright,

"With eyes our hard lives never once made bold."

The party rested near a forest pool, a group of Brahmins, rich folk and proud, hard by. A little two-year old maid crept over, found the singing-girl, and nestled in her arms. The angry mother ran up and snatched the babe away, taunting the Nautch-girl with her trade:

"Which hath no good, nor grace of children's love?"

"We were worth," says Dilazar, "and would have fallen on them," but she merrily laughed, and said:

"Let be!

The Brahman mother hath much right to scorn!"

Both parties had set out on their way when, later in the afternoon, the father of the babe ran to the other party with alarm. His wife had laid the child to sleep by the tank in the temple-yard, while the rest were bathing, when a great, gaunt tigress came from the wood, sniffing the steps, and had crouched down, watching the infant.

"SAHER.—Note, Gulbadan! how well this tale is told. Why should you draw your sari o'er your face? Are you not trembling for the pretty maid?

Would God I had been there nif in hand!"

"That had been death to the sleeping child, replies Dilazar. There was one hope. The singing-girl. She murmured:

"The baby is my baby of the morn

Who wound its arms about my neck, and kissed

## Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LASALLE ST., CHICAGO.

BY JOHN C. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.  
One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50.  
6 months, \$1.25.

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Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents,  
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 29, 1889.

## The New Socialism.

Every cycle of intellectual and social thought crystallizes itself into some dream which sums itself up into the reality of some world representative man's forecasting. Plato's Republic was ancient experience filtered through Grecian culture. St. Augustine's Celestial City was the focus of Christian aspiration. Moore's Utopia was the fulfillment of Dante's *De Monarchia*, and the forecasting of modern fact. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" epitomizes the social longing of today. It has created such an impression as to make enthusiasts and highly sensitive natures commence the work in full expectation of the millennium in the "Twentieth Century." About fifty years ago Fourier announced the social and industrial reform of the world. Several kind hearted men attempted to realize his dream. Brook Farm was the outcome of this ferment. Father Dana, of the New York Sun, spent the exuberance of his young life and manhood at that social retreat. He had the Channings, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Ripley and other New England reformers as his associates. It was a noble inspiration, but a terrible fallacy, that bewildered these generous-hearted devotees. The new movement, called the "Nationalist," reminds us of these early efforts. Mr. Bellamy has found hearty supporters among such men as Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. E. E. Hale, Howells the novelist, and others. A daily paper speaks thus of the movement:

"This socialistic movement is the latest Boston 'fad.' It has attained to such proportions in and around that city that two monthly organs have been established to promote its principles. Mr. Bellamy gave an abstract of what those principles are at the reception given to the Free Religions Association of America by the social reformers at Boston a few days ago. Mr. Bellamy declared that the scheme of nationalism was the only method of social salvation. The trusts, he thought, had brought on a welcome crisis such as a dozen presidential elections rolled into one could not have precipitated. In fifteen years the business of the country would be consolidated into a few trusts, and the social system would then consist of a few families of enormous wealth, a middle class of lackeys and a great lower class of degraded laboring people. To prevent the creation of such an oligarchy the government must step in and assume charge of all business itself."

According to the abstract of his address, as given in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* and as explanatory of the scheme as amplified in his book, he would have the government not only assume control of all industry, but organize the population into an industrial army graded according to the kind of labor to be performed and the capacity or tastes of the workers. All under 21 years of age to be kept in the schools of the State, receiving a thorough industrial and educational training. From 21 to 45 the man or woman works for the State, not for money or wages, but labor tickets of equal value, entitling the holder to a certain share in the combined product of industry. No man is to be better than his neighbor. All who are able to work are to have suitable work provided for them, and the profits arising from the products of his combined labor are to be so divided that here shall practically be equality of income. The sick, the infirm are to be cared for by the government. All competition, as we understand it, is to be abolished; individualism is to be discredited and put down, and every man, whatever his talents, his energy, his ambition, his aspirations, is to be reduced to the dead level of the common place. Whether Mr. Bellamy and his followers really mean this or not, such would be the inevitable result of the assumption by the government of all the industries and the drilling of men into a vast army of workers graded according to the kind of labor to be performed and their capacity and tastes."

Such manifestations of sentiment are creditable to human nature. Those, however, who have worked in the every-day world of hard

granite fact from forty years ago, with the same young dream in their hearts,—costing cash, hand and brain work—in shadow and in sunshine; in poverty and riches, have no such dream now. At least if they have the dream, they have learned that its realization must come through other means than that proposed by these sincere Socialists. Let us of a younger generation learn by their experience! We have no faith in any movement, though sweetened to the taste by rose-water, that does not naturally evolve out of the forces of the hour.

The trouble with all such men as Bellamy is that they work outside of the present and hypostate a future whose roots are not in the now. They fail because out of connection with the law of causation which operates effects in the present moment. The "Twentieth Century," where Bellamy's optimistic plans find fruition, may, for aught we know, be a hell and not the heaven of these world-savers. It certainly will find no improvement from such theorizers. If Bellamy and his followers would go into Wall Street instead of to the historic play-ground—Boston Common—they would see the forces and actors who rule the world. Our hope is in the practical hard-headed business men who are managing the great manufacturing activities; conducting the huge commercial enterprises developing new industries; stimulating invention; annihilating distance; and, day by day, bringing the world into more intimate and inter-dependent conditions, lessening the cost of production and bringing within reach of the poor, innumerable accessories of health and comfort which hardly more than a generation ago were not even procurable by the wealthy. These pivotal, representative, business men hold in their coffers the cash and in their heads the solid sense which is now relieving and providing for the great industrial armies of the nation. They are educating the masses by practical methods, in those departments of skill which Bellamy, in the "Twentieth century," will find useful in his "New Heaven" on earth. All reform, to be successful, must come from above. Labor is learning this after many sad lessons. Hence the laborer laughs at all such foolish freaks as the Nationalists' postulate.

The Nationalists do harm. They excite hopes which will never be realized. They prevent the true heads of industry from gradually and systematically relieving and educating the toiling masses who have fallen to their charge. The trouble in all this matter is not with the brainy capitalists, but it is with the laborer himself. He has one common human nature and its weaknesses. He is by nature a spendthrift. Give him a chance and he is the worst of tyrants. He has all the pride, ambition and lust of the favored capitalist but without his ability to guard and govern the destiny of others. Many laboring men begin to see this; hence they are looking to the moneyed men who rule the world for their advance, rather than to the sentimental sermonizers who play at reform in gilded halls of fashion—found on Beacon street and the Back Bay, if no where else.

## Spiritism, Spiritualism.

After all there are some sensible people in this world. Hear what the editor of the New York *Herald* has to say in summing up the claims of "Spiritism," "Spiritualism," "Theosophy," "Christian Science," and the ethical trend of things generally. "Stick to common sense, don't go up in a balloon, avoid being a crank, and within these limits entertain what opinions you please." In other words, the JOURNAL would say: Exercise your reason and be a man. That it has been saying for the last twenty years, and at the risk of repetition it desires to call the attention of the editor of the *Herald* to some results which have been attained by "Spiritism" as well as "Spiritualism," a distinction which the JOURNAL always makes in its discussion of psychical questions.

To one who had the pleasure of rubbing his eyes and beholding the day-break of Spiritualism, and who has watched its rising sun on toward meridian,—forty years have made a wondrous change. When the "raps" first announced an unknown force, having intelligence, through the Fox girls, the world was buried in the deep sleep of materialism; orthodoxy ruled with an iron rod of despotism.

Other sections impose penalties, including fines and imprisonment, and stimulate prosecutors to activity by awarding them percentages of fines, ranging from one-fourth to one-fifth. St. Louis is the center of a very considerable ping-tobacco manufacturing industry. Whether the different firms and corporations engaged in this business have an association, is not stated; but their business methods have been substantially the same. Their practice has been to enter into separate contracts with each of the wholesale dealers to whom they sell in all parts of the country, fixing the price at which purchases could be made by the wholesale dealers from the manufacturers, and dictating the prices at which such purchases should be sold by the wholesale dealer to the retailer. The wholesale dealer could not charge more; he must not sell for less. The margin preserved was about 15 per cent.

Under these conditions the trade has been conserved, manufacturers have sought to stimulate consumption by improved goods, wholesale dealers have been assured of fixed

prices common to all, and the retailer has known that he was buying as low as his neighbor. Following swiftly on the passage of this law, all is changed. The manufacturers have issued circulars announcing the abrogation of all contracts, the local associations of dealers all over the country are concocting for the vain purpose of devising some scheme whereby 50,000 active competitors with 250,000 salesmen chasing each other for trade, can mutually agree to do what it has taken a hide-bound contract to accomplish.

What must follow? The wholesale dealers will commence to cut each other's throats. The manufacturers will degrade their output, and reduce the price of labor; the consumer will accept necessarily a less desirable and pure article, and pay just the same price. Who finally pays the fiddler? The poor laborer who does the work and the poor consumer who takes at the same price an inferior product.

"Who reaps the advantage? Most of it is dissipated in the increased cost of reaching the consumer by unorganized methods, and the moiety left goes to the retailer who fears all the time that his neighbor has bought more advantageously. The whole tendency is toward commercial anarchy."

The above from his Satanic majesty should have appeared several weeks ago, but he called it in for the purpose of seeing if he could not make some suggestions by which the mistakes of his underlings could be remedied; and also to see if he could defeat the legislation proposed in the Illinois Legislature. The latter he accomplished by tabling the bill and getting an adjournment until his adjutants could be better drilled and disciplined. To prevent disaster to the tobacco trade, he has suggested a temporary makeshift: That the tobacco people "consolidate" and put their stock into one company, so as to come under the control of corporate law; this is embraced within the law of evolution. It is infinitely better than the so-called "Trusts," and its success will result in placing all the "Trusts" of the country under the same form. It will not work permanently, but it will arrest improper legislation, and will give the "Devil" time to educate the masses, and the holders of Trusts, into a proper appreciation of the great principle evolved by the Standard Oil Company.

The "Devil" advises the people to be patient. He wants no revolution. He has had enough of that in his past experience in the world. He has learned to go slow, and to trust to the evolutionary forces to bring about proper results.

## The Phonograph.

This all true Spiritualists are praying for everywhere; and none more fervently than the supporters of the JOURNAL. It and its readers are advancing to a higher Spiritualism. Among these supporters may be classed Spiritualists proper; Theosophists, at least those who are free; Liberal Christians; men and women of no faith, but who love God by loving man; in a word the "come outers" all over this broad land and other civilized portions of the earth. Ours is a vast constituency. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and the immanence of the Divine Spirit in humanity as the universal teacher in the common bond of union on this higher plane of Spiritualism. Here all are free to open their natures heavenward; here all can feel the glow of God's heart in their hearts, making them one in Him.

## The "Devil's" Outing.

As the devil of the JOURNAL office was averse to giving his master a further hearing until he could verify the claims of his rival, we had to call a halt, as we stated at the time, until the differences could be reconciled. We are happy to announce that all difficulties have been adjusted and the work commenced by the "Devil" will proceed without interruption. In the meantime his majesty has been enjoying an outing. He has been to Missouri looking at the strange antics of some of his smaller satellites whom he finds it difficult to control—so full are they of unsubdued pride; not yet having the experience requisite to bring about proper results. The "Devil" now asks the public to bear with his erring associates. Experience is a dear teacher, but in no other way can the smaller devils—especially the politicians—learn wisdom. He smiles at their childish ways. He hopes soon to be able to give through the JOURNAL substantial facts and instructions for the guidance of his precocious children. In the meantime he sends us the following as summing up his view of the situation, and hints some of the results which are likely to follow the recent action of the Missouri Legislature. Here is what the "Devil" has to say:

"Apropos of the subject of trusts and combinations, some late legislation by the State of Missouri is pertinent, as illustrating the wild attacks of lawmakers on existing commercial conditions in response to apparent popular clamor. Briefly, the Missouri law provides that any corporation, partnership or individual combining with another for the purpose of regulating or fixing the price of any commodity shall be adjudged guilty of a conspiracy to defraud.

"Other sections impose penalties, including fines and imprisonment, and stimulate prosecutors to activity by awarding them percentages of fines, ranging from one-fourth to one-fifth. St. Louis is the center of a very considerable ping-tobacco manufacturing industry. Whether the different firms and corporations engaged in this business have an association, is not stated; but their business methods have been substantially the same. Their practice has been to enter into separate contracts with each of the wholesale dealers to whom they sell in all parts of the country, fixing the price at which purchases could be made by the wholesale dealers from the manufacturers, and dictating the prices at which such purchases should be sold by the wholesale dealer to the retailer. The wholesale dealer could not charge more; he must not sell for less. The margin preserved was about 15 per cent.

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## Another Rotten Hulk Sinking.

In the current history of Spiritualism nothing is so common as the announcement that another piratical craft which has been bowing along with full sail and fair wind has unexpectedly struck the critical torpedoes planted by the JOURNAL, and is rapidly sinking. The Minnie E. Williams of New York is the last one to get her deserts. Chartered by Henry J. Newton to help tow his barnacle eaten and moribund First Society out of the mud, she made a fine show—for herself, but didn't budge the Newton craft an inch. Indeed, the more sail she put on, the more paint she used in renovating her bows, the more rope she paid out, the deeper settled the Newton hulk. Captain Newton salled her "for all she was worth," he stood at the helm, and as the storm increased to a gale ordered every stitch of sail set, and to encourage the crew on his own foundering craft, every rag of bunting flung to the winds. He doggedly stood watch after watch while Jayne and Powell and Merritt and Borsch-neck and the rest of the crew relieved one another by turns. But all to no purpose. He might have cut the tow-line and let her go but he isn't that kind of a captain; once he has made fast, he'd rather sink than let go the hawser. At last, in tacking ship, the Minnie E. Williams ran foul of a torpedo filled with JOURNAL dynamite; *The World* was on watch with finger on the electric button. Bang! Boom! Away into the air flies huge chunks of the worm-eaten old hulk. Down come the sails by the ran, flying jib, foretop sail, fore sky sail, main-top sail, main-royal studding sail, mizzen sky-sail, mizzen-sparker and all. She still floats, but will soon sink. Captain Newton's patent main-top gallant stay sail, main-stay, and mizzen-stay, can't float her....The *Beacon Light* has expired! Captain Newton paces the deck of his foundering craft, peering now and then into his "fraud-proof" cabinet for relief and refreshment.

Dr. Dight gives an account in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of his examination of a collection of human skulls which are stored away in an old monastery in the Kedron Valley, midway between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. The doctor, who is a professor of anatomy in the American College of Beirut, Syria, has made a careful comparison of these skulls with those of the same race at the present day. The measurements show some significant differences. The caucasian skull has, during the last thirteen centuries, increased in circumference nearly two inches, and has gained in cranial capacity three and a half cubic inches. There has been no increase in width. The brain has gained in height and length—that is to say, there has been a development of the upper and anterior parts of the brain, the parts which we should expect to increase by education and civilization, as they preside over the moral and intellectual functions. The lower portions of the brain, in which the lower or more selfish propensities are centered, and which give breadth to the head, have, in the march of the centuries, failed to grow as rapidly as the higher brain centres, hence the non-increase in the width of our skulls.

In Pittsburg, Pa., St. Anthony's day was celebrated at the church of Father Mollinger, the faith cure priest, June 13th. Thousands of cripples and diseased persons were present from all parts of the county. At six o'clock in the morning the church was crowded with the lame, the halt, and the blind, and by noon it was almost impossible to pass along the street in front of the church. The results attained by Father Mollinger in several cases were said to be almost miraculous. His method is different with the various cases. Sometimes he uses no medicine, but rubs the deformed limb; in other cases he uses medicine alone, and in some cases both. He pretends to do no miracles; he simply finds out the malady and, having wonderful knowledge of medicine and human ills, prescribes and invokes God's and the Saint's all healing power to aid him. He will treat none who have not faith and does not pretend to make a complete cure without a reasonable time; in some cases months must elapse and in others the cures are almost instantaneous.

*Light of London* says: "And are not cases of catalepsy, suspended animation, and trance very decidedly on the increase? Is the physical development of the race so increasing that our friends do not even know when our bodies are dead?" Irving Bishop's case has brought out a whole crop of cases in America averaging, it is said in the newspapers, one week. Several of these are very gruesome reading; some have a comic side; all suggest that we are undergoing a very remarkable physical development without being aware of it. Our children will be so hypersensitive that it is a tangled problem what they will do with their offspring, and what in turn a third generation will be a bewildering consideration."

Dr. Cones has a notice of a new book which ought to be good reading from his account of it. *Heaven Revised: A Narrative of Personal Experiences after the Change called Death* (by Mrs. Daffey) is apparently on the lines of the *Gates of Ajar*, Old Lady Mary, and other little narratives that have done a good deal to revise the popular conception of Heaven, and we may add, of hell too. Both sadly needed revision, and Dr. Cones thinks well of the revised version. The book is written under "guidance," "inspiration," or by whatever name we may choose, to call the influence which moulds our best thoughts.—*Light of London*.

D. B. Edwards of Orient, N.Y., writes: "Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham has been our guest and gave an excellent lecture on Thursday evening, June 13th. She is doing a grand work on the east shore of Long Island."

## Moses Hull—The Free-Love Tramp.

The JOURNAL has of late received a number of inquiries concerning an ex-preacher who has cursed Spiritualism for some twenty years and is still dragging out a miserable and precarious existence. Moses Hull is the name of this moral leper, who has in years past been repeatedly shown up and driven into temporary obscurity by the JOURNAL, and who persists in crawling out of his hole every now and then to beslime the community with his virus. His salacious record was familiar to the public some fifteen years ago, when he was a devoted follower of Victoria Woodhull, but many now there are who seem never to have known of his infamy, or, knowing it, suppose he has repented and grown a better man. The JOURNAL does not hesitate to declare him unfit to be recognized or associated with by people claiming to be decent. The JOURNAL further asserts that any individual, or society, or campmeeting, who or which associates with or employs him, knowing of his doctrines and practices, is either openly or secretly in sympathy with his immoral teachings and practices and justly entitled to be looked upon as disreputable and to be shunned by all good people. The JOURNAL shrinks from soiling its pages with the name and mention of this libidinous old wreck, and does so now only because impelled by stern sense of duty.

As is well known, this man Moses Hull, seemingly thinking to divert from her to himself some of the shameful notoriety Victoria Woodhull was gathering, and, apparently, by advertising himself as an advocate and practitioner of sexual promiscuity to widen the field and lessen the difficulty of his search for prey, published his views and a confession of his practices in *Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly*, of August 23, 1873. The villain mistook public sentiment and found when too late that this open boast of his criminality, and his clearly expressed defiance of and contempt for the moral sentiment of the world and the laws of the land, had shocked and alarmed that public from which he hoped to draw his subsistence, and caused it to throw him over. For years he strove like a mad bull, or an obstinate donkey, or an enraged goat to ride down public sentiment and overslaugh the opposition. With his consort in infamy, one Mattie Sawyer, he made a stiff fight, but had at last to succumb to the inevitable. Mattie dropped the name of Sawyer and, legally or otherwise, assumed that of Hull. Later on when Victoria Woodhull had by shrewd manipulations got rid of her husband Col. Blood and ensconced herself in England as the wife of some English idiot with money, and wanted to whitewash her American record, she came out with a statement repudiating her old freeloove doctrine. She had the audacity to declare she had never advocated such a doctrine, but had been cruelly slandered by Col. Blood and Stephen Pearl Andrews, who in her absence on lecture tours had filled her *Weekly* with editorials and statements purporting to be hers, but which were not, nor did they expound her beliefs. Steeped in salacity the old Vineland goat's intellect would never have evolved this plan of restoring lost caste, but once his old rival in the business had shown him how, Moses Hull made haste to declare that the letter published over his name in *Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly* did him gross injustice, that it had been garbled and twisted by the editors of the paper before publication. That he did not advocate and never held such sentiments as the letter proclaimed. He actually made some people believe he was telling the truth, and that he had suffered monstrously from the libels heaped upon him by the JOURNAL and from the false views entertained of him by the public.

But he found little profit in this subterfuge and continued to be a wanderer, ostracized and held at a distance by all except those whose morbid sentimentality or affinity with freeloove made them take kindly to the bipedal goat. The late freeloove performance of Mrs. Plunkett, and the notoriety she has acquired thereby seems to have fired ex-Adventist Moses with the old thirst and new courage. If only he can have a woman in the advance he seems to be temporarily inspired with a substitute for courage. He publishes—when he can raise the money to get out an edition, an alleged weekly newspaper. In the issue of his "New Thought," (?) dated June 10, 1889, Hull exhibits his Woodhullian-Plunkettian audacity in an editorial paragraph which reads thus:

"Victoria C. Woodhull did happen to come to the front with certain truths we had believed and preached as occasion required, for ten years before we knew that such a person as Victoria C. Woodhull existed. Circumstances placed her, for a time, in the front of that battle, and we, well, we did our duty, we followed and did our part of the work just as we should again under similar circumstances. We still hold the same opinions."

It would be hard to convince those familiar with the record of Moses that this is anything else than notice to Plunkett-Worthington that he holds the age, by priority of practice and preaching, in the free-love game; that "circumstances" gave Victoria Woodhull "for a time" the notoriety which justly belonged to him, and that he is now ready to form an alliance with the pseudo Christian scientist for an aggressive freeloove campaign. The JOURNAL can supply copies of Moses Hull's letter as published in *Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly* to those who may, in the interests of good morals and society, desire to know what the opinions are which Hull "still holds."

## Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion.

The meeting of the Directors of the Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion, held at the residence of Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth, Thursday evening, June 13, closed the first year's work. The following is a summary of the season's work, and plans for next year.

There were nineteen lectures given, and ten lessons on the Book of Job, by Messrs. Hirsch, Johnson and Fiske.

The expenses were \$487.86 including rent of halls, printing, advertising, etc. These were met by the door receipts with the exception of \$7.36 which was donated from the Board. The names of Prof. and Mrs. Bastion were added to the Board, and to the Programme Committee at this meeting.

It was resolved to re-release the C. A. S. Club Room, in the Art Institute Building, on the same terms as before. It is hoped to arrange in the fall, for a second series of lectures by Rabbi Hirsch on "Islam and the Koran," and possibly to organize a class on German Philosophy, to be led by him. Prof. Bastin was instructed to conduct a preliminary correspondence, with a view of arranging for a popular course of lectures on "The Testimony of the Sciences to Evolution" to be given by eminent specialists, such as Prof. Cope of the Pennsylvania University; Prof. Goodale of Harvard, Prof. Marsh of Yale.

If these are to be procured the members of the Board will be asked early in September to co-operate in securing a list of patrons to the lectures sufficient to guarantee against loss. This course is to be preparatory to a Herbert Spencer school of one or two weeks' duration, to be conducted in the spring of 1891 by John Fiske, he himself to be the leading lecturer. Mr. Fiske has already consented to take such a part.

During next year such classes will be formed for the study of morals and religion, and the practical advancement of the same, as may be called for.

At the first meeting in the autumn such vacancies as occur in the Board will be filled, and such other names be added as may prove to be desirable workers.

## The Tempest.

The Tempest has reached town. Not the Blavatsky tempest—that is confined to New York, London, Omaha, Cincinnati and other tributaries of Chicago—not the Dakota brand, nor yet that of the Presbyterian convention, but Shakespeare's weird and fascinating materialization. After many months of laborious preparation and lavish expenditure, the bard of Avon's enchanting play has been put upon the boards at McVicker's Theatre, for the first time in the west. That it will have a long and successful run is certain. By the way, Mr. McVicker was the first theatrical manager to respond to the cry for help from Johnstown. With the cooperation of Mrs. Langtry he gave the gross receipts of an evening to the relief fund, amounting to nearly one thousand dollars.

## The Sigh of a "Sucking Dove."

On another page we make an exception to our lately established rule of declining space to any one sworn to obey Blavatsky "without cavil or delay," when such an one desires room to defend his mistress. Dr. Buck in his "Fatuous Fakes" sighs with all the softness to be expected from a "sucking dove." His words come to us like the solemn sough of a south wind when coying a Russian ruin. We gladly credit Dr. Buck with honesty and good intentions, but regret that he allows sentimentalism to blind his eyes to facts and cloud his judgment. The time will come when he will no longer take pride in calling himself a "sucking dove."

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. U. D. Thomas of Milwaukee, Wis., has arranged to have a volume of poems by himself published in this city.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York City, who has driven a successful trade in commercial spiritism and pseudo-spirit phenomena for some years, and who is an officer of Mr. H. J. Newton's "First Society," has at last come to grief; and it seems likely that, like Ann Eliza Wells, she will be obliged hereafter to garner her fool crop in rural districts.

Hon. R. A. Dague, for many years editor of influential papers in Iowa and a member of the State Senate, and latterly editor of the Phillipsburg, Kansas, *Herald*, has just purchased an interest in a weekly and a monthly paper at Denver, Colorado. He will remove at once to Denver and assume editorial charge.

We have known Mr. Dague for years and take pleasure in commanding him as an able editor and a gentleman; he will prove an acquisition to the editorial profession in Denver. His unblemished character both private and public and his progressive ideas will enable him to make his mark in his new field.

Incidents of a Collector's Rambles in Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea, by Sherman F. Denton, artist of the U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C., and son of William Denton, the well known geologist and naturalist, has lately come from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston. The book is a large 12mo, cloth, of 272 pages, with illustrations by the author, and will interest the naturalist and the general reader by its variety of research and Spiritualists will be doubly drawn to it by the pleasant acquaintance with Prof. Denton either personally or through his writings. The Rambles were mostly gathered while on a trip through these

countries with Prof. Denton. The work is for sale by Mrs. E. M. F. Denton, Wellesley, Mass., price \$2.50, where orders should be sent direct. We trust there will be a large call for it.

Rev. E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God," will bring out a new work in the fall from the enterprising publishing house of Chas. H. Kerr & Co. The work is made up of discourses on Life and Liberty, and it is fair to assume it will be received with great interest by the reading public in general.

Robins and Worms are seldom to be observed for any length of time in close proximity; very soon only the robins are visible to the eye. In Chicago the harmonial state has reached such perfection that Robins & Worms form a business partnership for conducting a livery and boarding stable, at 66 Wendell St., over on the north side. This is an improvement on that promised state when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, for Robins & Worms together lie that they may wax rich as well as peaceful.

The editor of the JOURNAL is again obliged to ask those awaiting his personal replies to letters to have patience. He is not opposed to doing the work of three men the year round, but confesses to limitations of strength to compass the work constantly crowding upon him. Five thousand dollars a year would not pay for the labor of himself, stenographers and typewriters, which is given to work in no way beneficial to the JOURNAL or with in his duty as a journalist. He does not complain, but does desire his constituents to realize somewhat the burdens he bears.

The third thousand of Ursula N. Gestfeld's *Statement of Christian Science* has been sold since first publication, less than a year ago. This for a three-dollar text-book is remarkable, showing both a wide interest in the subject and, seemingly, much merit in Mrs. Gestfeld's treatment of it. In the early fall Mrs. G. will publish a supplementary volume, in which she undertakes to more clearly demonstrate that "Christian Science" is in fact a science and entitled to be recognized as such. Already much interest in this later effort is manifested among the disciples of the cult.

"Tony" Higgins still lives, it seems, a striking example of the vast amount of licentiousness and whiskey it takes to kill some people. Anthony is part of the wreckage which Victoria Woodhull deserted for her English prize. He turns up now and then to give the public an awful warning of the degradation to which a man of brilliant intellect can sink himself if he only persists in it for a score or two of years. Just now he is posing as an ardent Theosophist, and the other evening assisted Messrs. Judge and Keightly in a raid on Washington for the purpose of disfiguring Prof. Cones. It is dollars to cents that Judge had to take Anthony to a Turkish bath and boil the poison out of him and then buy him clean linen before the eventful meeting. Query: Was it all done at the expense of the "Esoteric Section?"

The jesting suggestion that telephones might be used for churches and the people stay at home, or for concerts, and only the singers be actually in the building, is coming true. In a Congregational church in Tunbridge Wells, England, wires have been placed connecting it with sick people and the aged, and with doctor's shop and clerks' offices whose engagements will not permit them to be at the church. Wires are even being stretched to neighboring towns, and, of course, subscriptions are taken in place of pew rentals. There are many advantages in this plan. If the sermon is dull the subscriber can doze off without offense to the proprietors. He can sit down when he pleases or stand up, and otherwise be at liberty. Besides, he can read or write during the preliminaries that are generally so tedious. Belamy in "Looking Backward" fixed the date for this improvement in the twentieth century; but, behold! before the book is two years old the thing is of the now.

Mrs. C. E. Eddy, the well known medium of 66 Fulton St., will take a much needed rest in Lake Mills, Wis., from July 3rd to 15th.

Spiritist and Spiritualist International Congress of 1889, at Paris.

On the 24th of April, 1889, eighty delegates, representing over thirty-four groups or societies, (Spiritist, Theosophist, Kabalist, Philosophic, Swedenborgian, Theophilanthropist, Magnetist, Spiritualist) met together to constitute an Executive Commission to organize the Spiritist and Spiritualist Congress, which will take place in Paris the 9th of September, 1889, and end on the 15th.

Fourteen Spiritist and Spiritualist reviews and papers have already lent their adhesion to the Executive Commission.

The Congress will affirm the two following fundamental points:

1st. The persistency of the conscient individual after death, or the immortality of the soul.

2nd. The rapports between the living and the dead.

All questions that divide us will be set aside.

We wish to prove in the said Congress that we are progressive, friends of truth, of free research, who recognize in man an immortal element, absolutely contrary to the annihilation doctrines.

That element is the fundamental basis on which to establish the union of all Spiritualists, Philosophers, Theosophists, Spiritualists, Swedenborgians, Theophilanthropists, etc.

We make an urgent call to all Spiritualists, to all organizations, groups or societies, papers, reviews, devoted to our cause, to give the greatest publicity to this address, asking them to send us as soon as possible their adhesion, addressed to the office of the Commission, No. 1 Rue Chabanais, Paris, France.

We pray them also to transmit to the Executive Commission all documents and remarks relative to the questions which may interest

the Congress, at a date prior to the 15th August next, the final date for receiving.

All managers and editors of papers, Spiritualist or Spiritualist, belong to the Executive Commission by right; also delegates from all groups who will have given their names prior to 15th of August.

The Board named by the Commission: Doctor Chazarin, president; Messrs. P. G. Lemarie and Arnould, vice-presidents; Messrs. Delanne, Papus and Caminade, secretaries; M. Mongin, recording secretary; M. C. Chaigneau, treasurer; Messrs. Baissac, Warschawsky, J. Smyth and Henry Lacroix, translators and interpreters.

The above is published at the request of Vice-President Lemarie. The promoters of this congress are to be commended for their motives, and we sincerely hope some good may come of the effort. We must confess however, that from a Chicago point of view it were easier to mix oil and water, or to find an honest alderman, than to "set aside all questions that divide us."

## GENERAL NEWS.

Minister Lincoln attended service in Dr. Newman Hall's church, last Sunday, in London. Dr. Hall, however, did not preach. Dr. Theodore Cuyler of Brooklyn occupying the pulpit. A number of American friends greeted Dr. Lincoln and his daughter, and showed them over the building.—The marriage of Prince Frederick Leopold and Princess Louise of Schleswig was solemnized at Berlin, last Monday. The Emperor and Empress and many royalties were present at both the civil and religious ceremonies.—In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury denied that any of the great powers contemplated the annexation of the Island of Crete.—Russia proposes to raise a new loan, the money to be used in the building of strategic railways and fortresses. The semi-official press daily attacks Italy, while the Czar snubs Baron de Marchetti, the Italian Ambassador.—The speech made by Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of his receiving the delegations had a depressing influence on the Vienna and Berlin boeres.—The very Rev. A. van de Vyver, administrator of the Diocese of Richmond, Va., has been nominated Bishop of the see in succession to Bishop Keane, now rector of the American Catholic University.—Princess Augusta of Hesse, sister of the Queen of Denmark, is dying.—It is reported in London that the North German Lloyd steamers will not call at Southampton in future.—The railway employees charged with causing the recent disaster at Armagh, Ireland, have been committed for trial.—The Senate at Paris adopted the bill for the improvement of the harbors of Cherbourg, Brest, and Toulon. The Chamber of Deputies passed the war budget.—The Belgian ministry is about to present to the Chambers a vote of 10,000,000 francs as the subscription of the Belgian State toward the construction of the Congo Railway.

Canker in the month can be cured only by expelling the poisonous humor from the system. To do this effectively requires the persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, together with a good, generous diet. One dollar a bottle. Six bottles for \$5. Begin at once.

A fact that all men with gray and many shaded whiskers should know, that Buckingham's Day always colors an even brown or black at will.

*Lake Minnetonka—Hotel Lafayette*, the largest summer hotel west of Saratoga, has accommodations for nine hundred guests, and is beautifully situated on a peninsula overlooking the lake on both sides. Thiel's Celebrated Milwaukee orchestra will give afternoon and evening concerts, and the season of 1889 promises to be the most brilliant in the history of the house. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing, and a healthful, invigorating climate. Terms, etc., on application to Eugene Mehl, Minnetonka Beach, Minn.

John William Fletcher lectures in Saratoga, N. Y., in August; in Brooklyn, N. Y., September, October and November; in Philadelphia in December, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the first two Sundays in January, 1890; in Bridgeport, Conn., last two Sundays of January; in Springfield, Mass., April. Address 6 Beacon Street, Boston.

Statovism, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Farnestock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French comic author. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Tracts, embracing the following important subjects: The Sun and the Moon; The True Spiritualists; The Responsibility of Mediums; Denton and Darwinism; What is Magnetism and Electricity? Etc. A vast amount of reading for only ten cents. Three copies sent to one address for 25 cents.

Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

A new edition of Dr. J. H. Dewey's, *The Way of Truth and Life* is out. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success. For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, twelve weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Back numbers of any particular date over four weeks old, 10 cents each.

That element is the fundamental basis on which to establish the union of all Spiritualists, Philosophers, Theosophists, Spiritualists, Swedenborgians, Theophilanthropists, etc.

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Beecham's Pills  
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"Worth a Guinea a Box"—but sold  
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BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AGENTS WANTED MEN OR WOMEN. To sell  
MISSOURI STEAM WASHER. Fixed  
Stoves. Washes at Hot Steam. Termite Liberal.  
MISSOURI WASHER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WE BEAT THE WORLD in giving away goods.  
To all agents everywhere. Address NOVELTY, 163rd  
and Fleetwood Ave., New York.

HOPEFUL LIFE-GIVING CORN CURE is warranted. Price  
25 cents. By mail 80 cents. Minneapolis, Minn.

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Grants all College Degrees without residence but vigorously guards them by examinations at the student's home, under local examination. Tuition by correspondence under direction of Prof. Dr. T. C. H. Smith, etc., given in the UNION EXAMINING CIRCLE, a large 16-page literary Journal, sample copy of which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Address COR. UNIVERSITY, 1

**Souces from the People.**  
AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal,  
**THE SECRET WORD.**

D. M.

Ev'rything that God has given  
To his children here on earth,  
Has a meaning closely hidden  
Till the spirit's "second birth."

When the inner eyes are opened  
And we gaze upon the scene,  
Then our being feels the forces  
Heid the surface ones beneath.

Then the language of the cosme  
Richer grows, and forms are set;  
From ideas flowing over,  
Which we once as strangers met;

Forms to which our souls give answer,  
Forms that others cannot see,—  
Just a little bit of Godhead  
Manifested unto me.

We are as reflecting mirrors  
Catching somewhat the Divine;  
But the size and shape and finish  
Molds the image, I opine.

Until all our powers of being  
Move in perfect rhythmic time  
To the pulsing of Jehovah.  
We should pray, "Thy will be mine."

**The New Departure in Christian Science.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I humbly crave permission in your columns to ask Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett or Mrs. A. B. Worthington, what change is necessary to be made in the theory of Christian Science to make it agree with the practice of one of its most honored exponents. When I was her pupil I hung enraptured upon her words, and was fascinated with the purity and loveliness of the doctrine which commanded all to lay aside the natural and the physical; they would attain unto spiritual and lay hold of life everlasting. Mrs. Plunkett told us that the soul, manna to Mr. P., their relation, were only spiritual and their love Platonic. This lady also often remonstrated with me for going on the carnal way of death, and told me I must conquer myself and leave all to follow her. I was so fired with enthusiasm in my desire to live the spiritual life and know the spiritual doctrine, that also it nearly wrecked a happy home, for my dear husband was not a Christian Scientist, but just a tender, loving, sensible man. What can I say to him, or how can I look him in the face, when my spiritual guide and teacher is doing what all the world calls living in open adultery? I know the world is cruel and censorious, especially to women who take their souls into their hands and follow their affinities, and I do not condemn her because I call to mind the words of him who said, "Go, and sin no more."

But what I would wish to know is whether others of us Christian Scientists may also follow the example of our leader, or whether the doctrines are to be changed now to suit this case, or whether, perhaps, when one has advanced far enough in spiritual unfoldment and soulful illumination, she then becomes exempted from the law which undeveloped spiritual entities must obey. If it is possible by denying the sex for some time to become sinless by overcoming sin so completely that we cannot be sin any more, whatever we may do, it would be a great triumph for Christian Science, and every one would wish to study to be perfect in such an admirable system of resisting not evil, as Count Tolstoy says. But it would be dangerous for many who might not be sure that the proper time had come in their purification for them to be able to follow their natural propensities without really backsliding or falling from the grace of the holy spirit. I think that much as I shrink from public notice I could face a frowning world if it was due to my poor understanding that Mrs. Plunkett or Mrs. Worthington was living up to her light. In seeking the peace that passes all understanding in these new paths, it would put to the blush the wicked poet who wrote:

"Platonic love, a pretty name,  
For that romantic fire,  
When souls confess a mutual flame  
Devoid of loose desire."

I hope this new departure will be explained to the relief of many poor, heart-broken, struggling women like her ex-pupil, who signs herself,

Yours respectfully, VIVIAN GRAY.

East 42d St., New York.

"Perpetual Motion."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the JOURNAL of June 8, 1889, is an account of the discovery of perpetual motion by a Georgia man. Now it is time that all old errors be exploded. According to the definitions of mechanical and scientific papers, and the dictionaries, the phrase is understood to mean a machine so constructed that it will run without anything to drive it; that it will run of itself until it is worn out, and some part breaks. Webster defines it: "Motion that generates a power of continuing itself indefinitely."

The term is a misnomer, like the word microscope, as any scientist, philosopher or engineer ought to be able to understand, especially any psychic philosopher. There is no effect without a cause; nothing can ever be made to go without something to drive it, and thus the name becomes changed, for it is a motive power. The steam engine, windmill, gas engine and waterwheel are examples of this; it is impossible according to the laws of nature for a machine to run without something to drive it. Every thing moves, that does move, according to the law of cause and effect.

FRANK CHASE.

The story which our correspondent refers to as re-published by us crept into the paper unnoticed by the editor. Of course it is only another of the old and silly stories which go to show the gullibility of the public. The item has been traveling the rounds of the press, and in itself comes nearer perpetual motion than the machine it tells of ever will.

**Advice to a Young Man.**

So you were a little too part and spoke without thinking, did you, my son? And you got picked up right suddenly on your statement, eh? O, well, that's all right; that happens to older men than you every day. I notice that you have a positive way of filling decision where other men state an opinion, and you frequently make a positive assertion where older men merely express a belief. But never mind; you are young. You will know less as you grow older. "Don't I mean you will know more?" Heaven forbid, my boy. No, indeed, I mean that you will know less. You will never know more than you do now; never, if you live to be 10,000 years old, will you never again know so much as you do now. No hoary-headed sage whose long and studious years were spent in reading men and books ever knew as much as a boy of your age. A girl of fifteen knows as much, but she gets over it sooner and more easily. "Does it cause a pang, then, to get rid of early knowledge?" Ah, my boy, it does. Pulling eye-teeth and molars will seem like pleasant recreation alongside of shedding off great scabs and layers of wisdom and knowledge that now press upon you like geological strata. "But now are you to get rid of all this supercumbent wisdom?" O, easily enough, my boy; just keep on airing it; that's the best way. It won't stand constant use, and it dissipates rapidly on exposure to air.—Burke.

Mrs. Edwin McFarlin writes: Enclosed you will find money order in payment for your most valuable paper, and as long as it remains as interesting to me as it now is, I feel that I would scarcely know how to do without it. I must say I am so much in love with the JOURNAL that I feel as though I would be willing to give my physical food as the penultimate morsel truth I derive from its columns. I am a Spiritualist, from the fact of having been convinced beyond a doubt (through my own medium powers, and those of other mediums) of the continuity of our friends' existence beyond the veil which we call death. But seeking to establish a way of communicating with our friends, we find they live in a world with broader capacity and added advantage—our continued progress.

**The Psychograph and Horse Shoe.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some time ago I bought of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House one of Hudson Tuttle's Psychographs. When it arrived safely and was unpacked I tried it, but it was all Greek to me, so I am a novice in the spiritualistic line, as I had never been to a séance, or even seen a Planchette, so my Psychograph was a "white elephant" on my hands; still I "never give up the ship," and I tried and tried till the disk would turn; but then it didn't go to suit me, and here comes in the horse shoe a sketch of which may interest your readers:

Some months ago my husband bought and cut up a number of trees. In one of them, a regular old man of the forest, was imbedded a piece of iron. I found it, and it was all Greek to me, so I am a novice in the spiritualistic line, as I had never been to a séance, or even seen a Planchette, so my Psychograph was a "white elephant" on my hands; still I "never give up the ship," and I tried and tried till the disk would turn; but then it didn't go to suit me, and here comes in the horse shoe a sketch of which may interest your readers:

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## A Phantom Photograph.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. R. Cash, master of the Shirehall Board School, Ipswich, and Mr. E. R. Pringle, collector, were taking photographs of the Gipping at the spot where the Old Mill once stood, and still known by that name. In the evening, however, while developing this particular plate in the dark room at his own house, Mr. Cash had still in his company—he was perfectly satisfied by an appearance which he had made when taking the photograph, and for which he could in no way account. On completing the development there was plainly revealed, in the foreground of the picture, the figure of a woman, apparently floating upright in the water, as it is declared that drowned bodies sometimes will appear after immersion for a length of time. "I cannot in the least explain how it got there," said Mr. Cash, when interviewed on Monday, "but here is the negative, and you can see for yourself." And it can only be said that the woman is unmistakably shown. It is no shadowy likeness, difficult to detect, nor does it require pointing out before the lines can be traced, as with the puzzle pictures so commonly seen. The face and head are clearly outlined; the arms are hanging straight by the side of the body, which is clad in ordinary female attire and is visible to the waist; and the portrait generally appears to be that of a tall and comely young woman. There is nothing repulsive in the photographic, although it looks weird and ghost-like. The first idea naturally suggested was that the photographic plate had really detected a body which was invisible to the naked eye. Unable to account for the apparition, Mr. Cash communicated with the borough police, one of whom was struck by the result, and in view of that he first informed it to resemble some woman in the town and inquired whether she had lately been heard of. Next morning, and very properly so, the river was dragged at this particular spot, but no body was found, and so far, therefore, the climax of the narrative is happily left wanting. It is a perplexing mystery.—*The Two Worlds.*

## Collins vs. Blavatsky.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
In the interest of truth I must call your attention to some error of statement in the controversy that has arisen concerning the Theosophical Society "Light on the Path," its author, etc. Dr. Collins made a mistake in saying that it was four years ago that he wrote to inquire about the authorship of "Light on the Path." The unsigned response from Matel Collins which he subsequently printed in your columns showed that the book called "Through the Gates of Gold" was what he primarily inquired about. That was published a little over two years ago, so that his letter of inquiry must have been written then, and not four years ago. At that time Madame Blavatsky was in England, therefore the statement that she was not there four years ago and so could not have dictated that letter, is not admissible as evidence in her favor. TRUTH-LOVER.

Boston, June 12.

Planetary Evolution or a New Cosmogony, being an explanation of Planetary Growth and life Energy, upon the basis of Chemical and Electrical relations of the elements of nature. There is a great desire to illustrate the process of Evolution and this work may assist the reader to a better knowledge of Natural Laws. Price, cloth, \$1.00, paper 50 cents. For sale here.

Illuminated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana, by Siddhartha Saky Muni. The original doctrines of "The Light of Asia" and the explanations of the nature of life in the Physical and Spiritual worlds. This work was recently published and the preface informs the reader was originally written in India but being so intimately connected with the present religious ideal of America and Europe an edition in English was the result. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50 cents. For sale here.

What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B. Richmond is an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. No one will doubt want this as they now have the Seybert Report and the Review of the Seybert Report. Price 75 cent. For sale here.

D. D. Home's Life and Mission as popular as when first from the press and it is well worthy the praise it has received. The career of a remarkable medium like D. D. Home should be familiar to all students of the spiritual philosophy and occult students generally. Cloth, plain \$2.00; gilt, \$2.25. For sale at this office.

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Our Heredity from God, by E. P. Powell, shows the latest bearings of science on such questions as God and Immortality. Mr. Powell believes that science is at last affording us a demonstration of our existence beyond death. The book is also a careful epitome of the whole argument for evolution.

Dr. Stockwell, author of "The Evolution of Immortality," writes: "I am thrilled, uplifted, and almost entranced by it. It is just such a book as I felt was coming, must come."

Science devoted over a column to it, and says: "One does not always open a book treating of the moral aspects of evolution with an anticipation of pleasure or instruction."

The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ is the significant title of a most valuable work by Dr. Anna B. Kingsford and Edward Maitland. It is a fitting and lasting monument to the memory of Dr. Kingsford, so lately passed to a higher life. The work is adapted to all creeds, as the Theosophists claim it as theirs; the Christian scientists admit their reading is not complete without it, as they find many truths in its pages, and Spiritualists and Liberalists have discovered much that is convincing and corroborating in the facts and statements. Price, \$2.00; postage, fifteen cents extra. This edition is a facsimile of the one which costs \$4.00. For sale at this office.

A Few of the Many Good Books for Sale at the Journal Office.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism is the appropriate title of a pamphlet containing an answer to Rev. F. Do Witt Talmage's tirade on Modern Spiritualism, by Judge A. H. Dailey another antagonist to Talmage. Price only five cents.

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets. If a man die, shall he live again? a lecture delivered in San Francisco, June 1887, price 5 cents, and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and say nothing from his pen on the subject.

The History of Christianity is out in a new edition, price, \$1.50. The works of Henry Gibbon are classed with standard works and should be in the library of all thoughtful readers. We are prepared to fill any and all orders for them, \$1.50.

Anima Magnetica, by Deleuze is one of the best expositions on Animal Magnetism. Price, \$2.00, and well worth the money.

How to Magnetize by Victor Wilson is an able work published many years ago and reprinted simply because it is good.

Protection or free Trade? One of the ablest arguments ever offered is G. L. Stebbins' American Protectionist, price, cloth, 75 cents, paper cover, 25 cents. A most appropriate work to read in connection with the above is Mr. Stebbins' Progress for the Working People. How to Secure a Progressive Government. This work has run through several editions and is in great demand, price, cloth, 50 cents; paper 25 cents.

Some months ago the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals proceeded against a Norfolk farmer for dishorning cattle, a custom that is coming into considerable vogue. The Norfolk magistrates dismissed the charge, but stated a case for the opinion of the court above, and it was carried before the lord chief justice and Justice Hawkins on appeal. The chief justice said the details of the evidence given in the case were "utterly disgusting," and showed that the operation of dishorning was "detestably brutal." It was not be beneficial to the animal, although it enabled one or two pounds more to be realized on a sale, the coarseness of the cattle which was shown by the horns being concealed. It was declared to be a most cruel practice, causing fearful pain, and absolutely unnecessary, and the case should be remitted back to the magistrates to deal with. Justice Hawkins concurred.

## Sufferers

FROM Stomach and Liver derangements—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick-Headache, and Constipation—find a safe and certain relief in Ayer's Pills. In all cases where a cathartic is needed, these Pills are recommended by leading physicians.

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Dr. John W. Brown, of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I have prescribed Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

For a number of years I was afflicted with biliousness which almost destroyed my health. I tried various remedies, but nothing afforded me any relief until I began to take Ayer's Pills."—G. S. Wenderlich, Scranton, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since."—T. P. Brown, Chester, Pa.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these Pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. It attacks piles, from which I suffered many years, they afforded me greater relief than any medicine I ever tried."—Thomas F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

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Laredo is now building big Railway Machine Shops, to cost \$150,000, that will furnish employment to five hundred men.

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**Light of Egypt.**

(Continued from First Page.)  
expression not only of man's physical organism, but of the planet which gave it birth. We see, therefore, how beautifully harmonious mother nature is, even in her most secret parts. She has made every known "thing" dependent upon a something else, and all things therefore are mutually dependent upon each other. Evolution is dependent upon involution; the objective upon the subjective, and man dependent upon the planet. All contain the same eternal seven principles; the subjective, in its imponderable essences; the objective, in its solids, fluids and gases; and man, as the spirit-natural medium and meeting point between the two great worlds, treasures up the seven mineral qualities in his body and their magnetic counterparts in the odyllic sphere of his soul. In this recondite sense alone can we fully understand the occult axioms of the ancients: "Man is a microcosm—a universe within himself."

**INCARNATION AND RE-INCarnation.**

Probably no truth has been more completely inverted by the ignorant and concealed by the learned than that of re-incarnation. In every age it has been thought necessary by the priesthood to over-aw the uneducated masses by some species of pious jugglery, and the popular theory of re-incarnation, as understood and taught at the present day, is a typical example of truth thus perverted.

By re-incarnation we mean, as now currently understood, the doctrine of the re-birth of the human soul in various human forms and personalities, in different ages, upon the same planet.

In every bundle of theological chaff\* there is, undoubtedly, concealed a grain of genuine truth. This is particularly the case with this doctrine. Up to a given point its teachings are those of truth itself, but beyond this point the doctrine of re-birth into physical conditions becomes one of the greatest delusions with which the mystical student has to deal.

We repeat what we have so often said to those who have studied under our care, that re-incarnation, as taught by modern writers, is nothing but a theory of the physical intellect. In other words, it is the metaphysical outcome of intellectual force destitute of spiritual intuition. It is an attempt of the external mind to harmonize good and evil, and nothing more. It contains nothing approaching to the pure intuitions of the spirit in its composition. It was formulated to deceive, by cunning priestly minds, in the first instance, and afterwards accepted as a divine truth by those who possess nothing but their intellectuality to guide them in their gropings for truth. And knowing as we do the Why and Wherefore of its present rapid diffusion, we challenge these esoteric Buddhists to produce one single individual who is not an irresponsible medium, and who possesses the ability to consciously penetrate the realms of spirit for himself, who can truthfully say that the theory agrees with the actual results of his own personal investigations. From the beginning to the end this re-incarnation and Karma doctrine of Buddhism is a purely external theory which tries to explain the apparent contradictions of physical nature—hence it is destitute of spiritual proof, or of the possibility of spiritual proof, and it is palmed off upon the mental currents of western thought as emanating from supposed holy (?) mahatmas. But we deny in toto that such a theory is taught or ever has been taught by any real adept, as a true theory, apart from the magical hierophants of the Inversive Magi, and these beings we do not consider worthy of the name of Adept, seeing that they are the legions of the Dark Satellite, and as such are only adepts so far as the mysteries of practical magic are concerned. They cannot penetrate beyond the astral zones of the cosmic and magnetic elementals, hence they know absolutely nothing of the higher states of the soul world, or of the mysteries of angelic life. They deny their very existence, and substitute a delusive Devachan, and dreamy Nirvana of nothingness in their place.

KARMA.

"If we are ever to know anything clearly we must be released from the body, that the soul by itself may see things by themselves as they really are." Socrates.

We need scarcely say that we fully agree with the above remarks of Plato's teacher. While in the body we are completely fenced in by delusive appearances, and had the Greek sage been alive to-day those prominent individuals who so loudly and glibly speak and write upon the subject of Karma would have been very greatly inconvenienced by the Athenian's terrible logic.

"Karma is the law of consequences—of merit and demerit," say the Buddhists. "It is that force which moulds our physical destiny in this world, and regulates our period of misery or happiness in the world to come." We are further informed that "Karma is the cold, inflexible justice which metes out to each individual the exact same measure of good and evil at his next physical birth that he measured to his fellow men in this."

**MEDIUMSHIP—ITS NATURE AND MYSTERIES.**

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole—Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

"What is mediumship, and who are the mediums?" was the question we once asked of the initiated masters of Occult science. The answer received was as broad in its application as the universe itself. "Everything is mediumistic, and every atom is a medium for the expression of spiritual force. God alone is the great central controlling spirit," said the master. Long years of spiritual research have not only verified the truth of the answer received, but have established in the mind of the writer the certainty that every word is an absolute fact.

I. That the universe is one mighty, inconceivable medium, and Deity the controlling and omnipotent spirit.

II. That Love becomes the medium of Wisdom, or, in other words, the passive becomes the medium of the active state; consequently matter is and must be the absolute medium of mind.

III. That the passive nature of the divine soul is the only means whereby the active spirit of Divinity can manifest itself, and upon this basis rests all the mysteries of the cosmos.

IV. In view of these facts we find that the universal will, utilized by the imperial soul of man, is alone the true center of all magical and spiritual power manifested upon earth. Man is the great pivot around which revolves every phase of magical, magnetic and mental phenomena embraced within the realms of mundane psychology.

**ADEPTSHIP.**

The adept is born a king of his kind. He \* The reader must bear in mind that the doctrine of human re-incarnation is not, strictly speaking, a doctrine of Occultism. It is a theological doctrine of the priesthood, introduced by President Crockett, taking as her subject, "Signs of Growth in Liberal Thought." At the conclusion of the lecture,

is a spiritual and mental giant of his race, and can not be made without possessing these royal qualities in a very highly developed state from his birth. External life is too short and antagonistic forces to be overcome too great, during the present cycle, for the adept to be manufactured out of the rudimentary forces and embryonic soul qualities of the average mortal. It has been asserted by one who claims the honor of adeptship, that "the adept is the rare efflorescence of an age." This is, however, only figuratively correct, as in real truth there are several such flowers in each race during the course of a single generation. Each family plant of mankind ultimately produces the rare flower of its line, and then becomes exhausted for that cycle. "It has run to seed."

Not all of these rare flowers of the royal may attain adeptship, since they often exhaust their forces in other directions for the good of humanity, but such souls alone possess the possibilities, or, in other words, the primary conditions.

**COINCIDENCES**

The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 483 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincident may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.

—98—

The following is sent by Prof. Elliott Cone who says: "You may like to use this for your 'Coincidences,'—only suppress the lady's name. I have no idea who she is, but she tells a straight and evidently honest story."

Somnambulism was the bane of my childhood. As I grew into womanhood, I ceased wandering in my sleep, but became clairvoyant in my dreams; as the care of life with their attendant duties increased, these dreams discontinued, and I became subject to an entirely new experience. This was a peculiar sensation which I am not able to intelligently describe, as I know of nothing to which I can compare it. I called it a sick feeling, and yet it was not attended with any physical symptoms; but was a mental or psychical condition. I soon found that the sensation came as a premonition or warning of some impending danger, misfortunes or disappointment. Sometimes with the sensation comes the consciousness of what it portends, but not often, and so frequent is this condition, that if I knew each time to what the warning related I could, perhaps, avoid all the ills to which we are subject.

A few years ago, while spending a summer with my sister, I arranged to spend a few weeks with some relatives at a distance. My sister accompanied me to the landing where I was to take the steamer, and then returned home. She had scarcely gone from sight when I was seized with a sensation that seemed to impel me to go back. I could offer no reason or excuse for giving up my journey and going back to my sister's, and the fear of being ridiculed if I should do so, decided me to go on my journey, which I did without any accident or unpleasantness, and led me to conclude that my fear or premonition was groundless, but in a week came the news of a disaster to my sister and family, the results of which were most terrible to them, and which might have been avoided had I returned, and my return would certainly have relieved me of much regret and self-reproach.

—99—

A Chicago gentleman sends the following: Sometime during the fifties my brother engaged himself to a young lady who was born on the 17th day of March, 1840. This engagement was broken off, and in a few years he became engaged to another lady, an entire stranger to the first one, and who was also born on the 17th of March 1840. This match was also broken off. Afterward, each of these ladies married widowers by the name of Todd: each of the widowers having a grown son named Henry. Neither of the ladies, nor their husbands are acquainted, or related in any way, or have ever seen each other.

—100—

Joseph Cook of Boston reports the following:

Two students attending a prayer meeting sat with their heads near each other. One of them arranged a course of thought, and purposed to himself to deliver it to the gathering. Just as he was about to rise, the other student rose and delivered the same course of thought, with illustrations and certain terms of phraseology such as had occurred to the first student. It turned out that the one student had arranged and prepared his remarks before the meeting. To the other the train of thought was entirely new, but came to him as he sat near the other and impressed him so forcibly that he felt impelled to deliver it, although he had not previously intended to speak at the meeting.

**NOTES FROM ONSET.**

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
The opening days at Onset, Mass., for the season of 1889, were duly observed on the 15th, 16th and 17th days of June. Special railway rates were made from Boston allowing persons to remain at the Grove over Sunday. Dame nature seemed to especially favor the occasion, Sunday being one of the most delightful days the heart could desire. The air was clear and inspiring, being stirred by a beautiful breeze from off the waters of mother ocean, also furnishing one of the prerequisites for the sailing and fishing parties, that are so richly enjoyed in the bay.

Sunday services were held at the grand stand at 10:30 A.M., and 2:30 P.M., President W. D. Crockett presiding. The morning service opened with singing. Remarks were made by A. H. Richardson, H. B. Storer, Mrs. D. P. Whitlock and Frank T. Ripley, Mr. Ripley closing with a few platform descriptive communications.

In the afternoon Mrs. Shelhamer-Longley was introduced by President Crockett, taking as her subject, "Signs of Growth in Liberal Thought." At the conclusion of the lecture,

remarks were made apropos to the occasion by Mr. Moore, Miss Emma J. Nickerson, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. S. R. Stevens, Mrs. Katie R. Stiles, and Frank T. Ripley, with platform test. The afternoon service closed at 5:30 P.M.

The day has been grand and beautiful and all have seemed to fully appreciate the opportunity afforded for the happy greetings and reunions of friends of former years. If this day is a precursor of the coming season, pleasant hours will be enjoyed at Onset this summer.

Among the mediums present were: Mrs. S. R. Stevens, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. Thomas Dean, Mrs. Keyes, A. S. Hayward, A. H. Richardson, Dr. Pratt, David Brown and Frank T. Ripley, Lecturers: Mrs. Shelhamer-Longley, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock and H. G. Storer.

The season is nearly a month earlier than last year. The cottagers are here in force and the demand for rentable cottages never was better. The lovers of the finny tribe are having fine sport in taking blue fish, rock cod, bottom fish, while sailing and yachting are highly enjoyed.

The hotels are open and ready to cater for the comfort of their patrons.

The camp-meeting will open on the 14th of July.

We were all pleased to see Mrs. S. R. Stevens back to Onset, from her winter sojourn at Topeka, Kan.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is read at Onset by the friends of truth and justice.

W. W. CURRIER.

A Few Thoughts Suggested by an Examination of N. P. Gilman's Work on "Profit Sharing."

To obtain any adequate idea of the "Industrial Problem" of to-day by a perusal of this book is as impossible as it would be to judge of the architectural proportions of a magnificently built building by a minute inspection of one of its rooms. Its chief value lies in its being a painstaking collection of facts relative to a rather unimportant phase of industrial development. Facts are always of value, but reasoning based upon a particular set of facts without, seemingly, any perception of their relation to other facts of far greater importance, must necessarily be misleading. It may be seen at a glance that while profit sharing—if universal and perfect in its operation—would eliminate competition between individual workingmen, yet it would leave the competitive principle in full sway as between the profit sharing establishments. As the employers have exclusive control of affairs, this would simply mean the survival of many other places to visit in these days of grove and camp meetings so that fewer come here, yet before the close of the pleasant Free Church was well filled with thoughtful people. Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Moulton spoke well. Dr. Spinney being present, he was called out for a good horn. I had my word to say. Mrs. Belle Hamilton and Mrs. Reed interested the audience by their tests, and the eight sessions were well filled. Mrs. Fox from California, formerly a well known resident here, spoke with marked effect in the conferences and met cordial greetings from her friends. The officers and members of the society here are satisfied that another meeting must be held—many more, they trust.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Sturgis, Mich., Yearly Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The thirty-first yearly meeting of the Sturgis Harmonia Society closed its three days' sessions Sunday evening, June 16th, and proved, like all preceding meetings, to be of value and weight as well as of marked interest. The overwhelming numbers who came, in past years, when this was the only Mecca for such truth-seeking pilgrims, have many other places to visit in these days of grove and camp meetings so that fewer come here, yet before the close of the pleasant Free Church was well filled with thoughtful people. Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Moulton spoke well. Dr. Spinney being present, he was called out for a good horn. I had my word to say. Mrs. Belle Hamilton and Mrs. Reed interested the audience by their tests, and the eight sessions were well filled. Mrs. Fox from California, formerly a well known resident here, spoke with marked effect in the conferences and met cordial greetings from her friends. The officers and members of the society here are satisfied that another meeting must be held—many more, they trust.

G. B. STEBBINS.

One of Many.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Although out of place in a business letter, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the handsome manner in which you showed up the sham and pretense of the "heads" of the T.S., who, under cover of some very beautiful truths and precepts were seeking personal preferment through thinly disguised blackmail and boycott of editors.

Brooklyn, N. Y. N. A. CONKLIN.

**Keep Your Blood Pure.**

There can be no healthy condition of the body unless the blood is rich in the materials necessary to repair the waste of the system. When the blood is pure, and circulation good, all the functions are equipped for their allotted duties, but when the blood is thin or impure, and the corresponding weakness will surely result, and in the lower state the system becomes more susceptible to disease.

We believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is the very best medicine to take to keep the blood pure and to expel the germs of scrofula, salt rheum, and other poisons which cause so much suffering, and sooner or later undermine the general health. By its peculiar curative power, Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens and builds up the system while it eradicates disease.

This is the best season to take a good blood purifier and tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla, for at this season the body is especially susceptible to benefit from its effects. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

**A Beautiful Picture.**

We have received from Mr. W. B. Buggles, General Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central R. R. a very beautiful picture, entitled "The Michigan Central Train passing Niagara Falls." It is a remarkably fine reproduction of an original water color by a famous artist Mr. Chase Graham, New York City.

The tones, effects and coloring of the original are faithfully retained. The publishing of so superior a work of art is a striking proof of Mr. Buggles' genius and energy and of the enterprise of the Michigan Central Company, which does not cease short of the utmost care for the safety and comfort of every passenger. Owing to the limited issue and considerable cost Mr. Buggles will not attempt a wide-spread gratuitous distribution, but will be happy to supply the public with copies of the picture, for the nominal sum of 50 cents until the edition is exhausted. But no more than two copies can be spared for one address. Those ordering should address O. W. Buggles, G. P. A. Michigan Central Railroad Co., Chicago, Ill.

National Educational Association.

Meeting.

will be held at Nashville, July 16th to 19th. Go via the Evansville Route, it is after miles the shortest, eight hours the quickest, and the only line running through cars between Chicago and Nashville.

Its facilities are unequalled, and the finest and most luxurious Pullman Palace, Buffet Sleeping Cars and elegant Day Coaches run through without change.

For this occasion a very low excursion rate will be made, which includes a side trip to Mammoth Cave, either going or returning. Also, those who desire to vary their trip by going or returning via Louisville will have the opportunity given them of doing so. Tickets will be on sale from all points July 1st to 15th, good until Sept. 5th returning.

The Chicago and Nashville Fast Train leaves Chicago (Dearborn Station) at 8:30 P.M., daily, and arrives at Nashville the following morning for breakfast at 7:10 o'clock, a run of only 15 hours and 20 minutes. Night Express leaves at 11:20 P.M.

No extra fare is charged on Fast Train, and the sleeping car rate from Chicago to Nashville is less by this route than by any other being only \$2.50 for one double berth.

Reservations for sleeping cars can be made ten days in advance by addressing Ticket Agent Evansville Route, 64 Clark St.

For further particulars address William Hill, Gen'l Pass Ag't, Chicago and Eastern Illinois R. R., Chicago.

A DEPENDENT EXISTENCE.

would be to independently exist. How could there be?

\* Profit Sharing: between Employer and Employee. A Study in the Evolution of the Wage System. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.75.

A French paper states that at Cherbourg a short time ago two sailors were from 9 in the morning till 5 in the evening under water at the depth of ten meters, in a submarine torpedo boat, without experiencing the least inconvenience. They were constantly in communication by telephone with a command.

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To Clergymen, Lawyers, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies, and